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A WELL AT BETHANY,

WITH BETHPHAGE AND MOAB MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

# DIARY of a JOURNEY IN THE EAST

VOL. I.

THE FRANK MOUNTAIN,
Seen from the Mount of Olives

A 1 c 9

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# DIARY OF A JOURNEY

TO

# THE EAST,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1854.

38062

BY

WILLIAM BEAMONT, ESQ.,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF JERUSALEM.

A 11 9

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1856.

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TO

JOHN WILSON-PATTEN, ESQUIRE,

OF

BANK HALL, WARRINGTON,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR NORTH LANCASHIRE,

AND

COLONEL OF THE THIRD ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA;

THE

BEST AND GREATEST FRIEND OF THE TOWN

WHERE

THE FOLLOWING JOURNEY BEGAN AND ENDED;

THIS DIARY,

IN

TESTIMONY OF THE ESTIMATION IN WHICH HE IS HELD

BY HIS FELLOW TOWNSMEN,

IS

INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

# PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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On my return from the East, I was requested by my friends to allow them to peruse my journal, and by the editors of two newspapers to allow them to print it. For a time I hesitated to comply with either of these requests. My journal was almost of necessity written in a cramped and nearly illegible hand, and might have given my friends either the ophthalmia or a disgust; and whoever commits himself to print should have a better excuse for it than either his private gratification, or the vanity of seeing his name on a title page. He should aim to instruct or amuse his readers, or to attain, if possible, both those ends at once. But in the course of my travels I had neither met with the sea-serpent, nor seen either a mermaid or a merman, or any of the family, and although I had ridden for weeks through a country without wheel-roads, or carriages of any

kind, and travelled in the whole some thousands of miles, yet I had seen no examples of painting or sculpture, or of any of the fine arts except architecture, and like the hero in Southey's ballad, I felt that I had neither story nor adventures to tell. Still it was easier to say YES to ONE newspaper editor, than to say No to ALL my friends, more especially when the former answer, while it gratified him whom it most concerned, would at the same time transfuse my half legible manuscript into legible letterpress, and oblige those many friends who took an interest in my story, not for itself, but for the writer's sake. This answer, which has now made me ONCE an author, has made me THRICE a traveller ; ONCE, by the actual journey in which for weeks I travelled over rough and dangerous roads, and across seas equally rough, and perhaps more dangerous ; secondly, when with pen and ink, I re-travelled the same route without its difficulties, but with almost equal pleasure ; and thirdly, when in plain and readable type, and with more than a traveller's ubiquity, I was enabled to appear in many places, and to many distant friends, at one and the same time. If my readers derive from the Diary any portion of the pleasure that the journey has given me, I shall be amply repaid for my time and trouble in recording it.

The appearance of the story by instalments, while it had its disadvantages, had also its advantages. To have the story break off weekly in the middle of a sentence or a subject, and thus leave the reader and the sense in suspense until the appearance of another number, was a trial of my readers' patience, and a constantly recurring disadvantage. But on the other hand as periodicals are exempt from formal criticism, because they are the critic's vehicle, it was an advantage to me to hear the passing comments which number after number of my story elicited. It was like a man reading his own epitaph before his end. One of my lady readers, after my second number, was scandalized at its appearing anonymously, and was angry that she could not discover what old officer going from Warrington to the East, and as she supposed to the Crimea, was its author; a second reader was curious to know whether one of my short tales was true, or was only a traveller's story; a third, thought that I had not been sufficiently observant, and that I might have seen and heard much more in the time. A fourth, with more justice, found fault with my puns, and would have had me PUNished for them; a fifth, wondered at my undertaking the journey at all, while a sixth, disputed some of my definitions, and charged me with being guilty

of anachronisms. To some, if not all the faults implied in these censures, and to many which are not implied in them, I have no answer to make. Such as it is, however, I commit the work to my readers with a hearty desire that the gracious Providence, which has brought me back in safety from an earthly Jerusalem, may preserve them in their going out and coming in, until they attain to that Jerusalem which is above, and which is the Mother of us all.

WARRINGTON, JUNE 9th, 1855.

# PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE favour of the public having exhausted the first edition of this diary, which originally appeared week by week, as a supplement to "The Warrington Guardian," a weekly paper of considerable local circulation, and from which it was ultimately collected and bound in volumes, I take advantage of the call which has been made for a re-issue of the work, to state that I have been fortunate enough to secure, for the illustrations, the services of MR. SEDDON, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make at Jerusalem, and that I am indebted to the liberal proprietor of Traill's very excellent edition of Josephus, for permission to copy the view of Masada which appears as the frontispiece to the second volume.

MARCH 5th, 1856.

# DIARY.

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1854.

I LEFT home to-day to pay a long promised visit to my son at Jerusalem. At the entrance of a town our ancestors generally set up an oratory where travellers might ask a blessing, or return thanks at the beginning or the end of a journey. There was such an oratory on Warrington Bridge so early as February 1369. The bridge is no longer the principal highway, and the traffic has been diverted into new channels, but the truth that "prayers and provender hinder no journeys," still stands, and so yesterday I went to Church, and to-day I have arrived at Southampton. On arriving at Southampton, I was struck with the sunny aspect of the place. Its bright ranges of white stone buildings, the entire absence of smoke, or the annoyances

of manufactures—those busy occupations of industry so necessary to man, but so destructive of the picturesque—the long ranks of green trees, which mingle their foliage along the quays with the gay ensigns and masts and rigging of the vessels in the harbour, and the whole lit up by a sunny sky, gave Southampton a brilliant and pleasant look. How was it, I wonder, when our Fifth Harry, in August 1415, mustered within these walls, now crumbling to decay, but interesting in their ruin, that army which conquered at Agincourt, and won the crown of France for England? We know that these ancient fortifications which so vividly transport the mind to other days, though strong enough to keep out an open enemy, proved insufficient to keep out treason from the royal camp; for it was here that Scrope, and Grey, and Cambridge, were detected in that conspiracy which, had it succeeded, would have stifled Agincourt before its birth. One step in the historical ladder leads to another. At Southampton, as every schoolboy knows, Canute, in an earlier age, planted his chair upon the sea-shore and affected to command the waves. I hardly expected, after so many ages, to find traces of the monarch or his chair; but I found that an inn, called Canute's Castle, occupies the scene of the monarch's noble rebuke to his courtiers, and that, though his word could not

do it, the subjects of his successor, Queen Victoria, have driven back the waves, and have here converted the sea into dry land. In Southampton, too, there were once traces of our Roman masters, who placed here their station of Clausentum. On dry land, as well as on the shore, however, one generation obliterates the traces of another, and Clausentum, the Roman seat of power, like Canute's temporary tribunal, is now covered with the busy abodes of men.

The Nubia, which is to convey me to Malta, had left the quay to save the tide, and was waiting in Southampton Water to receive her mails and passengers. A tender conveyed us on board, and a goodly company, disguised in every variety of costume, formed its freight. There was a handsome, philosophic Parsee, with dark olive complexion, jet black moustache, and aquiline nose. His dress was a dark cassock, with a black, conical scull-cap, and he looked grave and reverend as an English bishop. There was a Hindoo maid-servant, in a robe of bright colours, and a shawl of scarlet and gold. She had on a necklace of gold and precious stones, and wore silver bangles round her arms. The Parsee's servant, a swarthy Oriental, wore a white capote, and a profusion of elf locks fell on his shoulders from under the laced scull-cap which

covered his head. Two Jews, on their way to Jerusalem, one of them in a dark cassock and a tapering high-crowned hat with broad brims, had curled ringlets depending on each side of his face, and the other, was that Isaac, of York, whom every one has met at Ashby. He had a long grey beard, wore a faded velvet cap with a double row of sable fur wreathed round it, and a grey gabardine, such as Shylock wore, and Antonio spat upon, as you might have been tempted to do upon this. The meek-looking Mahommedan attendant of one of the passengers, who handed wine to his master at dinner without a scruple, wore a dark purple dress, edged with crimson, and a head-covering of the same material. These were but a few of the strange costumes to be seen amongst us.

The removal of the vessel into the river saved us perhaps the sight of some painful leave-takings, but we did not escape them wholly. There were mothers parting with their sons, embarking for the first time on an Indian career. Sisters bidding adieu to brothers, who were departing for a lengthened absence, and there were wives lingering to the last near their husbands, and breathing many a fervent prayer for their safety.

One well-dressed woman, who was going to join her husband in India was leaving many friends in England.

They and she were full of leave-takings. Grief is proverbially dry, and the many parting cups she had taken with her friends had made her maudlin. Her eyes were red with weeping, and as she wiped her tears, she let her pocket-handkerchief fall overboard, The outcry she made, raised my eyes to her lackadaisical face; my looks, I suppose, betrayed some misgivings of her character, for an officer of the ship who saw me, immediately rejoined, in a compassionate tone, "Oh, poor thing! she is a good woman, but that is true of her which Tom Brown said of his wife, there's not an honester, more virtuous, chaster, or better wife in England, if it was not for the drinks."

The Nubia lay exactly opposite to Netley Abbey, which could be seen quite well from her moorings. Both the neighbourhood and the situation are beautiful, but neither accords with the paintings I have seen of the subject; the painters, like the poets, must sometimes deal in fiction. The east window, with its tracery, however, exists as the pictures represent it. And I was told on the spot the story of Dr. Watts' father, his dream, and its consequences. Being a builder in this neighbourhood, he was employed to take down the east end of the ruin, but in consequence of an ominous dream he desisted from the work, and it was undertaken by another builder, who was killed by the

falling of the first stone he attemped to remove. This accident was received as an indication that the building having been dedicated to religion, ought not to be destroyed, and the abbey was, consequently, spared to adorn the prospect.

We had been some time settled on board the Nubia, when the tender arrived with the Indian Mail. This word *Mail* is one of the many instances of words perverted from their original meaning. Originally it signified a bag, but the whole correspondence to-day, which was called the Indian Mail, did not contain a single bag in it. It was, in fact, comprised in six hundred boxes, each box one yard long, three-quarters of a yard in width, and the same in depth. These boxes, containing the numerous correspondence between England and her children at the Antipodes, were distinguished by different colours, or by having crosses or bands of different colours upon or about them, so that all that were for the same place were known at a glance. Those for Calcutta wore one uniform; those for Bombay another, and so on, each according to its place of destination. The officers and men of the Nubia were occupied more than an hour in receiving and stowing away this epistolary treasure, while the Admiralty agent stood by to check off the account. His was the easiest duty,

and seemed to be done with the least trouble, and I heard one of the officers, perhaps a little jealous that he should escape so easily, drily remark, "Ay, ay! the Admiralty agent does his work with his eyes, but he trusts in Providence, and takes opening medicine."—There was cholera at that time in the neighbourhood.

We now got under weigh and began to drop down the river between the rich and well wooded banks of the Southampton Water, and soon afterwards we met a small sailing yacht with a party of ladies standing on its deck to catch a last look of some friends on board the Nubia. In consequence of her size and speed the Nubia was attended by a great surge, which threw up the yacht as it neared us, and threw down the ladies, who fell one after another like ninepins, and in a few moments were all prostrate on the deck. Happily their fall was backward and not forward, or the consequences might have been still more serious.

As the sun was setting, I saw the Parsee hasten to his cabin upon deck to pay him the homage of his evening devotions; at the same hour, also I saw the aged Jew seek a retired part of the ship and engage diligently at his prayers. All honour to those mistaken worshippers, who yet act up to their knowledge, to the shame of unfaithful Christians.

It was bright moonlight when we arrived opposite The Needles, the three rocks which here start from the sea, to sentinel the most southern part of England. Their sharp summits, bright chalky sides, and well-defined outlines seen over the surface of the tranquil sea on this brilliant night, were a sight to be long remembered by those who were quitting England on a distant voyage.

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## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

GRADUALLY, as we lost the land, and had nothing to do but settle ourselves in our new home, the passengers became better acquainted, and I learnt some of their history, and more of their destination and objects. While this man was going to Port Philip, and that to Adelaide, in hopes to make a fortune, others were going to Egypt to make the tour of the Nile, and others were on the way to Bombay, Bengal, Madras, or China; one lady was going, to Manilla, and the two Jews and myself were on our way to the Holy City. The passengers to the Indian Presidencies were mostly young cadets, from Addiscombe, going to carry arms in the Company's service. One old veteran,

the Admiralty agent, dressed in a cocked hat and the uniform of the Royal Navy, stood as erect under his load of seventy years, as these youngsters who had not seen their first campaign. He could see through no telescope but his own—thought scorn of any one who could sleep at sea except in a hammock, and he would have voted our iron boat nothing more than a great kettle, and have held up both hands for wooden walls with sails, and without steam.

The Nubia is a large ship, and this is her first voyage. She is rated at 2,200 tons, is 315 feet long, and is moved by engines of 450-horse power, with a screw propeller. Her decks, would have appeared this morning like Noah's Ark, except that the various animals were not stored in pairs, but in greater numbers. There was a whole stud of horses going out for the new Governor of the Ionian Islands, each with its own wooden house, where it was to stand erect throughout the whole voyage. There were cows to supply milk for the ship, and plenty of live sheep waiting their turn to be converted into mutton. Whole flocks of domestic fowls kept up a regular farm-yard serenade from their different hen-coops, and one stray linnet, which had settled by mistake on the mast as we were leaving England, and was unable to return, was taken, against her will, on a

visit to her foreign relations. The sailors and passengers, however, compassionating the stranger, fed and treated it kindly.

Morning found us far from land, without an object in sight, but the sun shining in a bright sky, and a boundless expanse of green sea curling into white waves, which called one to another with ten thousand voices. This sea, and the speed at which we had steamed through it proved too much for our new ship, and the bearings of the engines, consequently became heated, and we were compelled to stop in the wide ocean for an hour, and pour water upon the heated machinery to cool it. Even the shortest detention seems long upon the uncertain sea, and we thought one hour's fine weather lost to-day more than equal to several at another time. As soon as we were again in motion, I observed a large shark playing round the vessel. A shark is an ugly fish, and proverbially of evil omen. Perhaps it was the shark's presence that caused our over-heated bearings. The ill-luck, however, would have recoiled on him had he loitered only a little longer, for we should have hauled him on board the Nubia, and made pot-luck of his fins. Having passed Brest and the Isle of Ushant, off that port, we entered the Bay of Biscay, that celebrated sea, which from the days of Incledon and Colman, and

perhaps before, has enjoyed an unenvied reputation for storms and wind. A bad name is sooner acquired and lasts longer than a good one, especially if music and song have helped to spread it. The Bay of Biscay and the Zuyder Zee are names more familiar to a landsman's ear than many more important waters. On shipboard, where a constant watch must be kept, both by night and day, the twenty-four hours are divided into five watches of four hours, and two shorter watches of two hours each. These last are called dog-watches, and in sailors' wit are said to be so called because they are *cur*-tailed. Every seaman in turn takes his share of the watch, and is summoned to it by the striking of a bell. Two strokes signify one hour; four, two hours; and so on; and at eight bells the count begins again. Once only in the twelve hours, *i. e.*, at eight o'clock, do the strokes of the bell and the strokes of the clock agree. The object of the dog-watches is to vary the hours of the watch, and to give the sailors in turn occasionally a little longer time for rest.

I had seen the sun rise this morning in unclouded splendour; this evening I saw him as he sank below the horizon, cast a glorious light over the Atlantic, and gild as it were a pathway to those regions of the west, which were at the same moment hailing his rising beams.

## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Our screw propeller told us very plainly this morning by the diminished motion of the vessel, that we had now passed the Bay of Biscay, and were sailing in more tranquil waters. I cannot say that the sea had been particularly rough in the bay, yet it was billowy, and caused the ship to roll from side to side, giving the berths of those passengers who slept athwarts, a movement like a rocking horse, except that they swung up and down instead of backwards and forwards—the head being sometimes uppermost, and sometimes the feet. But this rolling motion, and the loud thumping of the screw as it revolved below the first cabin, were almost the only disturbance in the vessel, for the Nubia's great length, extending beyond the width of two waves, saved the passengers from the forward pitch, which, as well as the rolling motion, is common in smaller vessels. The principle of the screw's propulsion is that at each revolution the lobe of the screw strikes against a body of water, which is yielding but incompressible, and so the vessel is thrust forward in proportion to the power employed. There were two lobes to the screw of the Nubia set opposite to each other on the

same axis, but at different angles. I could compare them in shape to nothing so much as the wings of a bird extended and reversed. The Nubia had her two engines placed longitudinally, and not side by side, and as we moved along to-day, their 450 horse power displaced a little sea of water at each turn of the screw. Old Ocean seems hardly treated to be thus thrust, and thumped, and beaten, by the ten thousand keels, and paddles, and screws that daily and hourly cross his waters. No wonder he resents it. To-day his waters boiled and seethed until he was white with foam under the lashing of our iron heels.

In the course of the day a whale passed us, but he neither came sufficiently near to enable us to get a good sight of him, nor yet did he condescend to spout for our amusement.

Before we could descry the land off Cape Finisterre, which was due, by our reckoning, this afternoon, a dense fog came on, and so completely immersed us, as to hide everything beyond the sides of the vessel. A steamer in a fog, especially if in motion, is in some respects in more danger than a vessel with sails, so we shut off our steam and lay like a sea-bird on the waters, with no motion but from the deep heaving below us. In a little while after we again went forward, but very slowly, and taking

soundings, and throwing up rockets at short intervals. But at length the captain, who seemed to have misgivings as to his compasses, always a matter of anxiety in an iron vessel, especially if new and untried, put his helm about, and steered directly from the land. He was uncertain of his course, and thus were we literally *at sea* in more senses than one. The fog outlasted the daylight and a good part of the night, and during all that time we were steering in the direction of the United States of America. Towards morning, however, the ship had emerged from the fog, and we changed our course.

What is my long journey of three or four thousand miles, when I compare it with the distances to which most of my companions are going? But a step — no more. One of my neighbours at dinner is on his way to Shanghai, and another to Van Dieman's Land, while an English Member of Parliament is going on a vacation ramble to China and the East. It seems as if the power of steam had made all parts of the world but next door neighbours. Heaven grant it may accomplish the still greater wonder of making them dwell in peace, which is more than near neighbours always do.

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

THIS morning is wet, and we are still out of sight of land. The sailors' routine of duty prescribed in the couplet—

"Six days we work as well as we are able,
The seventh we holy-stone the deck and scrape the cable!"

does not suffice for a large passenger vessel like the Nubia, which requires more than weekly washings. As the decks were being scrubbed this morning, and as everything has a tendency to go wrong by nature, the water, instead of finding its way to the sea as it ought, came rushing through my window, which was open for air, and roused me early from my bed.

There is no going upon deck, so I will try to describe the interior of our floating ark. Its grand saloon is thirty-three yards long and six yards wide, and in it a hundred of the passengers take their meals daily, with as much regularity as in a well-ordered inn on *terra firma*. We are summoned by trumpet to our meals, and there are no short commons at them. At nine a lively air calls us for breakfast;

at twelve the same air is repeated for lunch; at four, we march to dinner to the air of "Oh the roast beef of Old England;" tea is announced at six, by the tune of "Polly put the kettle on," and a slight repast at bed-time succeeds the regular evening concert. The saloon is painted white, and the sides tastefully carved and gilt, are divided into a series of arches, closed with Venetian blinds, which admit air but not light. Pillars of grey scagliola divide the arches, and each has a frosted lamp let into the top. The saloon is handsome by day-light, and at night when the lamps are lit it resembles a brilliant avenue. Curtains of green damask, hanging at intervals along the sides, form the entrance to the ladies' cabins. A long passage like a street leads to the fore-part of the ship where the other berths are, and to reach these you pass the engine-rooms — feel the ship's heart beating — hear the strokes of its giant limbs, and see the large demands it makes, for that with which, in the more perfect human machine, "every joint supplies" for itself. Row after row of berths succeeds, most of them having four beds, two on the floor and two above. The upper ones were difficult of access, and on this account, and, perhaps, from a dislike to being shelved, the ground-floor was most in demand.

John Bull has certainly a very handsome family, notwithstanding their climate is damp and foggy, and that they feed on beef and beer. Of our passengers in the Nubia, a large proportion were good types of the Anglo-Saxon race, and many of them bore the true stamp of nature's nobility. A traveller who exchanges from an English to any foreign steamer, is struck with the difference in this respect. Yet out of these passengers, from something in their air and manner, a kind of anticipation of life in the bush, it was easy to select those bound for the fifth continent, our Australian Colonies, from such as were on the way to older and more aristocratic settlements. I was a stranger at first to all my fellow-passengers; but the fact of being packed, for a short time at least, in the same travelling machine necessarily shakes you into some intimacy notwithstanding English reserve. Besides, in this locomotive age, you cannot preserve an incognito. A hermit of Mount Athos could hardly quit his retirement without being challenged by some one who had either known him or the possessor of a neighbouring cell. The first person I talked with on board the ship, had been intimate with my friends in America, which induced an intimacy with me, and it was not long before my acquaintance embraced a considerable portion of my companions.

Without some acquaintance with the people you meet, you do not find out how much *they* know more than *you*, and so lose one of the great ends of travel, which is to enlarge the circuit of our knowledge. You do not lessen the light of a taper by kindling another at its flame, and a man makes his neighbour no poorer, while he enriches himself, by stealing his brains.

Except the heated bearings on Tuesday, and the fog which compelled us first to heave to, and then to steer another course the day following, our voyage thus far has had no drawbacks; but an elderly gentleman, who watches the captain very diligently, and makes his looks and actions his alarm gauge, has more than once found danger in our course. He was alarmed when the fog came on, and, as the rockets rose, so his fears rose—he shook his head when the captain looked grave at dinner; but his courage sank to zero, and he was sure there was danger when he heard the captain blow his nose!

The ancients very fitly made Proteus, the God of change, inhabit the deep, for it is never twice the same, and its colour varies like a chameleon. At Southampton it had a muddy hue, afterwards it was bright green, and now, it is a veritable indigo, the true heraldic azure. Except to the sailors, or those employed, and those who have books, and

a taste for reading, a sea voyage becomes irksome after the first few days. This is evident by the eagerness which hails the frequent summons to meals, and with which everything outside the ship is watched. The strangers of the deep do not know the interest they excite when their scaly sides are seen, and nobody is content to scrutinize a sail in sight without borrowing other eyes than his own to assist him. Some butterflies which hovered about the ship to-day at a distance of forty miles from the shore received considerable attention. Our poor linnet tried her wings but was forced to come back to the ship.

The poor Jew, who is at his orisons for two hours every morning near my cabin, says he is going to Jerusalem to die and lay his bones among his own people.

Our six or eight attendants at dinner are all musicians; and twice a day we have concerts of music by a programme; in the morning upon deck when it is fine, and in the evening in the saloon; I would rather spare one of the daily meals than miss this recreation, which is a humanizing agent of society.

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

It is true, and it is not true, as one of the poets sings, that—

> "The parted wave no furrow from the keel retains."

for as our huge ship makes a deep trough in the sea, she leaves behind her a white track of foam which extends far to seaward before it fades away. Is it likely that another agent, carbonic acid gas, compressed air, or electricity will ultimately supplant steam as a motive power at sea? If coming events cast their shadows before, that subtle fluid which is almost swifter than thought, and which by the Creator's will has been already made to do man's bidding below the waves, seems destined to do his work upon them.

At noon to-day we sighted land for the first time since leaving England, and immediately afterwards one of the sailors, the captain of the forecastle, stooped down and marked my shoes with white chalk. He smiled as he made this sign of good luck, (the Romans used the same sign in the same sense,) and I gave him a small gratuity, upon which one of his followers rubbed off the white marks

with a black brush. The land proved to be Cape St. Vincent, on the coast of Portugal, that little kingdom which, if countries were to be distributed by geography, ought to belong to Spain, or Spain to it. But it has enjoyed nearly a thousand years' independence, and has a history and associations which will continue to keep it distinct for the future. From these shores Vasco da Gama sailed to discover India by the Cape, and Camoens has made him and his object immortal in the Lusiad. Cape St. Vincent is a bold rock, the highest point of a rugged barrier of alternate red and white sandstone which for a hundred miles or more forms the boundary of Portugal. A modern Lighthouse off St. Vincent stands where a convent lately stood, and near to it is a fortress garrisoned by a regiment with carnal weapons and in carnal uniforms. The monks in their day, perhaps hung out a light to guide mariners at night, for the founders of religious houses in situations like St. Vincent, often enjoined this service, the light *without* being a duty of charity necessary to preserve the light of religion *within* the house. There were neither trees, nor houses, nor cattle, to be seen on the coast, and the country covered with a sickly yellow vegetation, had an uninviting aspect. But if the land is plain and barren, the green plain of waters round Cape St. Vincent is rich in historic memories. It

was here the French worsted the Dutch and English fleets under Sir George Rooke on the 16th June, 1693, it was here that Lord Rodney defeated the Spanish fleet, and made their admiral prisoner, on the 8th January, 1780; and it was here also that Sir John Jervis by his great victory over the Spaniards on the 14th February, 1797, won his title of Earl St. Vincent. Looking at the cape in profile, a small pointed rock is seen rising from the sea shortly in advance of it, leaving only a narrow channel between. They tell you that in one of the above fights, a small vessel chased by a larger escaped by dashing through this channel where its pursuer durst not follow it.

A French steamer with her pennon flying, was seen here in the distance; she hoisted her colours. We understood and accepted the invitation, and ran up ours, which ended the conversation. She belonged to the French navy, and was probably bound for the east with troops and munitions of war.

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## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

This coast is full of history. In the night we were off the site of the Phœnician Tartessus, occasionally the Tarshish

of scripture, crossed the track by which Columbus set out on his great enterprise, and sailed by Trafalgar, the scene of Nelson's last triumph and of his death. Early this morning we were off Tarifa, a Spanish town which has given name to that scale of mercantile charges called a *tariff*, which, to the honour of peaceful commerce, is now known further than the fame of Trafalgar. We are now entering the Straits of Gibraltar. To the south is the coast of Africa, and stretching for many miles along it is the bold chain of Mount Atlas, worthy to perpetuate the memory of that old giant who was fabled to sustain the world. The weather was fine, but clouds in broken masses were floating over Atlas, and enriching the view with great varieties of light and shade. Some of the loftiest of his thousand peaks were immersed in deep shadow, whilst between them and beyond them we had glimpses of fertile valleys and rich downs bathed in sunlight. Here in old times dwelt those Sallee rovers mentioned in Robinson Crusoe and other more veritable histories. If instead of expelling her Moorish population, Spain had allowed them to remain on her soil, their intelligence might have kept the national vigilance awake and prevented her present degeneracy. But by driving them from the country, she converted the inhabitants of this part of Africa into pirates,

who revenged their wrongs upon civilisation by plundering peaceful mariners and carrying them into slavery. It is not long since there were collections in our churches to redeem Christian captives from Barbary. There is an entry of one of these collections in the register of Burtonwood Chapel, and not until modern times did Europe wipe off this record of her pusillanimity. The opposite coasts of Spain and Barbary bear a great resemblance to each other at this point, and it seems as if some great convulsion of nature must have opened the Straits of Gibraltar, and out of an inland lake created the Mediterranean Sea. It is hardly able to forget its old habits, for it receives all the waters of the Nile, the Rhone, and other great rivers, and all the waters of the Black Sea, and other seas, while a current at the rate of five miles an hour sets into it from the Atlantic, and yet its waters are scarcely brackish, it has hardly the semblance of a tide, and it rarely overflows its shores.

This is traditionally the neighbourhood of some of the labours of Hercules, and the hero is said to have set up Calpe (or Gibraltar) on the European and Abyla (or Ceuta) on the African shore, as his two pillars, but they are not at all like their supposed representation on that useful coin, the pillar dollar, which takes its name from them. We

have steamed past the clean-looking town of Algesiras, and are now entering Gibraltar Bay. Everything has a strange un-European look here. Even her flag, which is flying over the main-guard, hardly reminds you of England, for it looks more fiery red than I ever saw it before; not that this southern sun has called the flag, like the flowers, into more brilliant *blow*, but its scarlet looks brighter in contrast with the dark objects behind it; while you would not recognise the English sentry, here no longer dressed in a red uniform, but wearing a wide white blouse more sensibly adapted to this burning sky. Across the bay and to and from the ship strange-looking feluccas, with white swallow-shaped sails, are scudding in all directions. The old Moorish castle a little above the beach, with its massive walls, Saracenic crenelles, and heavy machicolations, built before the invention of gunpowder, which now serves to adorn the place it once defended, seems as strange as the rest. Algesiras and Gibraltar, the two last towns which the Moors retained in Spain, still preserve their Moorish origin in their Moorish names. Gibraltar—that is, Jebel-el-Tarick, which means the Head of Tarick—is so called from its Saracen conqueror in 712. It occupies the eastern side of the bay, of which its celebrated rock, rising abruptly to the height of fifteen hundred feet, and nearly precipitous on all

sides but towards the sea, where it is strongly defended by works, commands the entrance every way. Argus, with his hundred eyes, and Briareus, with his hundred arms, are but weak fables of power and vigilance compared with this noted rock, where a thousand eyes and more than a thousand iron mouths, only silent till they are bid to speak, look frowningly on, and cast the ægis of their protection over the surrounding sea and land. Beyond Algesiras, and opposite Gibraltar, is the Queen's Seat, a lofty hill, which is so called, because there, in the last siege, the Queen of Spain pitched her tent, and vowed never to leave it until the place was taken. But the fortress was *kept*, and not the royal word. Her majesty was less prudent in making, and less happy in the result of her vow, than that Spanish princess, whose example on a similar occasion probably induced it. At the siege of Ostend, we are told, the Princess Isabella, in sitting down before the place, vowed not to change her linen until she had taken the city. The siege continued for three years — from 1601 to 1604 — in which time the royal chemise had assumed that venerable chocolate hue which has since been known as Isabella colour. Charles II. received the Moorish fort of Tangier, nearly opposite Gibraltar, as part of the dowry of his Queen, Catharine of Braganza, and with it "Kirke's

lambs," the regiment afterwards so conspicuous in English history and Macaulay's pages. I went ashore in a strange boat, which a man in a high-crowned hat who gabbled a strange language, guided over the bounding waves by a single sail. One of my young companions, a young cadet, prepared to make a drawing of the place, and sat down for that purpose on the beach, but the sentry stopped him and told him he must not do *that* without leave from the Town-major. This prohibition may be a vestige of an anecdote told of Bernadotte. When he was a young man Napoleon sent him to make minute drawings of Gibraltar. The governor, to whom he brought an introduction as a foreign merchant, treated him with extreme courtesy, and lodged him in the government house. He profited by his opportunities, and made careful drawings, which he kept concealed in the lining of his hat. One morning, however, he found the hat gone, and another left in its place. He did not wait to ascertain whether this was by accident or design, but immediately took his departure. When some one afterwards rallied him upon it, he said — "Oh, I never mind the hat, since I keep my *head*, and I have the fortress in it." In the vegetable market, through which we passed into the town, I saw the large potiron gourds, so useful for soup, water melons, and melons with a pomegranate colour

and flavour, probably the effect of grafting; both of these in such abundance that they were piled in heaps on the floor like cannon balls in a fort; oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapes, peaches, apples, and prickly pears; then there were tomatoes, capsicombs, vegetable marrows, immense onions, and our common esculents, with that popular Oriental vegetable the Beding jean, which has been this year introduced into Covent-garden Market. The town and inhabitants of Gibraltar have a Moorish look. The streets are narrow and the houses lofty. Most of the lower windows have gratings, and the upper ones jalousies, but these do not fit so close but that you may see bright eyes often peeping from behind. Almost every house has a court planted with trees and shrubs. Through the open doors to-day I saw their owners and their families either taking the air or taking their repast under these trees. The governor lives in a house which was once a monastery, and its large quadrangle with its vines and trellices and foliage looked luxuriously cool and inviting. In the streets we met well-dressed Jews in long blue tunics and dark turbans, Mussulmen traders in bright robes and scarlet tarbouches wound about with gay shawls, and abundance of the humbler classes in showy vests and gay trousers, high-crowned velvet hats and scarlet sashes. But the rock itself,

honey-combed and bristling with guns, is the real wonder of the place. It was strong on the 24th July, 1704, when Sir George Rooke first made it ours, but it is now a military marvel, and can never be retaken unless when the garrison are asleep. I climbed to the summit, rambled through its endless galleries, and satisfied myself that when it speaks it must speak with the voice of command. The rock itself is limestone, with quartz and silex and pieces of agate and jasper intermixed. The public walk called the Alameda is an extensive pleasure garden, laid out on undulating ground which borders the bay. It is planted with trees and flowers and beautifully kept, and to it the population of Gibraltar resort to enjoy, amid the beauties of nature, the sight and breezes of the Mediterranean. Besides many trees which I did not know, I saw the elegant and aromatic pepper tree, the cabbage tree, the date palm, the fig, the olive, the oleander with its scarlet flowers, the prickly pear, aloes of many kinds, and the white poplar or aspen, of which last tree the fable is told that the rood of grace was made of its wood, in memory of which its leaves have trembled ever since. All these trees appeared thriving and luxuriant. In the gardens there is a bronze bust of the Duke of Wellington, erected upon a marble column brought from the Roman station of Leptis, in Africa, with an inscription stating

that it was erected by Sir George Don. I should have liked it better but for some ugly cannons which were placed around it, and which looked out of place in a pleasure garden. The animal kingdom here is as strange as the vegetable. In or near the gardens I saw goats, monkeys, parrots, and lizards in abundance, and the grasshopper—a different species from ours—sang a song which was really musical, and made Anacreon's praise no longer a fable.

Seeing a sheet of postage stamps in the window of a shop which I supposed was kept by a Spaniard, I went in and asked for some, but he reminded me that they were only for Spain. "Oh, then," I said, "you have copied us." "Oh, no," he replied, "they are Spanish stamps, not *ours*;" a gentle way of letting me know that, though born at Gibraltar, and of Spanish extraction, he was an Englishman, and proud of his birthright.

When we were again on board the Nubia, a Spanish officer came to announce that his excellency General Don Manuel y Cerda, the newly-appointed governor of the Phillippine Islands, with his suite, was coming on board to take a passage to Manilla, the capital of his government. It was expected that the first-officer, a rough sailor, who received the announcement, would make a complimentary

reply; but he, wanting that smoothness which is often found in such charming combination with the seaman's roughness, merely replied, "Well, we have room enough, and the ship is big enough, and the steps are wide enough, for the governor, whenever he comes."

His excellency and his suite arrived soon afterwards, when we weighed anchor and steamed on our course.

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## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

To-day being Sunday, the quarter-deck was converted into a temporary church, by drawing an awning over it, and hanging the ship's colours to enclose it on the windward side. The capstan, with the Union Jack tastefully wreathed round it, formed a convenient desk and pulpit, and at ten o'clock the bell tolled for service. The ship's officers, all the crew, except the watch, and nearly all the passengers, obeyed the summons, and the Rev. Mr. Penington, a chaplain, on his way to the Mauritius, read the prayers, and afterwards preached a sermon from the 130th Psalm, and the 3rd and 4th verses. Sailors, who are generally charged

with the opposite character, can be serious on serious occasions. No one engaged more heartily in the service to-day than the fifty manly-looking fellows from the crew. They followed the prayers, repeated the responses audibly, and by their whole behaviour set an example to careless worshippers elsewhere. The ship's officers attended the service in naval uniforms; the sailors had duck trousers and blouses, the ship's uniform, with the word "Nubia" marked in front; and nearly every passenger had put on summer clothing on account of the heat of the weather. Nankeen and other light coloured clothes predominated, and the appearance of the congregation in our floating church to-day was anything but sombre.

Towards evening heavy clouds gathered in the south over the coast of Africa, the lightning played vividly across their dark masses, and we anticipated a coming storm. But either we outsailed the storm, or it took another direction, for we saw no more of it but this spectacle of its power.

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## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

THE boast of the ship's officer that there was room enough

in the Nubia was premature, for when the Spanish governor came on board, the second officer's cabin, in consequence of the crowded state of the ship, had to be given up to him, and the officer sent to sleep elsewhere. This morning at four o'clock, it being the second officer's turn to take the watch, the sailor who calls up the watch, and who knew nothing of this change of tenants, entered the second officer's cabin in the dark, and having called on its supposed inmate to get up and received no answer, unceremoniously ejected the governor from his bed; his excellency all the while remonstrating in Spanish, the only language he speaks, and of which his ruthless disturber knew not a word, and apparently mistook it for the second officer's idle jabber on being half awaked from a sound sleep. The governor, if be ever heard it, will in future remember and commend that saying of Charles the Fifth, "that a man is so much the more a man the more languages he knows."

While we were off the coast of Algiers this morning, and were sufficiently near to trace the outline of its bold hills, some of its inhabitants — a dove and a flight of green birds came to reconnoitre us. They settled for a few moments on the mast, and then justly distrusting our peaceful intentions — men sometimes shoot birds at sea to kill *ennui* — they took flight and left us again. There is a

saying in the East that "an Englishman's word is as good as his bond, but a Greek's bond is no better than his word." The many young men of promise who are going out in our ship to India, it is to be hoped will bear in mind this proud distinction of our country, and jealously preserve it. Many of the young cadets are Scotchmen, and one of them is a descendant of Colonel Drinkwater, the historian of the last siege of Gibraltar, and whose connections were formerly from Warrington. This story, which I heard at dinner to-day, although it does remind us of an English defeat, is worth remembering as a parallel to the story told of the gardener at Flodden, in Lockhart's "Life of Scott:" an Englishman who had been shown over the field of Bannockburn by a peasant whom he met, and who exhibited a familiar acquaintance with its history, offered his guide a small remuneration at parting, but the latter declined it, saying, "Na, na, I canna' tak' your sillar, the English hae paid ow'r muckle for Bannockburn already!"

This evening the passengers had a dance on the quarter-deck, to the music of the ship's band. Whilst there were lady partners the dancing consisted of polkas, quadrilles, and waltzes; but afterwards, when partners became scarce, for we have few ladies on board, the gentlemen danced Scotch reels by themselves.

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

We had a stiff head-wind this morning which ruffled the sea and delayed our progress, and made the ship roll and pitch a little. During a good portion of the day no object was in sight but sky and sea and those white-crested waves which the Welsh call "mountain sheep,"

> "And as the curling billows leap and toss
> Fable that Ocean's mermaid shepherdess
> Drives her white flocks a-field."

Her flocks must have been unusually large to-day. In the afternoon we passed Galita, a small island off the African shore. It is fruitful in corn, wine, and oil, and has a bold coast, and a mountainous, picturesque appearance, to which the moral prospect does not answer, for it is the Botany Bay and penal settlement of Sardinia, to which it belongs. There are five thousand inhabitants on the island. Faint outlines of the African coast, where stood Rome's ancient rival Carthage, were visible this afternoon. Some flying fish, with habits unchanged since those ancient rivals encountered, were disporting themselves, but they did not

come very near us, and none of them alighted on our ship. Her tall sides presented a more formidable obstacle to surmount than the bulwarks of the highest Roman trireme. Most of the ladies on board the Nubia are going to rejoin their husbands in India, but one of them is betrothed to a Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, now at Calcutta, whither she is going to meet him. When she arrives, he is to exchange his college fellowship for another and, it is to be hoped, a better. The Jew with ringlets is going to Jerusalem, like St. Paul, "to bring alms to his nation and offerings." Rustomjee Biccajee, the Parsee, is on his return from an unsuccessful political mission to England; the merchants are on their way to India and elsewhere "to buy and sell and get gain;" the cadets—there may be a Clive amongst them—are going to defend and extend our Indian possessions; we have seven engineers on board, who are going to make the railways which are to facilitate the internal communication between different parts of those possessions; and one gentlemen of noble birth, and a Member of the House of Commons, is travelling, like the ancient philosophers, to see India and the East with his own eyes, that he may better understand eastern subjects and how to legislate upon them. The idle people and the mere pleasure seekers in our company would seem to be very few.

Men naturally fall into the habit of applying the terms of their own art on occasions when they appear to be even ludicrous. To-day, as the sailor attendants were setting out the table for dinner, I heard one of them desire another to place one of the dishes a *fathom* or two higher up the table; and once at an Irish banquet I heard a carpenter, who was one of the waiters, ask a guest to whom he was handing a dish of salmon cutlets skewered on arbutus wood, to be pleased to take one of them by the *timber*.

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## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

When I rose this morning we were passing the island of Pantellaria, which lies off the African coast, to the east of Cape Bon. This island is one of the two (Gozo is the other) which claim to have been once the home of Ulysses, where for seven long years

> "Calypso in her caves constrained his stay.
> With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

The wavy outline of its dark blue mountains impressed us

favourably with a sense of its beauty, but long wandering must have had its usual effect in dissipating his home-thoughts before the sage of profane history could have been lulled, either by female charms or the beauty of nature, into forgetfulness of Penelope, and Telemachus, and his people and kingdom.

The island has, however, no charms for a large class of its present inhabitants for they are convicts sent there from Naples. We were near enough to see distinctly the white houses of the town and a large white building in the centre, which is probably either the government house, or a prison, or both. Off Pantellaria, we saw a Maltese fishing boat, with two milk-white sails, at least 130 miles from its home. This little speronara, of twenty tons or less, but which was still larger than the vessel that bore Ulysses, skimmed along the sea like a nautilus before the fresh breeze which was blowing.

For the last four days we have been sailing east, and each day our clocks have to be set forward, and we seem to have consumed a space of time, that we have never lived. In a similar sense, only, was it that people were defrauded of a portion of their lives when the style was altered in 1752, and the outcry was raised, "give us back our eleven days;" in this sense also, may we be said to

have lost some of our time by meeting the sun. Would that this seeming loss were the only loss of time that could be imputed to us every day! Nothing in the victualling department of our ship has more surprised me than the immense supply of soda water. Two hundred bottles a day is the ordinary consumption, the little pop-gun artillery of its corks is incessant. Thirst, like other appetites, increases by indulgence, and immoderate indulgence makes its subjects slaves. But this is not the only evil, for the health suffers by the habitual distention of the stomach, and its victim is less able to bear heat or fatigue than he who denies himself in this respect.

Night had set in before we had made the light on Gozo, an island to the north of Matla, which is its storehouse, and supplies it with corn, oil and wine, and which, like it, belongs to England. The grapes of this island are celebrated as the finest in the world. As we steamed round the north of Gozo, in the dark it was necessary to proceed with extreme caution for there was a fleet of vessels in our course, a collision with any of which would have been fatal to the smaller vessel; moreover our captain, who was here for the first time, was unable to make out whether a light a-head was from a ship or a light-house, so we slackened speed and moved forward slowly like a huge albatross, half

asleep and floating upon the waves, until the doubtful object revealed herself by burning a Bengal light and throwing up a rocket, which was understood to signify that she was a steamer homeward bound. We answered the signal by another, which served to assure her as hers had assured us. It is a happy invention by which conversation can thus be carried on at a distance and in the darkest night. [I stay the course of my narrative here to mention that my excellent friend Mr. W. H. Bartlett died near this place on this day, and probably on board the vessel with which we had just exchanged signals. As an artist he was known over the world, every quarter of which his pencil had illustrated, while his gentle manners, kindness of heart and Christian excellence endeared him to a large circle of friends, who will long regret his loss. Supposing him to be still at Smyrna, where I last heard of him, I had written to him to-day, and it was not until I reached Jerusalem that I heard the melancholy news of his death.] In due time we made St. Elmo's light at Valetta, and fired a gun for a pilot; but events seemed to conspire to-night against our commander, for this signal as well as several others which he made in succession afterwards, met with no response, and, in some perplexity, we went slowly forwards, and it was not until we had approached much nearer to the shore, that a

bright light blazed up, and after it expired, a boat, with a lamp in the bow might be dimly discerned coming across the bay towards the ship. Upon this the gangway was opened, and the ladder let down, but when the boat drew near, the pilot, who was in it, announced that the island was tabooed to us, and he could not come aboard, nor should we be allowed to land, but that he would go a-head and we might follow him into the quarantine harbour. No very pleasant news this for the officers and crew, who understood by it that the ship would have to be coaled by her own sailors without assistance from the shore. Neither was the news more pleasant to the passengers, for they understood that none of them could go on shore, and return on board without subjecting the ship to quarantine at Alexandria. But another difficulty, which it suggested, shows how some of the quarantine laws, which concern both the crew and the passengers, verge on absurdity. We required a considerable supply of water for the ship, and it was a question how it was to be got on board. We should not be allowed to draw the water through a Maltese hose into our tank, for that would establish a connection between us and the island, and subject us to the dreaded quarantine at Alexandria. We could not take their tank on board, for it was too large to be stowed away, and thus, unless it should

fortunately turn out that our hose would fit their tank, we might have endured the fate of Tantalus, and had the water at our lips without its ever reaching them.

As we dropt anchor in the harbour at ten o'clock to night, a boat for the mail bags, and a few others on speculation, each with a lamp in the stern, rowed about the ship, and as these lights gleamed on the wide straw hats, swarthy skins and rugged figures of their occupants, their appearance was most *Canalettique*. No other lights were to be seen, and it seemed as if everybody on shore, even at this early hour, had already retired to rest.

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

THE Marseilles steamer came in this morning, bringing letters and newspapers from England. Amongst the latter was a Sunday paper of the 10th instant, which must have been posted the evening before. An English steam transport with troops for the East, also arrived in the bay this morning. We had passed her yesterday with all her sails filled, at a time when we could not catch a breath of wind, or rather when a breath of wind could not catch us, for we

out-steam any moderate wind, and it is only a gale that can swell our sails.

The popular voice has canonised more saints than the church. St. Elmo, by whose light we found the harbour last night, shares with a thousand others, in all parts of Europe, the glory of being one of those who have earned a title to the people's remembrance, by burning lights upon a dangerous headland, maintaining a hospice on some mountain pass, or making other provision to direct or shelter the sailor or the wayfarer. We may smile, however, at those Byzantines who have raised Jason's anchor to the rank of a saint, and still more at the modern French historian who invokes the "holy" bayonets of France. Many *canons* (of the church at least) have been exalted into saints, but this is the first attempt to confer *that* honour on *small arms*.

The gates of Malta being thus closed against us, our visit to the place was put off, like the conclusion of Dr. Dryasdust's sermon, to some future opportunity; but none of us, I fear, were as content to wait for the promised pleasure as were the doctor's hearers for the conclusion of his sermon. Malta is a small island, but of great interest to the archæologist, the ethnologist, and the student of history, both sacred and profane. Traces of the architecture of every period, from the massive Cyclopean and Punic structures to

the more classic buildings of Greece and Rome, and the more picturesque erections of modern times, are to be seen there; the basis of its language probably goes back beyond ancient Carthage; and while it is no longer doubtful, since Mr. Smith's work "On the voyages and shipwreck of St. Paul," that this is the Melita of Scripture, the history of the brave deeds of its grand masters since 1522, when it was ceded to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by Charles V., and became the last outwork of Christianity against the Turk, is a part of the general history of Europe. I should have been glad to traverse the staircase streets of Valetta, and to view its church of St. Giovanni, with the tombs of Lisle Adam, La Valette, Vilherra, and the other grand masters of renown who sleep their last sleep within it. I should have been glad also to visit the catacombs at Civita Vecchia, and, above all, the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck.

All day our vessel lay listless in the quarantine harbour—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

and during this time we, her prisoners, almost lulled to sleep by the church bells on shore chiming drowsily at

short intervals from before daybreak to evening, had no object in view but the bay, and the harbour, and a small portion of country beyond it. The latter, all stone and chalk-rock, looked undisguised barrenness; but the people are now bringing soil from Africa and Sicily to put flesh upon its stony ribs. Except a few transplanted shrubs, and a little ivy clinging to the Castle wall, there was no green thing to refresh the eye. The six horses we had brought from England were to-day lowered into a lighter to be put ashore. During our ten days' sail they had been standing upright in their boxes without a possibility of either lying down or changing their position, and I was glad to think how they would now rejoice to recover once more the use of their legs. Cornelius Nepos tells us that Eumenes, when he was shut up in the small fort of Nora, and was afraid lest his war-horses should suffer from confinement and want of exercise, reined up their heads so as hardly to permit their fore-feet to reach the ground, and then contrived, by daily whipping them, to make them caper and launch out their heels behind, by which he preserved them in perfect health until the siege was over. After our six horses were lowered into the lighter, a good-natured butcher, who was going to join the Bentinck, in the Red Sea, jumped down to throw a horse-cloth on them.

Unfortunately, the action was seen by the health-officer, who immediately warned him not to return on board, and that if he did the ship would be put into quarantine for ten days at Alexandria. The poor fellow was horror-struck at this news. In the meantime some of his companions loudly called to him to come on board, and brave all consequences. Seeing him distracted between the two commands, I desired him from my cabin to ask the captain's opinion and be guided by it. The captain told him, I believe, that he must not return on board, yet loth to depart, he still traversed up and down the lighter; but, at length, after a few minutes, either good advice, the captain's opinion, or his own good sense, or all three combined, prevailed over his irresolution, and, with a very long face, he entered the health boat, and was at once rowed off to the Lazaretto, where, as long as daylight remained, he was seen looking wistfully towards the ship. But in spite of all this strictness of quarantine, the spirit of trade contrived to elude it, and some small merchants got on board to sell the passengers veils, collars, mittens, and other articles, the work of infected fingers in Malta. After their ten days' task-work our engines needed some repair; and this, and the coaling of the ship, found rather more than sufficient employment for the engineers and the crew.

In the course of the day several little shallops floated round the vessel, manned either by one man or by two, with swarthy olive skins, and without other clothing than a pair of drawers. These men, who might be representatives of the fabled Tritons, who heralded the car of Neptune, seemed rather of the water than the earth. They frequently dived from one side to the other under our great vessel, which was fifteen or twenty feet deep in the water, to obtain a shilling which was thrown in for them, and they always contrived to catch it in their mouths before it had descended far. Each of them wore a cross suspended round his neck, an amulet which had little effect on their morals, however it might protect their persons, for I saw one of them steal a shilling from the boat of another while he was diving, and when it was reclaimed, he added to his offence by denying it. The best diver was a sinewy, broad-chested man with a very forbidding countenance.

The most perfect harmony had hitherto reigned in the ship's saloon. But the mother of mischief, who is no bigger than a midge's wing, has escaped with the drawing of a soda-water, or some other cork, and has at last disturbed it. At a late hour last night, as the passengers were walking the decks, one of them, a young cadet, said to another, one of the railway engineers, as they casually met,

"Well James, how are you?" The latter said this mode of address was too familiar, and asked his questioner how he came to know his Christian name. To which the latter replied that he did not know it, but had taken him for another person, and was sorry for the mistake. But this did not satisfy the engineer, and he demanded the cadet's card, which the latter declined to give. The engineer retired for a few minutes, and then returned and struck him a blow. He did not return the blow, but reported the whole matter to his commanding officer. All the military, of whom we had several on board, besides the commanding officer, were of opinion that the affair, if left unnoticed, would disparage the young cadet in his future career, and nothing would satisfy some of the young fire-eaters, his friends, but that he should call his aggressor out, for they had ascertained, as they said, that he was a first, second, or some other cousin to a lord, as if noble blood was indelible, and so entitled its possessor to shoot as well as strike his adversary. But wiser counsels prevailed, and it was agreed in the saloon that the cadet should prefer a complaint of the assault before the police magistrate at Malta, and leave him to settle the matter. Meanwhile, the offender, induced by good sense and good temper, after a night's rest, offered an apology, which was accepted, and so

harmony was again restored. I remember a duel being prevented in a still more ingenious way when I was a boy. A lady, who was both young and fair, and something of a coquette besides, as sometimes happens in such cases now, had several admirers, of whom two in particular shared her smiles alternately, and were most in her favour. It was inevitable that jealousy should arise between these two rivals, and one of them on some occasion, real or imaginary, despatched a challenge to the other. The latter took it to his brother and consulted him upon it as his adviser and friend. "Oh, leave the matter to me, and I will manage it," said his brother. In the meantime mounting his hack (for there were no railways then) he rode over to the lady's house, shewed her the challenge, and informed her that his brother would willingly fight twenty battles for her sake if she would only say she would marry him afterwards. But the lady declared that she entertained no such intention. "Well then," said he, "My brother shall not fight," and thereupon taking his leave he returned home and answered the challenge accordingly.

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## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

At bed-time, last night, we were still in Malta harbour; I believe we left it at three this morning; we are now far away from the land. A degree of longitude at Malta is about 50 miles, and as Malta is 13 degrees east of Greenwich, and, as every degree is equal to 4 minutes of time, our English watches are now 52 minutes behind the true time. An accident happened to us to-day, which, under other circumstances, might have been of some account. The captain, who had been writing in his cabin, having left some waste papers lying loose upon his desk, called one of the apprentices, and desired him to fetch away the papers, and throw them overboard. The boy did as he was bid, and he did rather more, for the ship's log-book lay with the other papers, and he not being able to discriminate between them, took the log-book with the papers, and threw the whole overboard, which greatly irritated the captain when he discovered it. The log-book was in the form required by the Admiralty, and ought, at the ship's return, to have been sent there. It is to be hoped it contained no scandal about old Ocean, or he may think it adding insult to injury, if we first beat and then slander him.

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

I SAW the sun rise over the blue Mediterranean this morning. There were no clouds in the sky, and the sun reddened the Eastern horizon as he came up, but there was nothing that surpassed a sunrise in fine weather in England. No land was to be seen the whole day. Could we have seen it, we should have had on the south, the shores of Tripoli, and "the parts of Lybia about Cyrene," and to the north, those isles of Greece, whose history fills the world, and whose glories have been sung by poets in all ages. If I return by Trieste I may see these isles. For such a glorious sight, I could be content to undergo that quarantine fumigation, which was, and perhaps still is practised there, to disinfect the traveller coming from a suspected place. A suite of three rooms is prepared, two on the outside serve as dressing-rooms, while the third, the doors of which are almost hermetically closed, except when opened for a moment to admit the traveller, is filled with dense fumes and vapours of disinfecting smoke. The traveller entering the first room, strips and leaves his clothes, and then, running as fast as he can, through the closed room, is supposed to leave in its disinfecting vapour, all the seeds of infectious

disease; on arriving at the third room, he finds his clothes which have been disinfected in the meantime, placed there ready for him to dress.

As we moved over the waters this evening, the blue main sparkled with bright spangles of light, as if we had had a starry firmament both below and above us. But these stars of the sea, though brilliant as those of the blue heavens above, and as near to us as these were distant from us, had but an ephemeral life, for they only rose to the surface, expanded into flakes of light, and then died away. Captain Hamilton, who had witnessed the phenomenon both in the East and West Indies, told me that this light is caused by insects, and that, by the aid of a microscope, he had seen them very distinctly in a bucket of water drawn from the sea.

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## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

To-day, being Sunday, we had service on board the vessel as before, and Mr. Penington again preached, from Matthew xii., v. 41. The sea is like a sleeping lion: this forenoon it was quiet and still, but in the afternoon the lion awaked, when we rolled and pitched about "pretty considerably.

Some of the passengers ascribed the motion to our encountering the land-swell off Candia, but it continued long after we had passed that island, and it followed us through a considerable portion of the night. I attribute it to a two-fold cause — a wind on our weather-bow, which is high out of the water, and a want of trim in the vessel, since she discharged part of her cargo at Malta.

Two accidents happened on board to-day; one to a fireman, who had his head cut by the fall of a coal bucket, and another to one of the boys, who was scalded by the overturning of a tureen of soup. We have still reason for thankfulness, that in thirteen days, and in so large a company, these have been the only accidents.

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## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

This morning, while the Pharos of Alexandria, so called from that celebrated lighthouse which formerly stood here, and which, in old times, was one of the seven wonders of the world, appeared like a speck upon the distant horizon, we perceived the beautiful colour of the Mediterranean suddenly change from a deep blue to a sickly leaden green.

The limit of the two colours was as distinct and well defined as if drawn by a line. We had hardly had time to recover from our surprise at this strange sight, still less, to consider the cause of it, before we observed a merchant vessel, which had all her sails set, and which was steering the same course as ourselves, a little on our weather-bow, suddenly put her sails aback, and change her course in a moment, as if she perceived danger from shoal-water a-head. Presently, however, she saw us dash straightforward into the discoloured waves, when she again took courage and followed in our wake. We both found, in a short time, that what had excited our surprise, was nothing else than the mighty Nile, now subsiding after his recent inundation, and pouring a flood of waters, through his Rosetta branch, into the sea. The sea seemed obediently to own his power; for here, at a distance of thirty miles, herself a boundary to his waters on the right hand and on the left, she allowed them to flow, unmingled, far into her vast domain. But the sky had indications as well as the sea that we were approaching the land, for, towards the south and east, which is the region of sand and desert, the atmosphere had a yellow arid hue, while the other quarters of the heavens reflected the healthy freshness of the sea below. But a dove, which had settled on our mast, though she had no

olive leaf in her mouth, assured us, not as once that the sea was shoreless, but that it had a shore, and we were approaching it. The wide bay of Alexandria was crowded by vessels of all nations; on many large war vessels the arms of old Byzantium, the Crescent and the Star, now the national flag of Egypt, floated at the stern.

The bay of Alexandria is bordered by ranges of handsome buildings, which, on this sunny morning, dazzled us by their whiteness. Here were the harems and seraglios of the pasha, with gardens and green trees about them — there the forts, magazines, barracks, and arsenals of the city; and, stranger than all, there, among the other buildings, were numerous spacious mosques with domes, minarets, and pinnacles, and the gilded crescent glittering above them. The sight of these last objects was a great surprise to me. I had all my life heard that the faith of Egypt was Mahometan; but now, when I saw the false prophet's symbols flaunting the day, I could hardly trust my senses, or believe what I saw was real. "Am I indeed beyond the limits of Christendom," I asked myself, "or is it a fable or a dream?" The mosque seems to combine the architecture of the East and the West — its dome is the flattened and depressed vault of the Pantheon, and its pointed arches, generally without mouldings, are a variety

of the Roman *semicircular arch*, while the minaret, tall, fluted, and stately, may have grown out of a mixture of the *Greek column* and the western turret. It rises in stages like a drawn-out telescope, with galleries at the joinings, has a top shaped like a turban, and its whole appearance is not unpleasing. The architect, El Walid, first introduced it, as Mr. Burton thinks, from India, about ninety years after the Hegira.

By and bye an old pilot, in cumbrous white turban and scarlet vest, rowed by six Turks turbaned like himself, came on board to conduct us to our anchorage. The bay is either really very difficult to enter, or the pilot had a mind to make us think so, for he sighted first one object and then another — led us near one rock where there were breakers, and another place where a rock was supposed to be, and by several devious courses, until we dropt anchor before the Custom-house. Lancelot's perplexing directions to his father how to find Shylock's house, would be as good as any to enable a person to follow our pilot's course by description — "Turn up at the right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left — marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the house." It was well for us that we had no quarantine to perform on our arrival, for I am informed

by one who has been subjected to it, that he was put into a small skiff and rowed past the breakers I have mentioned, and only escaped the imminent peril of being swamped on the way, to be afterwards nearly famished in the Lazaretto.

No sooner were we fairly at anchor before crowds of Arabs, in every variety of strange costume, descended upon the vessel in a shower, to offer their services as boatmen, porters, guides, servants, and dragomen. They all talked at once, and talked so fast, that a man who had lived even before Babel could not have heard, much less have understood them. The Spanish consul attended by his dragoman, gaily attired in an embroidered vest, wide trowsers, a shawl turban, and scarlet slippers, with a scymetar at his side, and a large silver mace in his hand, came to meet the governor of Manilla, and to conduct him on shore in state. I had some difficulty in saving myself from being carried away bodily, and still more in preventing a divorce between me and my small baggage—divorces are common in this country. But at length I entered the boat of two swarthy Arabs, whose whole wardrobe was a white shirt and a tarbouche a-piece, and they hoisted a scanty sail, and, in a few minutes, we were at the Custom-house stage, and I stept for the first time on the shores of Africa. Close by the landing place a string of sleek looking asses were

standing ready saddled for hire. On one of these I mounted and set off, followed by its owner, who, according to the universal custom here, ran at full speed behind the animal to urge it forward. When the Shunamite mother had lost her son, and was in agony until she could reach Elisha, who she believed could bring him back to life, "she saddled her ass, and said to her servant *drive* and go forward, slack not thy driving for me, except I bid thee." (II. Kings iv., 24.) Do we not understand her conduct better, when we see how the custom prevails in Egypt at the present day? I *did* bid the owner to "slack his driving for me," and so I rode at a gentle pace through long streets, lofty, and narrow, to shut out the sun, with the stories of the houses projecting one above another as if they meant to shake hands, and with balconies contrived to protrude at an angle to catch coolness from the north wind, and lattices to their windows of the patterns which were seen in Bagdat in the days of Haroun al Raschid. I paid my first visit to the granite obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, of which there are two, both covered with hieroglyphics and cartouches, which carry back the mind, even of him that runneth but cannot read, and fill it with pictures of Egypt's former grandeur and magnificence. Only one of the obelisks now stands erect; the other, which belongs to England, and is near it, has

half buried itself in the sand, thus falsifying an Egyptian proverb, which says that the needle, though it clothes others, makes no covering for itself. Each obelisk is formed of a single block of stone, and is about sixty feet long, so that, if Turkish fables be true that they were once used as needles for sewing a tarbouche, there must have been Memnons with gigantic fingers, as well as gigantic heads, in old times in Egypt. These obelisks are not originally natives of Alexandria, but were brought here from ancient Memphis, and their hieroglyphic inscriptions prove them to be earlier than the Greek dominion in Egypt. From the Needles, by a long avenue of tamarisks and acacias, the work of Ibrahim Pasha, and through gardens of palms, bananas, plantains, and sugar canes, I rode to see the relic called Pompey's Pillar, which is supposed to have been erected under Diocletian, but to whom, or in whose honour, is unknown. It is ninety feet high, and stands upon a base which, as well as the pillar, is of polished granite. The shaft is of very good proportions, but the carving of its Corinthian capital, for it is of that order, is, as we might, perhaps, have expected from its date, rather in a debased style of art. The column is on the summit of a high hill. It is a wonder how it was raised upon its base — it is a greater wonder, after nearly 1600 years, to see it still

standing upright, for time and the Turk have thrown down a forest of others of much later date, in Alexandria, as you may see by their scattered fragments everywhere lying about. But proudly as this Roman column rears its head to tell the triumph of some forgotten conqueror—

> "The loudest trump of fame, upon the ear of time,
> Leaves but a dying echo."

A mightier conqueror, whose name will not perish until

> "Death is swallowed up in victory,"

has placed his trophies near it, in the vast Mahometan cemetery, which occupies the whole hill side on which the pillar stands. As I shall have other opportunities of noticing such a cemetery, I purposely pass by it now. On alighting at the hotel de l'Europe, I found it besieged by a crowd of donkey boys assembled with their asses to solicit custom from our passengers, and the dragoman of the house vigorously driving them away with a whip—a proceeding very strange to English eyes—but apparently quite in accordance with Eastern obsequiousness, for they took the beating submissively and quite as a matter of

course. They have a proverb that "Poverty and anger do not agree," and to-day they practised it to excess.

I should in vain attempt to describe the various Orientals whom I now saw passing the hotel. There, a solemn Turk, with long beard, in cumbrous trousers and capacious cloak, woollen, even in this hot weather, with showy turban and red slippers, ambled along on an Arab horse, in rich housings of scarlet and gold, preceded by his sais or groom, in a white vest and wide trousers and with a purple horse-cloth depending gracefully from his left shoulder behind. It was his business to run before and clear the way for his master, which he did very unceremoniously with a long wand. The men who ran before the king's chariot, and those fifty who ran before Adonijah and before Absalom, filled a similar office in Israel of old. (I. Sam. viii., 11. II. Sam. xv. 1. I. Kings i. 5.) The old Turk was followed by a servant bearing his long pipe in a scarlet case. Then a party of mounted Bedouins, with dark and swarthy faces, from the Desert rode by, armed with their long lances. Bright coloured caphias or handkerchiefs covered their heads, and were kept in their place by two coils of rope, passing round the temples. They wore wide arbeyehs or cloaks of hair, of native manufacture, in striped patterns of blue or brown and white. There were a multitude

of fellahs, or labourers, passing about in red caps and blue shirts, and occasionally with a girdle round the waist, a dress which seemed more appropriate in this hot weather than the woollen of their richer neighbours. These were some of the strange people whom I saw as I stood for a few minutes before the hotel. The Grand Place where most of the hotels, as well as all the Consulates, are situated, is in the modern part of Alexandria. It is an elongated square about as broad as Portland-place, and nearly half a mile long. The houses, at its sides and ends, lofty and of varied elevation, are covered with white chunam, and almost all of of them have a showy and handsome look. There is a fountain of Oriental alabaster near the centre, and at one side is a beautiful English church, of Saracenic architecture, now nearly complete. Through some neglect—a frequent occurrence here—no water flows from the alabaster fountain; we may hope that the church will distribute its living waters more freely. There are paved parapets along the sides and ends of the Place, but the centre of this, as of many of the streets, is merely the native earth beaten hard by traffic, and abounding with deep holes, which are so many traps to bring down unwary riders, and roll them in *kindred* dust, a foretaste of that visiting acquaintance with your buried ancestors, which Bob Acres' servant David, in

"The Rivals," warned his master so carefully to avoid. Upon the whole, however, the Grand Place of Alexandria is a square which any city in Europe might be proud of.

I dined on shore to-day, and it was pleasant, when seated, to feel sure of one's own legs and the table's. They were both steady now, which for the last fourteen days, while we were on ship-board, they had hardly ever been. Among the rarities at dinner were a dish of becca ficoes (fig peckers), very delicate birds, hardly larger than a humble bee or a humming bird, and one of which would have been a dinner for a gourmand at Lilliput. Remembering where we were, the dinner was washed down with sherbet flavoured with pomegranate juice, and then I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where, for one piastre, equal to three-pence, there was a cup of café noire to be had, and a concert of music while you drank it.

It is sunset, and from a neighbouring minaret, I have just heard in Arabic the muezzin's sonorous call to prayer.

"There is no God
But God," he cried; "there is no God but God;
Mahomet is the prophet of the Lord.
Come ye to prayer! to prayer, the Lord is great.
There is no God but God."

Last Wednesday I remarked that we had lost nearly an hour by our advance towards the sun. But now I have either lost or gained a day, for these people reckon time as in Genesis, when

"The evening and the morning were the first day,"

counting their day from one sunset to another, and consequently, since sun-down, I have entered upon another day, and have thus seen two days in one, or as an Irishman might say—*now*, it is to-morrow. Our German ancestors, who either brought or borrowed the custom from the East, reckoned time, as Cæsar tells us, in the same way. Here the first hour after sunset is one o'clock, and each hour afterwards, up to the following noon, adds one to the number, when they begin again and count on until sunset recurs. No two hours of the day are alike upon this plan, and scarcely two days of the Eastern year are of the same length. Nor can these people lengthen their days after the poet's pleasant plan, by

"Stealing a few hours from the night."

In a city where so large a portion of the inhabitants are

Europeans, there must often be confusion between Turkish and European time. You constantly hear inquiries which time is meant, and a watch is often carried on each side set to the respective times of the East and the West.

Nearly all my fellow-travellers in the Nubia were to set out this evening for Cairo—at first by the railway, and afterwards by the Nile steamer. Our fourteen days' travel together had shaken us into a friendly companionship, which made us unwilling to part without leave-taking. At nine o'clock at night, therefore, I proceeded in an omnibus to the railway terminus, several miles distant, to see them off and bid them farewell. Neither the station nor the station-house is erected, but after a time a file of Arabs, each carrying a flaming cresset, at the end of a long pole, walked along the line, and were followed by an engine which, as it seemed, they were lighting and leading to its place. On reaching the appointed place, the engine was attached to a long train of carriages in a livery of yellow and gold, and then amid more noise and confusion than I can describe, the passengers were seated in the carriages. Meanwhile, the strange lights, as they fell on different objects, gave an interest to the scene. Tarbouches and turbans, swarthy complexions and strange dresses, caught the eye wherever it turned. Here, the light fell upon

date palms and camels, objects associated in our earliest memories of the ancient world—there, it shone upon the last and greatest discovery of the modern world, an iron railway. I am never weary of looking at the camel, and never cease wondering that with limbs so picturesque and so loosely hung, not that he is able to do so much, but that he is able to do anything. The six hundred boxes of letters for the East were now brought up from the Nubia by long files of these fantastic beasts of burden. With piles of these boxes packed in strong rope nets hanging on each side, the camels stalked on in silence until they came opposite the train, and then, at a sign from his leader, each knelt down and his load was transferred to the railway van. What, I wonder, were the animal's thoughts, when the steam-horse yoked to his iron car, and breathing fire and flame and smoke, panted and snorted its impatience to be off, and at length started upon its iron track with a noise like thunder? "Can it be," he might ask, "that all this noise is preferred to my quiet footfall, and this breathless and dangerous speed to my sure and safe step. I know that I am ungainly, and that my limbs are grotesque, as an animal that was made early in creation, and that my voice is not musical; but then I never boast of my form, and I seldom let my voice be heard, and when I do, does

not our proverb say that 'a camel's groans are better than the prayers of fishes;' for although I am called a ship, yet my voyages are on dry land and not upon the dangerous sea. But nothing so soon grows old as gratitude, and my past services, I see, will soon be forgotten, and the name of the 'ship of the Desert,' which has been mine for ages, will very shortly be absorbed by this stranger from the West."

When the passengers were all seated, and our last good wishes and farewells had been said, the train started with mutual cheers from the passengers and the byestanders. My interest in this strange scene, had made me forget for the time that I was several miles from Alexandria, that the night was dark, and that it was now ten o'clock, but as the last cheer died away, I awakened to the consciousness of my situation, and immediately looked out for an omnibus to convey me back to Alexandria. But, alas! none was to be seen, they had all returned, and they which, by name at least, were "for all" were now, it appeared, not for me; I could not walk back to Alexandria, even if that were safe, for I did not know the way, and an English tongue, however civil, would be of no use where nobody understood it. I felt that I was in a dilemma. This morning, I had been in danger of being carried to Alexandria against my will,

and to-night, with the greatest will to it, there was some danger of my being neither carried there nor perhaps reaching it all. At first, I thought of appealing to a turbaned Turk, whom I saw driving a carriage and pair in European fashion, to take me on his box-seat, but while I was hesitating, the sound of wheels caught my ears, and, to my great joy, an omnibus which had come too late, soon afterwards emerged from the darkness. In my impatience I hardly suffered it to stop before I got in, and secured a return seat. The late excitement had been too much for this apathetic people. As we drove back, they and the neighbourhood seemed to have fallen into a state of collapse. On our way to the city, every body and every thing had gone to rest. I passed through the city gates, where the soldiers stretched on mats, on the bare ground on each side of our wheels, lay wrapped in slumber and their great coats, under a finer canopy than their master's, the viceroy, a canopy which would be unsafe in England, but which with their habits and this climate is safe enough here, and, in due time, I reached Alexandria and my hotel in thankfulness to have got there at last.

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

BEFORE I retired to rest last night, I was warned by the musquito curtains round my bed, not to expect undisturbed repose. It was not from the musquitoes however, that my troubles had come, when I asked myself in the morning—"Do people ever sleep in Alexandria?" At an early hour, no city is quieter. Everybody seems to have retired to his own house after nightfall; you can count the few persons who are abroad afterwards by the fanouses or paper lanthorns, which a police regulation compels all but the blind to carry after dark, for there are no public lights in an eastern city. Deluded by these appearances, the stranger retires to rest, and perhaps falls asleep, not doubting that they are to last, but his sleep and this delusion vanish together, when he hears, shortly afterwards, the voices of a thousand dogs burst on his ears with every imaginable dissonance. When the inhabitants go to sleep, the dogs wake up, and convert the night into one long orgy, in which they bark and howl from every point of the compass; the stillness of the night, and the reverberation

from the houses of the great square and streets still swelling and adding to their noise. Sometimes, they have scented a dead animal, and are in full cry towards it, for they are the only scavengers of the city; and sometimes, if I understood their dog-latin aright—they were passing sentence, and then executing it, upon an offender who had been caught in a street not his own, for each party has its own bounds, which they rigidly guard, and it is death to any poacher who is caught transgressing them, but whatever the employment, their noise is incessant, and no description can exaggerate it. These dogs are tolerated, rather than encouraged; they have no owners, but belong to the public, or the public to them. They have sharp protruding ears and gaunt paunches, bristly broken hair, and look like a cross between the fox and the wolf, which latter animal they most resemble. They are true Orientals in indolence, and you see them in great numbers in every part of the city in the day-time, either basking in the sun or sleeping on the ground, and you are obliged to tread cautiously to avoid treading upon some of them. I saw numbers at their siesta in all parts of the Grand Place yesterday. The noble qualities of the dog as the companion of man (unknown where he has no owner), so far as I know, are not

mentioned in Scripture. Every allusion both there and in the Apocrypha, except two passages in the book of Tobit, (v. 16, and xi. 4.,) which are hardly an exception* seems to point him out as having been accounted unclean among the Jews, from whom the position and condition he now occupies at Alexandria seem to have undoubtedly descended. But dogs are not the only public disturbers of the night at Alexandria, for parties of sentinels from different parts of the city, meet each half-hour, and, as they meet, they call across the street or place at the top of their voice for a blessing on the viceroy, and get anything but a blessing from his subjects whom they disturb. Then, too, long before day, multitudes of cocks commence crowing in a shrill minor key, which they continue until long after day-break, and besides all this, there are the dissonant cries of a tribe of Egyptian cats, not here outcasts like the dogs, for they have hospitals founded for their maintenance, a distinction which they owe to their having been in old time the symbol of Isis. Rip Van Winkle could not have slept undisturbed through the night at Alexandria under

* Mr. Lane says some of these cries are very sublime, the cry of one of the watchmen, in that quarter of Cairo where he resided, was "I proclaim the absolute glory of the living king, who sleepeth not nor dieth," and of another, "Oh Lord! everlasting."

one of these disturbances—a combination of them all would have awakened even the Seven Sleepers.

The city of Alexandria owes its origin and its name to Alexander the Great, who himself drew the plan of the city, and entrusted the building of it to his architect Dinocrates, in the year 332, B.C. Its boundary was drawn out in lines of meal strewed on the ground, which the soothsayers interpreted to indicate wealth and prosperity. If we are to believe the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, the founder was buried in his own city, in the marble sarcophagus, which was brought from here a few years ago, and is now in the British Museum. The founder destined his new city to flourish upon the ruins of Tyre, and its success fully justified his selection of the site, though, his determination that it should supplant Tyre, because the latter had opposed him, does not tend to exalt his magnanimity. The commerce of the east was soon attracted to the new city, which grew by it to vast importance, and had very shortly a population of 600,000 people.

In an island in the bay, called Pharos, there was erected under Ptolemy Philadelphus, by his architect Sostratus, the celebrated lighthouse, which, taking its name from the island, has bequeathed the name of Pharos to all subsequent lighthouses. It is told of the builder, that being ordered to

inscribe Ptolemy's name upon it, he placed the name upon a tablet of plaster, so contrived, that in a few years it fell, and exposed his own name, which he had engraved on the more solid stone beneath. The temple which another Ptolemy designed to erect here to his queen, Arsinoe, had it ever been completed, would have been a greater wonder than the Pharos. Its roof was to have been arched with loadstones, so that the queen's statue, made of iron, might appear to float in the air. Most of the wonders of the old world no longer remain to us. They have disappeared as if afraid of being compared with our own. The Temple at Ephesus, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and this Pharos, would have been eclipsed by a comparison with St. Peter's at Rome, the Gardens of Versailles, and the Eddystone at home. Nay, I have a querulous friend, who, to the great amusement of his hearers, will insist upon it, that the Pyramids, those true wonders of art, are an imposture and a cheat, and ought to be publicly put down.

It was at Alexandria in 221 B. C. that Heron invented the Æolopile which contained the germ of Watt's celebrated discovery. At Alexandria the Septuagint was translated. It was in one of its ships that St. Paul was sailing to Italy when he suffered shipwreck at Malta. Here, Apollos was

born; and the Evangelist St. Mark died its Bishop in the year 62. St. Jerome, who mentions his death, says nothing of his having been martyred. The discovery of the Cape Passage to India, in 1488, by withdrawing the commerce of the East from Alexandria, sensibly affected its consequence, and it continued to decline until the establishment of the overland route, of which it became a principal station; when the same causes producing the same effects, the city began to revive, and it has now a population of 70,000 inhabitants, which is still rapidly increasing. Whole streets in the European style, are springing up on every side. The value of sites has increased from three-pence to one pound per square yard within these few years, and never, even in her palmiest days, was house-rent higher than it is now in Alexandria, for a rent of £1,000. per annum was lately offered and refused for the great house at the east end of the Grand Place.

When I arrived at Alexandria, the recent death of the late viceroy, Abbas Pasha, was the general subject of conversation. He was the son of Ibrahim Pasha, and the grandson of the more celebrated Mahomet Ali, and consequently the nephew of the new ruler, Said Pasha. Abbas leaves behind him the unenviable name of a superstitious

selfish, sensual, capricious man, and a cruel and tyrannical ruler. He had been warned by a foolish prophecy never to trust himself for a single night in Alexandria, and accordingly his visits to this place never lasted beyond a few hours. He first withdrew himself to Cario, and then shut himself up with the ministers of his pleasures in new palaces, which he was continually building in the remote and comparatively inaccessible parts of his dominions, and where he wished to be as little as possible interrupted with the calls of business or the duties of his station. Of the forty great works in progress at his death, two only—the railway and one other—were of a public nature; all the rest consisted of palaces, pleasure houses, and other buildings having reference to his private convenience or luxury. It was his custom whenever any of his subjects fell under suspicion, and when either by force, or fraud, or subornation, he had obtained a show of proof against them, to banish them to the mines, and confiscate their property to his own use. He practised another mode to extort money from his subjects, by compelling them to purchase from him land which he wanted to sell. He made numbers of these compulsory sales, some of which, by a second turn of Fortune's wheel, have since made the fortunes of the buyers. One of these in particular is an island in the Nile, and

another a building site in Alexandria, both of which have risen immensely in value since Abbas Pasha forced them upon their reluctant owners. In his caprice he exalted or degraded his favorites without any reason for either. Within the last twelve months he suddenly raised one of his slaves from the rank of a fifer in his band to be the colonel of a regiment; he afterwards reduced him to be a flute-player in another regiment, and finally (and all within one short year) he sent him to be the governor of a province, which office he fills at this instant. Incapable of appreciating heroism or patriotism in his subjects, he heard the relation of the heroic conduct of his admiral at Sinope—who blew up himself and his ship rather than be taken by the enemy—without admiration, uttered not a word of commendation of his bravery, but on the contrary called him "Pesewink," or pimp, the most contemptuous name that can be applied to a Turk. "Every man," says Lord Bacon, "dislikes his heir," and the aphorism is as true in the East as in the West. Abbas regarded his successor with a jealousy that filled his friends with alarm. While he lived, Said Pasha, the future viceroy, was very little in Egypt, and he was at Malta when the viceregal crown descended on him. Abbas Pasha had formed a different

estimate of gold from Juvenal, for he thought, which Juvenal did not, that it would betray the presence of poison,

> "From cups of gold when rosy wine is quaffed,
> And fraud prevails suspect the poison-draught;
> But when in earthen bowls the wine is bright,
> Men never fear the deadly aconite."
>
> SAT. X.

And accordingly not only his table service but all his kitchen utensils were made of the precious metal. By this precaution, and an array of tasters and tasting officers more numerous than a mediæval monarch or the Great Mogul, he thought to keep off the approaches of death from that quarter, which he greatly feared, knowing that he had not the people's love, but their hate. These many vices had one redeeming quality in their possessor — the Egyptian virtue of love and affection for his mother. Whenever she was sick he hastened from Nubia and the remotest parts of his dominions to nurse her, attend on her, and minister to her suffering. But Death has many forms besides poison, and he assailed Abbas Pasha in another, and, if possible, a more frightful form. Two slaves whom he had threatened to have sewn up in sacks and thrown into the Nile,

determined to be before their master in their revenge, and coming upon him unawares they strangled him in his palace, and thus prevented him from making his threats good.

His loss is regretted by nobody here, and the consuls, whose especial dislike he had incurred by the difficulties he had interposed on their official intercourse with him, declined to pay his memory the usual compliment of hoisting their flags half-mast high on receiving the intelligence of his death. But

"Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,"

and as his successor mounts the throne under happier auspices they hoisted their flags to the topmast, and made an illumination the next night in the new monarch's honour.

By some management of the black eunuch I was admitted with two friends into Ras-ed-deen, the palace of the late viceroy, which stands near the bay, in the midst of a large space of ground which has been laid out and planted with acacias in long formal rows, with avenues between. There is a low wall on each side of each row of trees to confine the stream of water which it is necessary to pour in at intervals to irrigate these trees. The ground was so dry and dusty to-day that this irrigation must be frequently necessary.

This plantation is called a garden, but it does not answer to English ideas of the word. The palace or seraglio, (the wife's palace is called the hareem,) has a very long front with a portico and columns before, and a dome above it, and it might pass for an English mansion were it not that its elevation is lower, and that on its clean white exterior not a spot of smoke or soot was to be seen; an indication of the purity of the atmosphere of the place. In England it must have been kept under glass to preserve its beautiful cleanliness. On entering the palace we took off our shoes, and left them at the foot of a handsome wide staircase of white marble, and then ascended to the state rooms, which were hung with rich damask, but had no pictures or works of art — those objects which are the chief ornaments of English mansions. The ceilings were laid out in intricate but regular mathematical patterns in different colours; a kind of ornamentation with which Mr. Lane's work on Egypt, and Mr. Owen Jones's book on Grenada have made us familiar. Every room had a wide divan or sofa, well cushioned both at the back and below, extending along three of its sides, and as a concession to European visitors, costly chairs and couches in the best style of European manufacture. There was one circular room with a floor of elaborate marquetry, and another square one with a floor of

ebony and ivory, which would have made me afraid to tread on them with shoes, for they were polished more highly than I ever saw a table. One of my friends sat down in the Pasha's seat upon the divan, upon which the attendant, with strong Mussulman prejudices, ground his teeth and muttered an execration. But "curses, like chickens," says one of their own proverbs, "come home to roost at night." I thought it no honour to sit where Abbas Pasha had sat, and my friend, perhaps misconstruing the attendant, quoted the Arab proverb: "If an onion makes him so loud what will sugar do?" Every room had an European chandelier of glass suspended from the ceiling, some of which were of the most costly description. But the shelves of the library, for there is a large handsome room fitted up and called by that name, wanted the company which made Prospero's library a dukedom — the friends who are ever ready to converse with you when you wish it, and are silent when you wish them to retire; the shelves of the Pasha's library were unfurnished, and there was not a single book upon them. Fire, water, and air, seem alike to abhor letters in Alexandria. Twice has the first element destroyed a library in this city, once when its 400,000 volumes were consumed, in the time of Cæsar, in the year 47 before Christ; and again in 642, when Omar in his fanatic zeal burnt the still

greater library of 700,000 volumes, and thought he was doing heaven service; — the bay of Alexandria had nearly swallowed up Cæsar and his Commentaries, and he only saved himself and his immortal work by swimming with it in his mouth; — and, now the atmosphere of the Pasha's library seems incapable of sustaining a book. One side of the palace looks out upon the bay of Alexandria, and a terrace paved with pebbles in patterns of stars, crescents, double triangles, and other mathematical forms, extends the whole length, and the owner of the palace has only to open his lattice to enjoy the sight and feel the fresh breath of the Mediterranean.

You see repeated everywhere the double triangle, by which the ecclesiologists, I believe, denote the Holy Trinity. In this country it can have no such meaning, and I suspect that its use has descended from Greek times, and that it is in reality a double delta, and here has some allusion to the fertility of the mouths of the Nile. It is also said to represent the Shield of David, and it is still an ornament of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. At all events its adoption is not modern, for it occurs on the robe of Edward III. on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and there is in our Museum an ancient seal of similar pattern, which there is reason to believe was imported from the East in the time of the Crusades.

The beautiful palace of the viceroy, with its marbles, its crystals, and its marquetry, might vie with an European palace in its costly and elegant appliances for luxury. But here, as elsewhere, the palace and the cabin are in juxta-position, and splendour and squalor—the statue of gold with its basis of clay—perplex whoever considers the subject. It is no law of Providence which separates the extremes of society so far apart, and if law givers had made the same progress in their science, that human ingenuity has made in mechanical inventions, some remedy ere this might have been provided for the amelioration and gradual extinction of the evil. The houses of the labouring poor in Alexandria resemble Irish cabins after a clearance, and you would mistake them at first for ruins. It was not immediately indeed, nor until I saw children, in dirt and rags, playing about the doors, that I discovered these houses to be inhabited. They are built either with mud, or with stones dug from the grey earth, which here abounds in such materials, the fragments of ancient Alexandria, and the interstices are filled in with clay. They are flat at the top, with roofs of clay beaten hard, and a rude spout placed like a gurgoyle to carry off the rain. Their elevation is very low, not more than eight or nine feet, and generally they have only one storey, but I saw some which had a second

storey reached by a ladder from the outside. The door is very small, and very low, and through it, and a small unglazed opening near the top, light is admitted into the house, which consists of a single chamber, measuring about three yards by four. It has no chimney, but almost every house has an oven constructed at the extreme end, and running its whole length, about two feet from the floor, and in winter the occupant heats this oven and makes it his sleeping place. Every one remembers the double gentleman in the song who fell away to a single one, by lodging at a baker's and sleeping over his oven, but the Arab, who has no spare flesh on his bones, sleeps every night upon his oven without being the worse for it. The floor of the house is of beaten clay or earth. The furniture, which is answerable to the dwelling, consists of a few mats to sleep on, some earthenware for cooking and eating, and generally a quern or hand-mill. A blue shirt and a tarbouche for the man, and a similar shirt and a veil for his wife, constitute their clothing. In this beautiful climate the wants of nature are soon supplied, and bread, fruit and water, three times a day, are the only food the people have or require.

Early this morning six regiments of infantry marched through the Grand Place toward their encampment outside the city. They have arrived from Rosetta, and are to

proceed almost immediately to Constantinople as a further part of the Egyptian contingent of ten thousand men for the Turkish war. The first regiment was composed of Nubians, a tall well-grown body of men, with almost negro complexions. They marched well, looked like good soldiers, and had a fine martial appearance. They were headed by a full military band, consisting of drums, fifes, trumpets, cymbals, hautboes, and many other instruments on which they played native airs in excellent time and with some music. One military march, with more variety in it than the rest, not a quality of frequent occurrence in Turkish music, pleased me very much. The other regiments had only drums and fifes at their head. Every regiment was in marching order, with green and red flags, embroidered with the Crescent and the Star, full spread and floating over its ranks. The men wore red tarbouches, jackets and trousers of white linen, and white belts to their accoutrements. They were armed like English infantry, except that they had swords in addition to their other arms. To each regiment were attached a few Copts, who are the universal scribes or chetibs in Egypt, and who here acted as regimental clerks. They were in uniform like the rest, and thrust beneath his girdle, each man had the long brass case, in

which are his reed pens, and other writing materials, looking like a sheathed stiletto or a dirk. There are people who say that the pen has slain more victims than the sword, if so, it must be a deadly weapon in the East, where veracity is not the first of virtues. Perhaps it is the dread of this which makes verbal evidence preferred to written in their courts of justice. The uniforms of the officers of these regiments were blue coats and trousers, faced with scarlet and lace; they looked dirty and untidy, and in appearance were greatly inferior to their men. The colonels, and two other officers of each regiment, were mounted on horseback. A little later in the day, I saw in their camp, near the town, two cavalry regiments destined also for the Turkish war, with their horses picketed close by. The horses were of a mixed breed, with less bone, and more blood than ours. They were useful animals, but vicious and ill-trained. Two of them commenced a furious fight as I stood by, and though their masters were at hand and interfered immediately, the combatants were not separated until one of them had bitten a large piece from the neck of the other. A regiment of horse-artillery, with twelve brass field pieces, and preceded by a full band, passed me as I was returning home. The men had scarlet uniforms, and rode on

horseback, but the guns were drawn by mules, six mules to each; a military friend who watched them, thought, with me, that this corps had a fine soldier-like appearance.

When I left England the summer heat was declining, and our voyage, fanned by the sea breezes, had introduced us so gradually to another climate, that I was not prepared for the heat and brilliance of an Alexandrian sun. But I found that owing to the heat few people were abroad who could avoid it, from noon to three o'clock, and that during that interval, the places of business were closed, and the owners took their siesta, while the sun, in his brilliance shining upon the white buildings and grey earth, dazzled the eyes and made the head giddy. The glare, I think, is one cause of the opthalmia here, for I feel sure that my own vision would soon have been injured by it, if I had not been on my guard.

I paid a visit to day to the Coptic church, probably the oldest church and the most ancient existing foundation in Alexandria, which is called after its first bishop, St. Mark. It has retired from observation as if dreading persecution, and it stands in a retired corner very difficult to find. Upon entering a low narrow gate at the side, which like the place itself, seems contrived for concealment, you find yourself in a small cloister court, with arches and pillars at the

sides, no two of which are alike. The pillars are small, and resemble most the debased columns of our earliest mediæval buildings, and are evidently of no remote age. From the cloister court, by a narrow dark passage, you arrive at the church itself, which completely answers to the meanness of its approaches. It is a small building, with a portion for the women separated from the rest by a screen of lattice work, rather elaborately and handsomely carved in the Moorish style, and in the Moorish pattern, but of no great age. There is a second screen separating the altar from the main body of the church. This screen, which was ornamented with ivory inlaid in figures, very much resembling those of the ceiling of the Pasha's palace, effectually shut out from the congregation the view of the priest while he officiated at the altar. He was, in fact, to them, behind the veil, an arrangement which seems common to the Eastern churches. The priest passed through this screen by two doorways, which were left in it, and before which, veils, with crosses upon them, were suspended. On the screen, and at the sides, and in other parts of the church, there were a number of paintings, all in the humblest style of art, representing, amongst other subjects, the flight into Egypt, placed over the high altar, St. Mark, St. John the Divine, St. Theodore, and St. George, our English patron

saint—most, if not all of these saints, had a small chapel set apart and dedicated to them. The body of the church in which the congregation worship, is about ten yards wide by six yards long, and is lighted night and day by fifty common glass lamps, which are not fed as once were lamps with—

"Ever-burning naptha unconsumed,"

but with the ordinary oil of this country, where oil is very common. There were no images of any kind in the church; but there was a large and ancient font where children are baptized by immersion in lukewarm water and holy oil—boys at the end of thirty, and girls at the end of fifty days from their birth. They shew in the church the tomb of St. Mark, but it is now empty, for the Venetians in the fourth century carried it to Venice between two sides of bacon, and installed it in their great church of his name there, with much pomp. The congregation of this ancient church consists of about 150 persons, who, during the service, it is said on account of the long prayers, but more probably because Jacob worshipped leaning on the top of his staff, support themselves all the while by resting one side upon a crutch. I saw one of the priests with such a crutch lying near him, as I left the church below. If all who *halt*

in religion were to bear a crutch, such supports would be common in other churches besides St. Mark's. Mean, depressed, and poor, as are the church of St. Mark and its congregation, it is said that their patriarch, who takes his title from this city, though he lives at Cario, has immense wealth, which he is hoarding up for some great event which is expected to befall his church.

The visitor to St. Mark's will leave it, as I did, with a distressing sense of its condition. The Copts, whose name is a vestige of the ancient Egyptians whom they represent, and who engross the little learning there is in the country, number about 150,000 persons in all Egypt. They are the universal accountants and chetibs or scribes of the country, and whenever you see them, you see them furnished with a long brass case, very compact and convenient, in which they carry the reed-pens and writing materials, the implements of their craft.

Said Pasha, the new viceroy, who under the Eastern law of inheritance, has succeeded to his nephew, as the eldest male representative of his renowned father, to the exclusion of the nephew's sons, comes to the throne with the good opinion, good wishes and acclamations of the country. Would that he may find a councellor wise as Joseph, and himself be wise enough to follow his guidance! Then will

Egypt again become the wonder of the world, and regain once more the glory which was hers so long. The dispatch of the troops finds the new pasha full employment at present. To-day he inspected the ball practice of the artillery, and I saw him in an open carriage returning from the field. Everybody saluted him, and he good-humouredly acknowledged their salutations in return. The pasha has a round face with a good humoured expression, and a jolly rotundity of person, an impersonation of the very man after Julius Cæsar's own heart, whose saying it was—

> "Let me have men about me that are fat,
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

He looks forty years of age, but is not quite so much, his great size making him look older than he is. Mahomet Ali, his father, early foresaw his natural tendency to corpulency, and determined, if he could, to check it. For that purpose he appointed him a governor, who was to see that he took a specified amount of laborious exercise every day, to send him a daily account of it, and to report upon any increase or diminution in his weight and size. Like the ancient Gauls, he probably gave his son a girdle which

he was not to exceed. Amongst them, as history tells us, all the youths were required to keep themselves within the compass of such a girdle, either by fasting, or by riding, swimming, or other laborious diversions, and if they still grew so fat as to exceed its bounds, they were not only fined but disgraced. How strange it is to find an Eastern ruler adopting this Western usage! Mahomet Ali's usual success seems to have deserted him here, for his son has far outgrown the dimensions of his girdle, which could *never* have been of iron—the metal which Herodian says was the material of the girdle used by the ancient Britons—the pasha's horse, I believe, thinks his must have been India-rubber. Some other of the father's instructions have succeeded better with the son, for when he sent him to Paris he learned the French language which he now speaks fluently, gained some acquaintance with Western usages, and is disposed to introduce improvements into Egypt. He regards England favourably—has procured an English nurse for his son, and has had him taught our language. Several of his ministers, also are English; one of them now in his service has experienced the reverses incident to office in this country. Two years ago he was one of the ministers of Abbas Pasha, but incurring his

displeasure, he was dismissed and fell into poverty, and now he is again minister of state.

We have been accustomed to hear and read so much of a Turk's gravity and taciturnity, that we begin to expect nothing from an Oriental mouth but a proverb or a whiff of smoke—a few hours in Alexandria, however, disabused me of this mistake. Everywhere in the streets, natives of every rank are talking and gesticulating with the greatest earnestness and volubility. Their tongues hang loose as an aspen leaf, and their words fall faster than water from a cascade. Two people cannot make the most ordinary bargain without a war of words; as soon as he sees a discussion begin every bye-stander chimes in with it, and it very soon indeed becomes a really great talk. The effect of the whole is increased by a sharp accent which distinguishes the Arabic spoken language, as it does the French. They use all the while such earnestness of gesticulation, that you persuade yourself there must be blows before peace is restored; but all at once, like a cloud dispersed by the sun, the disputants separate apparently as good friends as before.

The night, as well as the day, is so hot in Alexandria at this season, that my apartment, notwithstanding it was both spacious and lofty, and was floored with cool earthen

tiles, was very oppressive; I found, too, that my musquito curtains, by impeding a free circulation of the air, were a greater evil than the insects they were meant to guard against; so to-night I discarded them, and braved the little enemies to do their worst.

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## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

In the gateways, or over the doors of one or two large mansions, I saw, as I walked out this morning, the carcases of alligators and crocodiles suspended, as we nail up horse-shoes in England, to avert evil or to bring luck. "Methinks that Egypt still adores the crocodile," I said, quoting the words of Juvenal, who made it a reproach of the country more than seventeen hundred years ago. (Sat. xv.) But in Cairo, and some other parts of Egypt, cats also are held in high estimation, are fed at the public expense, and have hospitals endowed for their benefit, which is another proof of the inveteracy of Egyptian superstition; for history tells us that this animal also was sacred, and that the people put to death an ancient Roman who had accidently killed one of them.

Alexandria is a place of great bustle and activity. There is a stir everywhere, and the stranger's ears, not as yet familiarized with the tongues of the many-voiced-East, may often hear and recognise rising above them all, as I did to-day, the one primeval language, the only one, probably, which has survived Babel—the cries and wails of children; yet children, I think, are kindly treated here, after this country's notions, but these notions are not good, for they purposely leave the children in dirt and rags, and suffer the flies to torment them, to avert the evil eye, by which they assuredly often bring a worse *evil eye* than they intend to avert, for their children often lose the sight of one eye or of both, and the number of blind people in Egypt is probably in a great measure owing to this early neglect. It is difficult to keep on your quiet way in the narrow streets of the old parts of Alexandria, without being jostled by some of the many objects you meet. Here, a sais unceremoniously pushes you aside with a wand to make way for his master, who is following him at a very quick pace on horseback, or in a carriage behind; there, a black slave, with long lank limbs and mild looks, bespeaking the treatment he has endured to fit him for the guardian of the hareem, gallops past upon an ass, behind which is its owner running at the top of his speed, and hallooing to urge it to

a still faster pace. There is no mistaking any of these unfortunates whenever you see them. They are slender in person, and remind you of boys who have outgrown their strength. But in this strange country it is often better to be a slave, especially if his master be rich or powerful, than to be a freeman. For persons in his condition come more frequently under their masters' notice, have more means of ingratiating themselves with them, and rendering them service, and by this means often rise to the highest rank and station, of which there are many living instances both in Egypt and Turkey at the present day. Here, fifty half-naked men are dragging a loaded waggon to a neighbouring store; there, a camel-driver, his beast laden on both sides with vegetables or other productions for the market, occupies almost the whole street. It is well in such a case that he has only a camel and not a dromedary, for this animal's speed of ten miles an hour would be more inconvenient in such a place than the camel's two. Then a group of women in hideous veils, with no useless warning, warn you to avoid them, as they appear to do you. On one side I am sure the repugnance was sincere. At home they wear wide trowsers called shintian, a silk shirt called kamis, a silk gown called yelett, and clogs called cob-cobs. It is hard to say what they wear under the cumbrous disguise,

in which they appear abroad. Here, you meet a pleasanter sight, two European Sisters of Charity speeding on some work of mercy. People have their amusements, too. Here, a conjuror beats his drum and collects a crowd, which completely blocks up the way as, sometimes, happens in England—while close at hand, a street musician amuses himself and the passengers by a performance on the reed-pipe, which drones so like the Scotch bagpipe that I at first mistook it for that. Presently a sound of wailing drew my attention. It proceeded from a funeral party of robed Mussulmen walking in procession at a somewhat quick pace, and uttering a chaunt in measured cadence as they walked. Three or four school-boys followed chaunting verses of the Koran, and then came the bier, with the corpse borne head foremost, on the shoulders of four men. The bier had gilded ornaments upon it, and was covered with a crimson pall. On a raised pillar at its head was the deceased's tarbouche nodding to the motion of the bearers, and the procession was brought up by a party of women dressed in white. They were so enveloped from head to foot in garments like sheets, that their appearance was exactly that of so many well-dressed ghosts. As they walked they kept up continuously, sometimes all at once, at other times separately, but always without regard to time

or cadence, the peculiar female cry of the country, called *zughareet,* which is used to indicate either joy or grief, and is produced by a rapid quivering motion of the tongue. This sound was very unlike an Irish wail, but it reminded me of the latter by the part the women took in it. At most funerals, I understand, the women regularly wail, but because the deceased here was a *welee,* they used the zughareet and not the wail.

Mr. Lane, whose work on Egypt a friend calls the most provoking book in the world, because he cannot find a single mistake in it, tells a remarkable story of another dead welee, whose corpse some men were bearing to a tomb prepared for it in a great cemetery on the north of Cairo. "On arriving," he says, "at the gate, called Bab en Nusr, which leads to this cemetery, they found themselves unable to proceed further, because a dead welee is supposed to have the power to impel the bearers of his corpse to a particular spot. 'It seems,' said one of the bearers, 'that the sheik is determined not to be buried in the cemetery of Bab en Nusr, and what shall we do?' They were all much perplexed, but being as obstinate as the saint himself, they did not immediately yield to his caprice. Retreating a few paces, and then advancing with a quick step, they thought by such an impetus to get

through the gateway, but their efforts were unsuccessful, and the same experiment they repeated in vain several times. They then placed the bier on the ground to rest and consult, and one of them beckoning his comrades to a distance beyond the reach of the dead saint, said to them, 'Let us take up the bier again and turn it round quickly several times till the sheik becomes giddy, he will then not know in what direction we are going, and we may take him easily through the gate.' This they did; the saint was puzzled as they expected, and quietly buried in the place he had so striven to avoid."

There are baths for sea-bathing on the borders of the bay at Alexandria, which are upon a simple construction. They are of wood, stand upon piles in the sea, and enclose a square swimming place into which the waters of the bay flow at all times without interruption, and into which there is nothing to prevent a stray shark from the Mediterranean entering at his pleasure. There were several boys angling with good success in the baths when I was there this morning. The sea-perch, which they chiefly caught, took the bait and were drawn up freely. Outside the baths a fishing with nets was going on, and I saw the nets drawn in once or twice by some natives, who, as they let down their nets from their boats, and then drew them to land on this

quiet morning, on which the bay looked like a peaceful lake, resembled, in dress and figure, the fishers on "the blue Galilee," represented in Raphael's cartoon. But these were not the only fishers this morning, for

> "The watery fowl that seek their fishy food,
> With wings expanded o'er the azure flood,
> Now sitting smooth, the level surface sweep,
> Now dip their pinions in the briny deep."

I examined the beach very diligently, but I did not find on it any variety of shells, except a purple tellina, a few limpets, and a shell of the cuttle-fish.

There is a market every day in Alexandria, and so, from watching the fish caught, I walked to see it sold. In the market the cuttle-fish, which in darkness gives out a light like phosphorus, and which buries its pursuer in darkness at its pleasure with that fluid which to others is the means of giving light—this fish, or rather the grey gelatinous substance to which the shell is a backbone, stained with spots from its ink bag, and looking very uninviting, was offered as food for the poor.

Mullets, both grey and red, were offered as food for the rich; the morgaun or coral fish, the rock-cod, a good fish

resembling ours, but drier, and the bream, larger and coarser than ours, and the small mackerel, the silvery tunny and the sea perch, were offered as food for every body; delicate sardines, as food for the gourmand and the epicure; the morino, the Latin muræna, a kind of eel, offered as food, I should think for nobody, who recollects that in the days of Augustus, Vedivs Pollio threw his live slaves into ponds to be devoured by its ancestors;* and one large striated fish, and another small one, with a pipe to its nose, the names and qualities of which I was unable to learn, were exposed to puzzle a naturalist. There were other strange objects in the market, many goats with long pendant ears, short reversed horns, sleek black skins, hair as glossy as silk, and legs as slim as an antelope — numbers of monkeys, once the worship of Egypt, buffaloes yoked to wains, files of camels, laden on each side with roots for fire wood, piles of palm bark to be used as coire for making ropes, or with large water skins destined for the supply of some house or tank — goat skins tanned with the hair on,

* Augustus showed his marked displeasure at this barbarity, and when Pollio had ordered a slave to be so punished who had broken a crystal vase whilst Augustus was supping with him, he rescued the slave, and ordered all Pollio's crystal vases to be broken.

and made into water vessels, such as Calypso supplied to Ulysses, when—

> "She filled two goat skins with her hands divine
> With water one, and one with generous wine."

With skins of this kind slung diagonally across their backs, some fellahs were busily employed watering the ground to lay the dust and cool the air.

Beyond the fish-market was the market for fruit and vegetables, in which an Arab woman was crying her wares with the very tone, voice, and air, of one of the cries which I have heard and seen a hundred or a thousand times from one of her class in London. The resemblance was so complete that I was carried back to England by it in a moment. Amongst the vegetables there were abundance of lentiles, that esculent which Herodotus says formed the principal food of the labourers who built the pyramids, and of which also the red pottage was made for which Esau sold his birthright. I have more than once tasted this pottage of lentiles, since my coming here, and though my opinion does not stand high in such matters, I can pronounce it excellent; then

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there were tomatoes in large quantities, beding jeans, the fruit of a species of egg plant, but shaped like a cucumber, and of a green and purple colour, which has been recently introduced into Covent-garden market. Here it is such an universal favourite, and can be cooked in such a vast variety of ways, that it is said to be sufficient cause for an Arab to divorce his wife if she asks him what he will have for dinner when the beding jean is in season; then barmeas, a very useful esculent, which I wish we had in England; vegetable marrows, some large like ours, and others not larger than a finger, very delicate, which they cook whole with the skin on; while onions, large and small, were as plentiful as in the days when Israel, from the wilderness, looked back with regret to the vegetables of Egypt. (Num. xi. 5.) Of fruits, there were grapes, figs, both green and purple, delicious bananas and plantains, dates, pomegranates, which, both in fruit and blossom, are the subject of frequent allusion in Scripture; lemons, limes, and many varieties of melons. A man who had a horse and carriage to sell, drove it backward and forward in the market-place, proclaiming with a loud voice that it was for sale, and announcing, from time to time, the price which had been offered. From the market I strolled to a neighbouring school, where about thirty children were assembled in a sort

of large vault, which to shade them from the heat, almost excluded the light, for its only avenue was the large open door. Near the door the school-master was seated upon his heels on a mat, with his head covered by a turban, and his feet bare. His shoes, and the shoes of his scholars, lay in a heap in the corner. The scholars were boys, of from eight to ten years old, and every one kept his tarbouche on his head. They sat, like the master, upon their heels, and each held a white painted board, about the size of an English school slate, on which his lesson, apparently a few verses from the Koran, was written in black ink, which from time to time was washed off, and another lesson written in its place by the master. Every boy was learning his lesson aloud in a chaunting tone, and all the while swaying his arms and body backward and forward, and at each inclination letting his open palms fall on his thighs. All the body being in motion at once, except when a mischievous urchin was tickling his neighbour's ear, the school had a very lively appearance, but it was impossible for the ear to distinguish an articulate sound in such a general hubbub. Very few of these children I understand, learn to write, and many of them learn little more than a few verses of the Koran. The master sat in dignified silence, either preparing new lessons or keeping his scholars diligent. Later

in the day I saw some adult males mixed with the boy scholars and learning their lessons in the same school with them. The business went on much in the same way. But although it is not uncommon to see adult males mixed with boys in the same schools, girls very rarely attend a school, and adult females never, so that the occurrence said to have happened in Scotland where males and females, adults and children, were at one time assembled in the same school, could never have occurred here. At one of these Scotch schools, a visitor, seeing a little scholar crying and in some tribulation, asked him what was the matter, when the little fellow sobbed out, through his tears, "Why, I jest ken that I've trappit my granmither, and the dominie winna let me tak her doun." As I returned home through the market, the muezzin of a neighbouring mosque appeared, upon the minaret, and having hung out two flags, commenced the call to prayer, but the chaffering and bargaining in the market continued and so drowned his sonorous voice, that it was hardly distinguishable. Mammon is proverbially a deaf deity, and his votaries to-day seemed to be affected with his infirmity, for none of them appeared to hear the muezzin's call, and none of them left off their buying and selling to obey it.

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

THIS morning, I hastened to the base of a fallen granite column, to make a rubbing of its inscription, and, as the column lay in a public place, and I was anxious not to attract observation, I set out towards the place an hour before day-break. Nobody was astir as I passed along the Grand Place, but in different parts there were parties of scavenger dogs holding fierce parley, and almost prepared for war; but, having no weapon, I walked cautiously, and avoided any encounter with them. Stretched on the parapet, before their masters' establishments, the Arab servants lay in deep sleep, with nothing under them but their mats, and nothing above them but their ordinary clothes drawn more tightly around them. The city began to arouse itself as I was finishing my task, and, one by one, the builders and labourers, (the latter are chiefly women and children who keep the other workmen supplied with materials, which they carry in small baskets on their heads or their shoulders), began to pass along the streets. Each person in passing, stopt for a single moment to glance at what I was about, and then, with a native courtesy, of which I have observed other instances here, passed on

without further interrupting me. I stopped and explained my work to one young man, who seemed more curious than the rest.

The sun comes up so perpendicularly in the morning, and sinks so directly down in the evening, that the sky at his rising and setting here, looks very different from its appearance at the same season in England. With us, the sun rises and sinks so gradually, and the twilight precedes or follows him so mildly, that the bounds between day and night seem less exactly defined. I had a good example of the difference this morning, when having just finished my task as the sun was rising, I saw the sky all bright and gold towards the east, while the opposite west had a sombre hue, as if the shadowy cone of night still lingered in that quarter of the heavens. At first, the lofty buildings at the western end of the Grand Place, lay in deep shadow, but the sun mounting rapidly up soon caught and gilded their summits, and shortly, their whole surface reflected his rays. Owing to the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, both sunlight and moonlight are more brilliant here, and, by consequence, the contrasts of light and shade are stronger; but our vapoury atmosphere softens the distant landscape and gives it more mellow tints.

In a late number of the *Illustrated News* there is a view

of the excavations now making upon the supposed site of the Alexandrian Library. I visited them this morning, and, in the vast accumulation of debris and ruins, saw clear indications that they had once been the site of some of the buildings of old Alexandria. For many yards deep the soil was filled with fragments of bricks, stone, marble, and other building materials. There were semi-circular arches of brick, evidently of Roman or earlier work, and two segments of concentric circles of solid brickwork, such as might have supported the tiers of the seats of an amphitheatre, and near to these was an arched cave, which might have been the cavern or den of the wild beasts used in the shows. Architraves of marble, sharply and distinctly cut, and in a beautiful style of art, and fragments of granite columns with white marble capitals, lay scattered about, giving abundant evidence of the past grandeur of the place. Fire had evidently been busy on some of these fragments, and one end of several of the marble architraves had been reduced to a friable state by heat. I found neither books, nor fragments of books in the ruins. If, contrary to my expectation, one of the books of the Ptolemean Library had fallen into my hands, it would have been of more value than the ledger of the richest merchant in Alexandria.

A crowded procession filled one of the streets through

which I had to pass on my way home. It was headed by two men who amused the spectators by a well-sustained game of single-stick; then came a party of musicians playing double drums, hautboes, and a droning pipe, who were followed by three horses, each led by a mukary or groom in their best turbans and attire. Upon each horse there was a little boy of six or seven years old, who held a handkerchief to his mouth, and wore a head-dress very thickly covered with small pieces of gold, apparently coins, which sparkled and looked very brilliant in the sun. These boys, evidently the heroes of the procession, attracted much attention, and when it halted from time to time, the musicians beat and played their drums so lustily, that I could enter into that wish which an Arab wishes for his enemy, "May that come upon him which comes to the drum on a feast day." The procession was closed by a party of women, shuffling along in slippers, and of whose faces and persons, covered as they were in their white veils and the folds of their ample cloaks, the beholder might form what opinion he pleased, but he would hardly be likely to ascribe them to the houris of Paradise. It was impossible for the eye to detect either a Venus or a Fury in such a disguise. On inquiry, I found that the three boys were about to undergo circumcision, and the attendant

crowd were rejoicing on the occasion. The ceremony does not take place in the mosque, but in a private house, for the rite is not an initiatory but a purificatory rite of the Mahometan religion, and it is generally performed between the ages of six and thirteen years.

Near the city in the necropolis of ancient Alexandria, close to the sea shore, are some catacombs which I visited to-day. They consist of many chambers excavated in the solid rock, some of them of great extent, and all of them having tombs hewn out of the native stone, where doubtless some of the contemporaries of Alexander once reposed in death. But time has been as unjust here to the dead as to the living, and has rifled both the dead abodes and the living dwellings of ancient Alexandria. I was shown through series after series of these sepulchral chambers by a half-naked Arab, who carried a blazing torch of pine wood, and, as its light fell on himself and on the tombs, the silent scene of desolation seemed hardly earthly. Many of the burial places had pediments carved above them in various patterns, and in a good style of Roman art. I was less fortunate than two of my friends, one of whom told me, that on a visit to these catacombs in 1846, he saw an elaborate marble sarcophagus, which had been brought out of them, lying near the entrance, while the other told me that he had

actually found in them two of those small flattened earthenware bottles supposed to have been used in the ancient love feasts of the church, on which there were devices and inscriptions in ancient Greek, precisely corresponding with many similar vessels found in the catacombs at Rome. Is not this latter circumstance confirmatory of the opinion that the Eastern and Western Churches, although now so widely different, were in their origin one and the same?

I closed the day with a ride to the outskirts of the city in the direction of the Mahmoudieh Canal, the work of Mahomet Ali, which killed more men than the Great Pyramid. It is only in free countries that great works can be accomplished without inflicting misery and destruction on the people. Long lines of picturesque square-sailed boats filled this wide and river-like canal, which connects Alexandria with the Nile, but their appearance was neither cleanly nor inviting. In this prolific climate, wherever there is water there is verdure, and near the Mahmoudieh Canal, I saw the strangest of all sights here—some green fields. Afterwards, I rode for a couple of miles between high banks of debris, the dust and ruins of ancient Alexandria, which show the greatness of its buildings and the vast extent of the city in former times.

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

When Hassan, my picturesque-looking Turk, in crimson vest, white shirt, and wide trousers, his head covered by a turban, and his legs and feet bare—who moves about as silently and noiselessly as my other sleep-disturbers are noisy and unquiet—entered my room as usual this morning at an early hour to bring me a cup of coffee before rising, I perceived the flags of the Pasha and the Consuls flying in honour of the day, above the different consulates and public buildings, this being Friday and the Mussulman Sabbath, on which the muezzin chants a longer call from the minaret, and the people resort to mid-day prayers in the mosque.

Before the birth of Mahomet, Arabia, his native country, was given up to a vast plurality of objects of worship, while Christianity, in the East, overrun by heresies, and obscured by forms and ceremonies, admitted so many representations of saints and holy objects into its worship, that it was scarcely to be distinguished from pagan error, and there seemed indeed to be some danger of the Eastern world relapsing into polytheism. In this struggle between heathenism and true religion, the arch-enemy of man, wise

as the serpent, which is his emblem, and well knowing that Christianity in its purity was the surest instrument to overturn his kingdom, had long laboured to corrupt it, and, if possible, to bring it more into conformity with the propensities of man's fallen nature. At this period arose Mahomet, and his ambition suggested, and his sagacity conceived, the plan of a system which, adopting some of the fundamentals of the Jewish, as well as of the Christian, belief, yet omitting many of the essentials of both, required from the worshipper less subjugation of the body to the spirit, called for less self denial and self abasement, and gave freer scope to the indulgence of the bodily senses. Such a system, he wisely thought, would find a ready acceptance from man's fallen nature. Skilfully adopting from the Mosiac Scriptures its distinctive dogma, he described God as he is there described, as Eternal, Almighty, Omniscient, and Omnipresent, the only Creator, Ruler, and Governor of the world. According to him, man had received five previous revelations from Heaven, through Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and our Blessed Lord, but his own was the last, and had abrogated all the others. He admitted the heavenly mission of our Lord, and, under a gloss, that his nature was divine, but he denied the authenticity of the Christian Scriptures, and admitted neither a Redcemer nor an Atonement, although

there is a shadow of the recognition of both these in the shedding of the blood of animals in the sacrifices which he instituted, and which are still continued on the pilgrimage to Mecca, and also in those invocations at his own tomb and the tombs of other sinful men, in which they are addressed as intercessors. The admission of the being, unity, and attributes of God is the best feature of the false prophet's religion; its want of spirituality, and of a subordination of the body to the soul, and above all its rejection of the Gospel and the Saviour is its worst. He inveighed severely against the use of pictures in worship, and was wont to say that they who made them would have to find souls for them in the next world, and would be punished if they did not. Mahomet did not, as has been supposed, expressly deny that women have souls; on the contrary, he, by implication at least, if not expressly, in some parts of the Koran admits them to be of one nature with man, but their treatment in practice, in all Mahometan countries, is calculated to countenance the opinion that they are not his fellow heirs of immortality. They do not assemble in the mosques for prayer, nor do they pray at home: they do not receive even the slight amount of education usual among the men, and while polygamy, and the man's facility to divorce his wife for any cause or for

none—the same that it was when the Pharisees put the question to our Lord; "Is it lawful for a man to divorce his wife for *every* cause?" (Mat. xix., 3)—tend to seclude them from social intercourse and reduce them more to the rank of man's slaves and servants, than of his companions and equals here and the sharers in his happiness hereafter; according to the Koran, they will not be reunited with their husbands after death, but will be supplanted by the houris of the Mahometan Paradise, unless their husbands desire it, which of course puts their happiness in the husband's power hereafter as well as here. The rank to which it has degraded woman is the greatest curse of the Mahometan social system, as its eradication of drunkenness is its greatest blessing.

According to Mahomet, no believer will be finally lost, although the wicked will be condemned for ages—

> "To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence about
> The pendent world,"

until the sins done in the body are purged away; while the

good—not by any merit in them, but of God's free mercy—will be admitted into that sensual Paradise, which constitutes the Mahometan Heaven, and where their delights will be proportioned to the good deeds done in the body. All who are not Moslems will inevitably perish, and hence their justification for exterminating infidels, and propagating their faith by the sword—a doctrine which it is yet difficult to reconcile with another fundamental article of their faith, the doctrine of the settled and absolute predestination of all events by God. The souls of martyrs for the Mahometan faith are to have their abode in the crops of those green birds that feed on the fruits of Paradise—one of the thousand puerilities that degrade the Koran and betray its earthly origin. The choice of green birds for the martyrs' receptacle is but one of many instances of the Prophet's fondness for that colour; his mantle and turban were of green; his flag is green; the covering of the Koran and other sacred things is green, and so are the turbans and dresses of his living descendants; while they wind the body of the dead Moslem in a green winding sheet, and he is to wear robes of green in paradise. The prophet had an imaginative mind, as his writings show. Did he choose this colour, nature's distinguishing livery, which is ever so grateful to the eye, because he

missed it most and longed for it oftenest in his own sandy Arabia? It is as easy to see that Mahomet derived his knowledge of the being and attributes of God from the Old Testament, as it is to trace in the sublime language and sublimer morality of the new, his description of the last day,—"In the name of the all-merciful God! a day shall come when the sun will be shrouded and the stars will fall from the Heavens . . . . When the Heavens will pass away like a scroll, and Hell will burn fiercely, and the joys of Paradise will be made manifest," and some also of his best precepts "do unto another as thou wouldst he should do unto thee," and "deal not unjustly." There was, in his days, a general opinion amongst the Jews that their expected Messiah was about to appear. Mahomet was willing to take advantage of it. But his assertion that he was an inspired prophet came from himself or the wicked one. Mahomet was undoubtedly a great reformer, but if instead of contenting himself with recalling his countrymen to acknowledge the God of Abraham, he had adopted, without glorifying himself, the wondrous revelation which God made of himself in his Son, he had been the greatest of human benefactors. By neglecting this glorious opportunity, however, he stopped short in his work, stereotyped the usages and customs

of the old world instead of giving to it the faith and morals of the Gospel, and now after having endured more than twelve hundred years, a period nearly as long as that of the Christian church before the Reformation, his system is beginning to exhibit evident symptoms of decay. In an interesting note on Arab history, Lieutenant Burton has shewn that four great emigrations from the country, before Mahomet, had helped to prepare the way for the more ready acceptance of the prophet's faith. (II. 115.)

The mosque in which Mussulmen worship is generally either a square or a circular building. In either case it has in its interior, a series of horse-shoe or pointed arches, either surrounding it or extending along its sides. The circular mosque is generally vaulted, with a flattened or depressed dome; the square has its centre often open to the sky, and both have always one or more lofty and often elegant minarets. Every alternate course of masonry of the arches, and of some other portions of the building, is painted red, while texts from the Koran adorn the walls, and the floor is often paved either with tiles or different coloured marbles, disposed in squares, circles, or other mathematical figures. On the side of the mosque which looks towards Mecca, there is always an arch called the Kibleh, towards which every Mussulman turns himself in

prayer. Generally there is also on the right side a desk for the imaum, from which he occasionally reads the Koran to the worshippers on Friday, and a mimbar or pulpit, where after the mid-day prayers on the same day, another imaum holding a sword in his hands, to intimate that by such a weapon Egypt was subdued, generally preaches a sermon to the congregation then assembled. The sword now used in the mimbar is no longer a Damascus scymetar but a sword of wood, to intimate that proselytism by the sword is no longer permitted.

The Moslem is required to offer up his prayers five times a-day; at sunset, when it is quite dark, at day-break, at noon, and in mid-afternoon. But it is not necessary he should repair to the mosque to offer them. Before each of these prayers he is required to make his ablutions, uttering at the same time certain specified prayers, each alluding to different members of the body or the limbs. I will give that relating to the head, which has often appeared to me very beautiful. In washing his head the suppliant raises his turban, and says, "Oh God, cover me with thy mercy, and pour down thy blessing upon me, and shade me under the shadow of thy canopy, when there shall be no shade but its shade." Most of the five stated prayers are rather solemn acknowledgements of God's being and attributes

and ascriptions to him of praise and glory, than prayers in a stricter sense, and each of them, including the preparatory ablution, occupies about five minutes, or altogether about half-an-hour in the day. The suppliant who performs them, bares his feet, but keeps his head covered, and goes through a number of prostrations, in some of which he touches the ground with his forehead in a manner so serious and devout that it is impossible to avoid being impressed by it. Near a fountain, on the outside of the city, as I was passing it to-day, I saw five men perform their ablutions at the fountain, and taking off their shoes and cloaks spread the latter upon the ground in the direction of Mecca and go through the stated prayers of the hour with a solemnity and decorum worthy of imitation by the Christian worshipper. But, besides these ordinary prayers, some Mussulmen set themselves supererogatory prayers which they count upon a string of beads. You frequently see a pious Mussulman with such a string of beads in his hand, and from him the habit of carrying beads has been caught by a great majority of the European inhabitants of Alexandria, and you often see Greeks, Latins, Copts, Armenians, and others with a string of beads, which they never use in prayer, but carry about only from habit or for amusement, just as an American, for the same reason, diverts himself with "whittling." As I

was desiring my servant to attend me to-day at a particular hour, he respectfully asked me if I could excuse him at that time and he would attend me at a later hour. On my asking him the reason, he told me he was desirous of attending the Friday-noon prayers in the mosque, and added, "I shall not live *always*, and when I am sick and come to die, money will then do me no good here," pointing to his head, "but prayer is the key of Paradise." As I could not disapprove of so reasonable a request, I at once acceded to it, for which, in return, I received his blessing, with a prayer that "my shadow might never be less."

From the religion to the laws of Egypt the transition seems natural. In a Mahometan state the people imagine themselves to be living like the Jews of old under a theocracy. The laws by which they are governed and judged in matters temporal, proceed, like their religion, from their prophet, and are to be found either in the Koran or its traditions, or in the judgments of the imaums, the founders of the four orthodox sects. These, with their authorised interpretations are the study of the mufties, mollahs, and learned doctors of the law, and from these, for Mahometanism has no priesthood, are selected the officers who administer the law. Their supreme court, the great council of the Ulema, is composed of the chiefs of

their four religious sects, and of some others; while their tribunal of most frequent resort, the court of the çadi is always presided over by his deputy, who must be a learned mufti. Until lately, suitors were discouraged from resorting to this court, by the rule which threw the costs upon the successful party; but this is corrected by a modern alteration, and they now fall upon the wrong doer. The sheiks of the different mosques, quarters, and trades, derive the authority they exercise, as peace officers, from their connexion with religion, and profess to be governed by its rules. But the recent establishment of a council of merchants for trade is intended to supply a defect of the Mahometan code, and is an open confession that it has been found insufficient. If this system of administering a religious code by the men of religion could have been maintained in its purity, what advantage would it not have given to the Mahometan ruler, and might we not, in such a case, have applied to its author the words which a poet has applied to the Roman pontiffs—

"What in his day the Syracusan sought—
Another world to plant his lever on,
They had—and having it like Gods, not men,
Moved this world at their pleasure."

But the best things corrupted become the worst; and corruption seems to have infected every rank in Egypt, from the highest functionary to the lowest. They have a proverb which supposes two people bargaining—"Take it for nothing," says the seller. "No," answers the buyer, "my sack is not large enough." But their constant habit of looking for gratuitous payments on every occasion, which is as old in the East as the patriarch Abraham—for when Ephron named the price of his land, and then added, "What is that betwixt me and thee," he rather hoped for a larger price from his generosity than intended to make the patriarch a gift of the land—has, I think, helped to spread the canker of corruption until it has become universal. "Thou shalt take no gift:" saith the Jewish lawgiver, "for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." (Ex. xxiii. 8.) But in Egypt this rule is wholly reversed—gifts are the rule, and payments the exception. The Cadi obtains his place by backsheish and bribes, and does nothing in it but receive bribes in return; while his deputy, the mufti, and every subordinate officer, expects backsheish from all suitors, and under such circumstances, we wonder not at the complaint which is made that cases are decided by the weight of the suitor's purse, and not by their merits. It is the

tendency of this Eastern habit to produce mental and moral blindness. It made Pilate, who was its victim, doubt the existence of truth itself, and it made Felix detain a prisoner, whom he knew to be innocent, in the base hope of being bribed to release him. Well might Solomon of old, with such consequences in view, exclaim, "he that hateth gifts shall live."

In a city like Alexandria, where so large a portion of the pasha's wealthiest subjects are Europeans, who do not hold his faith, it is impossible that Mahometan intolerance should not relax something of its rigour. Accordingly, except in a few cases, European offenders are only answerable to their own consuls—there is no longer any restriction against Christians appearing on horseback—and it is no longer necessary, as it once was, for an European entering the pasha's service, to become a renegade to his faith; and there are many Christians now filling high offices under him, who, not only do not conceal their faith, but receive more respect for it from their Mahometan colleagues than if they were twenty-fold renegades. And, not only are Europeans in the pasha's fervice not challenged for their religion, but the Latins, the Greeks, the Copts, the Armenians and the English have all churches for Christian worship, and the chiming of the bells from some of these

churches is heard every day calling the worshippers to prayer, more often than the muezzin from the minaret, while the hated symbol of the cross, no longer in dread of fanaticism, rising over many a building, was a favourite figure exhibited on their houses during the recent illumination. Then, too, the minaret near my hotel is applied to a secular use, and made to answer one of the purposes of the ancient Pharos. Daily and hourly does the muezzin ascend it, as the merchants' telegraph-agent, to descry ships, and bring news to their owners of their arrival in the offing, or of their having fairly cleared the port. Wine, and other anti-Mahometan liquors are not forbidden to be sold in Alexandria, while swine, the pious Moslem's abomination, are openly kept in clean quarters near the sea-shore. The exterior of all the mosques in Alexandria is so intruded upon by shops and other places of business, that, as in Europe, where mammon and the spirit of the temple-money-changers deform many a noble cathedral in the same manner, it is sometimes difficult to find the entrance. And lastly, a theatre where the orchestra are all Arabs, and who play European and their own music admirably, is open nightly, during certain seasons of the year, for the gratification of the foreign residents of Alexandria, and such others as choose to resort to it.

My remarks upon Egypt would be incomplete without a word on the subject of its taxes. The revenue of the country, I believe, is between three and four millions, which is principally raised by customs' dues, and by a land-tax which averages about eight shillings an acre; an income-tax, which is one-twelfth of a man's gains; the tax upon palm trees; a tax upon the produce of the land; and in the towns, by a tax of eighteen piasters on every five bushels of grain. But corruption pervades the collection of taxes, as it does the administration of justice, and demands are so constantly made upon the fellah for more than is due, that he does not often pay, even the lawful tax, but upon compulsion and after a beating. It must have been so in the East in the time of Shakspeare, for he makes Falstaff say of Justice Shallow's boasting, that "every third word was a lie *duer* paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute."

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## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

THE Sultan's firman confirming Said Pasha in the vice-royalty of Egypt, was publicly read to-day in front of his

palace of Ras ed deen. Outside the palace, and just opposite the temporary platform where the ceremony was to take place, a regiment of infantry was drawn up in line with standards unfurled, their band in front, and behind them those rows of acacias, which I have before mentioned as the principal ornament of the pasha's gardens, and whose mass of green foliage seemed spread like a vast banner of the prophet's favourite colour, to refresh and relieve the eye in this sunny clime. The acacia has been ever a favourite with the Moslem since, as the fable runs, it grew in a single night to a great tree, and concealed their prophet's hiding place in the cave of Mount Thor, when his pursuers were seeking his life. All the flags were hoisted on the consulates, and their masters in cocked hats and official dresses, blue, or scarlet, and gold, very like the uniform of field officers repaired to the platform to take part in the ceremony. On the platform there were also the great officers of state, and numerous ministers, beys, pashas, and other officials, from distant provinces in flowing robes, which, by their form and brightness of colour, put the consuls' uniforms under eclipse. Many of these great officers have experienced Joseph's mutability of fortune, but Joseph was a stranger in this land; his excellent spirit is still a *stranger* here. Presently, a band

with cymbals, atabals, kettle-drums, and numerous other instruments playing the national music, announced the approach of the procession, with the firman. A body of mounted Arnaouts, or irregular horse, in white dresses, rode first, and were followed by a regiment of cavalry in steel helmets which glittered in the sun. Their helmets resembled in shape the old iron cap called the *chappelle de fer*, and a steel arrow on the front, so contrived, as on occasion, to let down like a nasal, to guard the face from a sword-cut carried the mind back to the crusaders for its pattern. A body of lancers in white uniforms, with blue and white flags came next, and to these succeeded a body of officers of the pasha's household, in showy robes of state, and mounted on Arab horses with rich housings. Nearly at the close of the cavalcade rode the Turkish official, the bearer of the firman, which, wrapped in green silk and gold, he held aloft, that all might see it, and then the procession closed—

> "With the rich retinue long,
> Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,
> That waits on princes."

I observed that the swords of the Turkish officers were all nearly semi-circular, with the edge upon the convex side.

They hang on the thigh with the edged side uppermost, the very reverse of the custom in use with us, but the Turk's plan is the best, for the weapon when drawn, requires no turning to use it, but is at once ready to the swordsman's hand. I did not try these swords, but a straight sword of Persian manufacture, which a friend lately bought at Damascus, and which he showed me in Alexandria, might have vied with Ex Caliber in temper, for it had been used without injury to hack an iron rod. There was great curiosity to see the procession as it passed towards the palace, and at intervals the women uttered the zughareet, but there was nothing so noisy in the people's acclamations as to give countenance to the idea that it was from the Easterns we derived our English huzza. Intolerance, although dying, is not dead in Alexandria, for one of the crowd to-day remarked loud enough for me to hear, "I wonder what business these dogs of Christians have to be here." I might have quoted their country's proverb, which says, "The riches of Egypt are for the foreigners there," but, thinking this not likely to pacify him, I contented myself with exclaiming, "Back Allum," which means, "We shall see."

Over the door of a house I noticed an inscription in showy letters of gold, which announced that the owner had

lately been married. In Holland, a large pincushion over the door, is a common announcement of a christening, or the birth of a child. Very shortly afterwards I met a procession, at the head of which walked a little boy carrying a rude picture of a house, with branches of palm crossed above it, then followed numbers of other children, and some grown people chanting a sort of hymn, and the procession was closed by another child, all covered with spangles and gold, who held up a tablet with an inscription which signified that a betrothal had taken place between the parties named in it. On the night of the marriage, the bride having been conducted to the house by her friends some hours before, the bridegroom is brought home from the mosque at a late hour, in procession with music, preceded by men carrying meshals, large flaming lights at the end of poles, and attended by a number of his friends, each bearing a taper, who enter with him into the house. The cry might be now, as it was in the parable, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" (Matt. xxv. 6.)

The bazaars of Alexandria, though very different from what I expected, afforded me much amusement, partly from the associations connected with the name, and partly from the strange variety one sees in them. I had expected to find them roomy covered galleries, shaded from the sun,

with just light enough to display their owner's wares to advantage, where you might meet the shades of Haroun al Raschid and Zobeide, and which should be redolent with the fumes of coffee and the fragrant weed, except that in their days these were both unknown. But I found them rows of shops opening to the streets, through which a stream of persons mounted on asses, mules, horses, and camels, as well as pedestrians, was, continually pouring. Some of these shops, or rather stalls, are of one storey, others have houses above them, to which the owners retire to be further from earth and nearer to heaven when the day's business is over. In either case, the folding shutters of the stall are let down and secured at night, and the Moorish lattices of the rooms above, closed when the sun is up, are then partially open to woo the evening air. In none of them is there any glass to be seen. Some little classification of trades is observed in the bazaars. In one neighbourhood were collected all the slipper makers, and close beside them the cap makers. These had abundance of red tarbouches waiting for heads, and those had slippers in equal abundance waiting for feet, the slippers were dumpy in form, with the toe like an owl's beak, those for the men were red, and those for the women yellow. In these shops I saw the master, his servants, journeymen, and children, all diligently

at work together uninterrupted by the crowd which was passing. This species of domestic manufacture, in strong contrast to our mill system, which would be applied to the manufacture of tarbouches, if they were as universal with us as in Egypt, struck me as conducing to kindly feelings and conservative of morals, a help to the Mahometans to preserve and extend the natural light of conscience beyond the confines of their own Koran.

At one stall, where a solemn Turk was seated at his sheshah or waterpipe, with a brass tray and a box, and some weights and an inkhorn before him, the emblems of a shroff or banker, I stopped to exchange some money, and I received in return for a small quantity of English gold, more coins and of more sorts than there are days in the month. Spanish pillar dollars, silver pieces of Louis XVI., and nearly every subsequent French monarch, Prussian thalers, and coins with the portraits of many an European sovereign, but none with the head of the Egyptian ruler, though some of the rudest of them bore his name in Turkish letters. Here, where the impress of the coinage does not denote the sovereignty, the wise answer of our Lord to the cavilling question of the Pharisees would have lost its point. Among the coins which the shroff gave me was one small gold piece almost as thin as a spangle—

"this," I said, putting it by deliberately, as I did the rest, in order to remember their value, which is no easy task—"this" I said, "is one of those gold coins which Cassim Baba's wife, in the 'Arabian Nights,' found adhering to the lard with which she smeared the measure lent to her sister; or if not, it would so have stuck, and might have been one of those coins."

In the very next compartment to the shroff sat a chetib or scribe, with his reed-pen, ink-horn, and writing materials at his side, while before him lay several sheets of paper, headed and dated, ready to be used for the first customer who might apply to have a letter written. Seeing him, the story occurred to me of the late Duke of Norfolk and the Liverpool public letter-writer, and I wondered whether this Copt, whose language is the copious Arabic, would have been stopped with the difficulty that puzzled him. The duke, whose person, dress, and appearance, bespoke the groom rather than the man of rank, saw inscribed upon a shutter in passing the docks in Liverpool —"Letters written here to absent friends at two-pence a-piece." Struck with the humour of the thing, he entered the place and asked to have an account written to his master, describing his safe journey with some horses, upon which the man bade him be seated, and to dictate

what he should say. He then detailed how the horses had travelled, and that they had performed very soberly and very well until they came to a turn-bridge, which they had to cross, when they became a little restive, upon which, said he, "I did so," (making that inarticulate clicking sound with his mouth with which timid horses are encouraged in England) "Pray, stop," said the scribe, "and tell me how you spell that." "Nay, nay," said the supposed groom, "that will never do; if I come here to have a letter written, I am not expected to teach you—but here is your two-pence, and you may spend it in learning to spell:" and upon that he left the letter-writer wondering at the strange conduct of his customer. But to judge by the state of their post-office, letter-writing among the native inhabitants does not occupy much time here. European letters are left to be distributed by their own post-offices, who, in this way, usurp a revenue which should belong to the government of the country, while the pasha's own post travels no faster, if so fast, as the English post two hundred years ago. Nay, in some instances it is almost a mockery, for a letter which I posted to Jerusalem, by that conveyance, did not reach its destination for nearly a fortnight. Were it not for the Europeans the correspondence might yet be carried on by the pilgrims, as it was

in the days when Dame Mabel Bradshaw waited so long in vain for tidings from her husband, Sir Roger, in the Holy war. Passing on, I came to the stall of a thoughtful looking Arab, who was making up tobacco, while an attendant behind was stripping off the leafy parts from the fibres, and putting these aside to be chopped up and mixed with other tobacco for the market. I made a small investment with this man in some Djebele and Latakia, two of the mildest species of the fragrant weed, and in answer to my inquiry, whether he had any hasheesh, or prepared hemp, which is stronger than the strongest tobacco—he produced me a sample, but I did not really want this vegetable, and I only asked for it from my curiosity to see an etymological *root*, for it is said that hemp smoked to frensy, when it leads to the commission of outrages, originated the name of the assassins, the tribe, who were so celebrated in the time of the crusades, and who were hence called Hah-sha-sheens.

Of seeds and grain in the bazaar, there was sesamé, the oil seed so familiar to every reader of the "Arabian Nights," which has opened to many an Eastern merchant a fairer palace than Ali Baba unlocked with his talismanic "open sesamé." And near it was tibbin or barley, that other grain which here supplies the place of oats for horses,

as its chopped straw does of hay, although it would not supply the place of sesamé, when Cassim Baba wished to open with it the palace in the fable.

The next shop was for the preparation and sale of coffee. At the front the owner was preparing and making up coffee for sale, while his two assistants behind, naked all but the waist, were beating, with heavy iron pestles, the coffee grains, here not ground but pounded in a long trough or mortar, and perspiring over their labour at every pore, while a boy on his knees was all the time busily employed, thrusting his hands under the rising pestles to turn the grains, in order to subject them better to their stroke. I wondered much not to see a part of his fingers pounded with the coffee.

Near to this merchant's was a coffee shop where, surrounded by a goodly company of his countrymen, each with his pipe and coffee before him, and whiffing away in silence, was an Arab story-teller, relating in animated recitative, one of the ten thousand stories of the Desert, descriptive of the triumphs of its wild inhabitants over civilized man, and to accompany himself, playing all the while with a bow upon a stringed instrument, which resembled in shape the old Welsh crowd in the Warrington Museum. It was, in fact, an antique violin.

During my wayward stroll through the bazaar, an Arab donkey boy, concluding not unnaturally that I was lost, and was looking for somebody or something, proffered me his donkey, and offered to conduct me wherever I wished. But although I was wandering, not well knowing whither, in search of adventures, I was not a *knight errant*, and did not need a Sancho Panza, with a donkey, to attend me as a squire, so I politely declined his offer, and, for a time, turned my footsteps in another direction, that he and I might lose each other. By and bye, however, when I was in the same place again, he again found me, and now, assuring himself that I *really* was lost, he renewed his former offer, and added that, if I liked, he would take me to the gardens of the pasha, which he said were very beautiful; but I again, and for the same reason as before, politely declined his offer, and turned off in another direction. But this time the boy followed me, and with an innate courtesy, which proved that he was fit to be squire to a true knight, begged that I would not let him turn me from any direction in which I wished to walk, for seeing that I did not want his assistance, he would no longer trouble me by offering it again. I have seen other instances of conduct like this in the native population since I came to Egypt.

The women of higher rank whom you meet abroad in Alexandria are frequently mounted on donkeys, with high saddles on which they sit *en califourchon*. Each of them has one or more male attendants walking by her side. The ladies are so completely enveloped in cloaks and wrappings that they might pass for bales of goods instead of the live valuables they are, were it not that you see two dark eyes made to look still darker by being edged with kohl peering above the upper edge of their white veils as they pass. It is not uncommon to see a plurality of these ladies, the wives of the same man, taking exercise together, either on donkeys or in a carriage, apparently in perfect harmony, and I understood, from the wife of a friend who had visited a harem, that the different wives not only do not pull caps, but that they nurse each other's children, and, before strangers at least, appear on the best possible terms. But Mr. Lane tells a story which gives us a little more insight into the true state of the case. "When I was first acquainted with Sheik Ahhmad," he says, "he had long been contented with one wife, but now he had indulged himself with a second . . . . . On my visiting him, his mother came to the door of the room in which we were sitting, to complain to me of his conduct in taking this new wife. Putting her hand within the door to give

greater effect to her words by proper action, but concealing the rest of her person, she commenced a most energetic appeal to my sympathy. 'O effendee,' she exclaimed, 'I throw myself upon thy mercy! I kiss thy feet!' 'What words are these, my mistress?' 'This son of mine,' she continued, 'is a worthless fellow—he has a wife here with whom he has lived happily these sixteen years, and now he has neglected her and given himself up to a second wife. I kiss thy feet, and beg thee to insist upon his divorcing his new wife.' The poor man looked a little foolish while his mother was thus addressing me from behind the door, and as soon as she was gone, promised to do what she desired. 'But,' said he, 'it is a difficult case. I was in the habit of sleeping occasionally in the house of the brother of the girl whom I have lately taken as my wife—he is a clerk in the employ of the basha, and rather more than a year ago, the basha sent for me and said, 'I hear that you are often sleeping in the house of my clerk, Mohammad. Why do you act so? Do you not know that it is very improper to act so when there are women sleeping in the house?' 'I am going to marry his sister,' I said. 'Then, why, have you not married her already?' asked the basha. 'She is only nine years of age.' 'Is the marriage contract made?' 'No.' 'Why not?' 'I cannot

afford at present to give the dowry.' 'What is the dowry to be?' 'Ninety piastres.' 'Here, then,' said the basha, 'take the money, and let the contract be concluded immediately.' So you see I was obliged to marry the girl, and I am afraid the basha will be angry if I divorce her; but I will act in such a manner that her brother will insist upon the divorce, and then, please heaven, I shall live in peace again.' This is a good example of the comfort of having two wives."

It is only the more wealthy, I believe, who marry more wives than one; the rest are deterred from it by its expensiveness.

Whenever you meet women of the better rank on foot in the streets of Alexandria, and see how they shuffle and hobble along, you need no further evidence that you have come half way to China, where the women who walk upon dolls' feet cannot have a worse gait than these. It is hardly any better with women of this rank even in-doors, for they walk about on cob-cobs, high heeled slippers, which are as difficult under the feet as English pattens. The women of the humbler class, whom you meet as often unveiled as veiled, appear in advantageous contrast to their richer sisters. These, with kerchiefed heads, blue gowns, worn either with a girdle or without, with arms, legs,

and feet bare, walk erect with the grace that nature gives. They have olive complexions, with oval faces, and most beautiful teeth, and are a comely, well favoured race. I have seen many of them who might sit as studies to an artist. I could, however, very well have dispensed with the small star, crescent, or other mathematical form which is tatooed in blue colours upon the forehead, or other part of their faces—a relic of ancient barbarism as old as our British ancestors, who wore similar ornaments. Young children are not carried in the mother's arms, but ride astride upon her shoulders as they did in Judea in the days of the prophet. (Isaiah, xlix. 22.) They are invariably pot-bellied and often ugly, are very scantily clad, and it pains you to see the flies settling without interruption, in the moist corner of their eyes, and laying the first seeds of ophthalmia and blindness. Egypt enjoys no exemption from conjugal quarrels, but the husband of a disobedient wife may obtain from the cadi, a certificate that she is "Nahshizeh," or rebellious, a term which I quote because it is so very like that used in our own vernacular to signify the same thing, and the origin of which has puzzled our local etymologists. Conjugal quarrels, however, are not always settled by the cadi, for I heard one in the interior of a cabin, to-day, where the sounds and cries

bore evidence that the husband was taking the law into his own hands, and was giving his wife a beating, and I have an English friend who was appealed to by a wife, who had been beaten by her husband, to give her a charm which should prevent a recurrence of such treatment. In vain my friend pleaded that, being no *charmer*—which perhaps, the husband thought the wife was not—he had neither a charm nor a spell to give. Nothing, however, would satisfy the applicant; "I know you can, if you will, for you English can do every thing," she said. This national flattery and the suppliant's importunity, proved irresistible, and *finding resistance vain*, my friend wrote and folded with all due ceremony the following cabala, which the wife placed in her bosom, and took away:—"Whereas, it is reported, untruly as we hope, that Mustapha, the carpenter of the pyramids, forgetting the precept which commands men to be affectionate to every one, has been guilty of beating his wife, Zeneib, these are strictly to enjoin and command him to forbear such conduct for the future, as he will avoid being dealt with, not only by the cadi, but by a more severe person, my English colleague, Howadge Smith. Witness my seal. (L.S.)"

It is supposed that my friend's spell had its effect, for during the several months that he staid in the

neighbourhood afterwards, neither he nor his friend the Howadge, referred to, and who would have been very much surprised at the appeal if it had come, heard any more complaints on the subject.

The natives here have some modes of saluting each other which are peculiar; I saw two soldiers recognise and salute one another in the street to-day. At first the one shook the other's hand, and then exchanging hands, the other shook his; after which they kissed each other alternately several times on the cheek. I saw another soldier greet a fellah woman, by stooping down to kiss her forehead, while he afterwards stooped and she kissed his cheek, but a young Arab fondling a little girl surprised me most, when he saw me eyeing him, by observing in good English, "She is my sister."

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## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

To-DAY, being the Christian's day of rest, the consuls hoisted their flags in honour of the day, and the Grand Place, and the rest of the European quarter, were as quiet as an English provincial town on Sunday. There was

service in all the churches. The simple, but sublime, liturgy of the English Church was read impressively by Mr. Winder, the chaplain, and a sermon preached from Jeremiah xxvi. 3rd and following verses. In addition to the prayer for Queen Victoria, always affecting in a distant country, there was a separate prayer for the emperor of Turkey, and for his viceroy, the Pasha of Egypt. The temporary church, in which the service was performed to-day, is destined to be soon supplanted by the beautiful building now in progress in the Grand Place. The present barn-like edifice, is as humble and unpretending, and the worshippers in it, are as much screened from observation, as the Christians were in the days when St. Mark, its first bishop, first preached the gospel in Alexandria. St. Mark is not supposed to have written his gospel in this city, but in Rome. I was sitting near the door of the church to-day, for the weather was extremely hot, when a man entered and took a seat near me, who asked me if this was the English School. The question let me at once into his history. He was, probably, a converted German Jew, who having been accustomed to hear the word synagogue called Schule or school, in that language, thought the same word an apt translation for *our* English synagogue, a church.

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

THE day-star shone brilliantly in the grey sky, as I passed an hour before day-break, this morning, through the east gate of Alexandria, on my way to Aboukier, a distance of fifteen miles off, across a short desert. After clearing the suburbs, now silent and still, but which, on my return, were crowded with the stalls of the sellers of sherbet, fruit, coffee, and tobacco, I rode for half an hour between orchards of fig and other fruit trees, which were separated from the road by fences of the Bos reed, which grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet, is jointed like the cane, and has a head like an English reed, but larger, as well as more silky, graceful, and feathery. A heavy dew had fallen in the night, but early as I was, a camel I found had been abroad before me, and for some time I was able to trace my way, by the lighter colour of the sand, where his broad plate-shaped foot had left its impression. Here and there, water, an element of the greatest value here, was running down the road in brisk streams to irrigate the orchards. These streams, freighted with the hopes of the future year, came from the Nile; but by the side of every approach to Alexandria there were small fountains for the

wayfarer, with a Turkish inscription generally above them, of which the lines over a way-side fountain near Oxford, may serve as a free translation:

"Traveller! Thou behold'st in me
An emblem of sweet charity;
Who, while my blessings I bestow,
Am neither seen nor heard to flow.
Repaid by fresh supplies from heav'n
For ev'ry cup of water given!"

Later in the day, upon this and every road to the city, the traveller hears the sound of the sackiyeh or water-wheel, which is turned by oxen, and raises water from the wells and cisterns under Alexandria and its suburbs, the best inheritance which has descended to the modern from the ancient masters of the city. The sackiyeh lifts the water by a series of pots fixed upon its circumference, and as it turns it makes the low grating sound which was Hotspur's abhorrence, but which I soon learned to consider harmony from its associations. But as Alexandria is destitute of public lights, so it yet wants the means of distributing water to the inhabitants by pipes. The introduction of gas and water works would give the pasha

a great revenue without oppressing his subjects. After a ride of two miles, when I had lost the traces of cultivation, I arrived at the foot of a steep hill, and began to ascend it through the heavy sand, which here covered the great plains and swelling downs on both sides of my track.

Cæsar, after the battle of Pharsalia, in the year 47 B. C., came to Egypt in pursuit of Pompey; but his great rival had fallen by the hand of an assassin, who, as he was stepping on shore, stabbed him in his wife's sight. Cæsar remained in Egypt until he had eradicated Pompey's interest, and he encamped for a time at the foot of this hill, on whose summit, to which I had now toiled, is the modern village of Ramleh, a place with a very honest name, for it means sand, and here there is nothing else. Cæsar thought his achievements in Egypt worthy to be commemorated on a special coin, which bears the impress of the crocodile. His camp at Ramleh was not ill-chosen for a battle-field, but a country all like Ramleh would hardly be worth fighting for. The village consists of numerous detached houses scattered here and there among enclosures which are called gardens, but which as yet have little right to that name. Ramleh owes its origin to that restless spirit which possesses the wealthy trader to migrate from his place of business at night, as if the town were

only fit for Mammon's temple, and for the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The merchants, who make Ramleh a suburb of Alexandria, have to ride or drive twice every day to and from their places of business, over two miles of dusty road, and through two more of heavy sand, by which they always get exercise, and very often get dusted and broiled.

The date palm, either singly or in groups, now occurred upon the downs beyond Ramleh. The palm, which has so strange a fondness for sand, is the ancient emblem of victory. Its adoption to that honour originating in a classic age, and ratified in subsequent times (the pilgrim from the east brought with him slips of the tree as a symbol of man's redemption, by the victory there achieved), was owing perhaps as much to its flourishing in the Desert as to its rising against pressure. But it is not mechanical pressure only that the tree has to resist in Egypt, for it may not grow without a tax paid to propitiate the *palm* of the pasha's collector, who raises from this source alone more than £100,000. a year. This morning the feathering of its drooping crown against the grey sky added much to its beauty. When the fruit begins to ripen at the end of the long stems by which it hangs under the branches, the owner secures the stems to the tree to prevent the too great

action of the wind upon them. Having descended from Ramleh and its sand, I entered upon a great plain, which at some time must have been the bed of a lake. The soil was alluvial, and culture might render it productive, but as it is, there was nothing to arrest the eye but a sense of its vastness and dreariness. After I had been riding an hour on this plain, on this calm morning, with no object in sight, I seemed to hear from time to time faint voices in the air, and with a slight indulgence of the fancy I could have made out what they said. The dwellers in the Desert are great believers in the sprites that thus "syllable men's names," and are of opinion that they are wicked genii who would draw the traveller into harm. Upon this plain the phenomenon of the mirage, where the eye sees unreal objects reflected in unreal water, was seen recently by another traveller, but I did not see it to-day. In the year 1801, when England was struggling for the possession of Egypt, her army, by an act hardly pardonable in warfare, let in the sea into the fresh waters of Lake Mareotis, to annoy the enemy, who had possession of Alexandria, and deprive him of his supply of water. Towards its northern side I saw a portion of the plain to-day thickly incrusted with salt, the effect of this act, and of the sun's action in evaporating the water from the salt. In a climate where

antiseptics are needed, the sun, which causes the want, supplies the remedy and makes salt whenever there is an opportunity. At the end of the great plain, I arrived at another ridge of sand, where again there were some straggling palms, but it required almost a vulture's eye to discern the road, for owing to the lightness of the sand, the next breath immediately obliterates the last preceding foot-print. In the night or in a fog it must be navigated, like the sea, with a compass and chart. The carcase of a camel which the vultures had picked to the bone, lay bleaching in the sun and wind. Had this "ship of the Desert" been wrecked for want of a compass? or had it foundered under too heavy a load, and perished because help was not at hand? or had its fatalist master abandoned it the moment it seemed likely to give trouble? While I was musing over the dead camel, there passed a living one, with a rider mounted on his back, who rode along swaying backward and forward to accommodate his body to the movement of his camel, which must be very fatiguing to those unaccustomed to it.

When I had passed this second ridge of sand, I came upon another large plain, flat as the sea in a calm, with stunted heath, a dry prickly plant, like a thistle, but smaller, and great quantities of misembrianthemums

growing in all directions upon it. A few bullocks and camels, and flocks of sheep and goats were feeding listlessly, and endeavouring to fill their bellies with some of this unpalatable food. The herdsman who fattens them upon it, will deserve a double prize from the Alexandrian Agricultural Society, when there is one. But the Desert is not without other inhabitants. There were lizards of the dubb kind, one of those which held a conversation with Mahomet, very elegant in shape, and marked with black and yellow stripes along the back, and there were shells of the helix in myriads. A ride of a few miles further, brought me to another ridge of sand, and to more and larger groups of date palms, and under them, which was a greater wonder to me than these, I heard numbers of barn-door cocks crowing away very lustily, although it was now high day. I had scarcely recovered from this surprise, when basking in the sun or waddling about under the palms, my eyes caught a sight of some remarkably fine geese, as happy, seemingly, as if they had been paddling on the shores of a pond, or a lake, although there was here nothing to remind them of water, but the abundance of the sand. But tame geese, I thought, do not wander in the desert without an owner, and so looking about for traces of man, I at length discovered resting in enviable shelter under the palms, the

few mud cabins of the village which calls itself Aboukier, and which seemed of the humblest character. The celebrated Bay of Aboukier, however, is still two miles further on, and thither I now rode as fast as the heavy sands and my uncertain track would let me. The castle with its garrison, the quarantine station and a few other houses constitute the little seaport of Aboukier. At one of these houses, a café, which looked out upon the bay, and had a rude awning in front supported on poles and roofed with palm leaves, I dismounted, and had coffee amongst some sailors and fishermen, the other guests of the house, and then strolled round the bay, which looked very different on this bright morning from its appearance on those memorable days the 1st August, 1798, and the 21st March, 1801; on the former of which, was fought the Battle of the Nile, and on the latter of which, Abercromby won the battle of Aboukier and a grave. On those days of carnage a sulphurous canopy hung over this beautiful bay and its shores, dark enough to turn its blue waves black, yet with lurid light enough to light thousands of brave men "the way to dusky death."

A part of the shore nearest to the sea, where the English landed, is flat; the rest of the bay is bordered by bluff sand hills. While I was sauntering on the shore, a white bird,

which I took for a swan, came swimming from the sea, and walked towards me on the beach, and upon looking at it more attentively, I perceived that it was not a swan but a pelican. The bird is protected here, I suppose, for it manifested no alarm at seeing me and allowed me to come quite close to it. Having examined the bay, I called at the quarantine station to pay my respects to the health-officer. The quarantine station occupies a rocky elevation at the western horn of the bay, with Nelson's rock on the left, and the blue Mediterranean in front, from which when the northern wind is abroad, some fresh breezes must often come to impart purity and freshness to the atmosphere of the quarantine station. The health-officer, a truly hospitable and polite Frenchman, offered me raki, which, poured into water, turned it white, tea, coffee, fowls, eggs, in short all that his house afforded, but would hear nothing of my making him any recompense. I took care, however, that his second in command did not go unrewarded. The health-officer has lived a solitary life at Aboukïer many years; he had a visitors' book, where I read the records of his few previous visitors, and wrote my name, and he had plans of the two famous battles, which as a Frenchman, I would gladly have excused his showing me. He also showed me the marble head of a female figure, which had been

found on the spot. It had a lotus on the forehead, and had probably belonged to a statue of Isis. He insisted on my taking a piece of an iron gun as an English relic of one of the two battles of Aboukier.

The castle of Aboukier, which stands on a rock near the quarantine station is now occupied as a garrison. In old times it had an answering castle on the west of Alexandria called Abousier, but only Aboukier now stands, for its sister castle is a ruin. Of these two castles and their origin I heard the following story very nearly on the spot, on this the day of my visit to Aboukier.

## ABOUKIER AND ABOUSIER.

### A TALE.

Aboukier and Abousier were born in Bagdat. They were the sons of two merchants who had long been friends, and who desired to see their friendship continue in their sons. Abousier was the elder of the boys by two years; but Aboukier's greater thoughtfulness made the difference of their age seem less. They were taught in the same school, worshipped, when old enough, in the same mosque, listened to the same story-tellers, and spent much of their time

together every day. They had much intercourse with one another, both in their studies and in their recreations. There yet wanted, however, a congeniality between them, for Abousier was selfish and self-willed; while his companion was gentle, forgiving, and unmercenary. In any little controversy between them Aboukier was the person who was to yield. He could not but be aware of this, yet regard for his father's wish, and a fondness for Abousier, with some latent hope of winning him from his failings, led him to desire to cherish an affection for him. Aboukier was now eighteen years old, when it was proposed that the two young men should make the pilgrimage to Mecca together and being furnished with the stores necessary for the journey, and with a sufficient trading stock, they joined the annual caravan of pilgrims, and with them crossed the vast deserts that intervene between Bagdat and the holy city. At Mecca they visited the Kaaba, made the seven circuits round it, kissed the mysterious black stone, honoured the holy places, drank water from the well Zem-Zem, made with due solemnity the procession to Mount Arafat, threw the seven stones in the valley of Mena, and performed all the other prescribed acts of devotion which entitled them to be called Hadjis. Afterwards they attended the great three days' fair, always held at Mecca during the

month Zoo'l Hadji, the appointed time of pilgrimage, and there disposed of their trading adventures to very great advantage. Merchants from many parts of Europe, and from the remotest corners of Asia and Africa, attended this fair; and Abousier, in return for his Bagdat cashmeres, obtained costly pearls from Ceylon, and rich porcelain from the farthest east; while Aboukier bartered his Arabian gums and spices for diamonds which an Indian had brought from Golconda, two of them of the finest water that he had ever seen. Having accompanied the return caravan to the confines of Egypt, the two young Hadjis there quitted their brother pilgrims, and set out alone towards the city of Damietta, in which they felt an interest, because it was the birth-place of the once favourite caliph of Bagdat, the celebrated Haroun al Raschid. They had journeyed several weeks in the desert, when one day at noon the sky was suddenly obscured, and they saw rapidly moving towards them a sand whirl or zobah, which threatened to overwhelm them. A ginn, or evil spirit of the desert, had raised, and was riding upon one of those moving columns of sand, which resemble a water-spout at sea; while the hot wind, called the simoom, at the same time blew full in their faces. The travellers commending their lives to Allah, immediately threw themselves prostrate on the sand, with

their faces downwards, to await the passing of the sand-whirl and the blast. In a few moments both had passed furiously over them, and though the blast of the simoom, with its load of fine and subtle particles of sand, had for a time almost choked their breath, they found on arising to their feet, when the danger was passed, that neither of them had sustained serious bodily injury. Their property, however, had not escaped so safely, for it appeared that Aboukier's zem-zem-een, or water skin, that all important article to travellers in the desert, had swollen in the simoom until bursting with the great heat, it had spilled nearly its whole contents upon the sand. There remained in it when it was discovered, little more than one day's supply, and there was no well, nor any other means of replenishing it, within many days' distance. By anticipation Aboukier already suffered thirst, a feeling which, in the desert, nothing creates sooner than the fear of it. In these circumstances he betook himself to his companion and besought him to let him share his store, but Abousier, who said that his supply might not, perhaps, more than suffice for himself would not immediately, nor without time for consideration, consent to his companion's request. The next day they went forward, and to Aboukier's great joy, beheld, at some distance before them, a great lake, with

tamarisks, and palms, and scented acacias, reflected in its bosom. Animated with fresh vigour, they moved on with alacrity, in hope of soon slaking their thirst in its waters, but, alas! like the circle of the horizon which flies as fast as we follow, the lake still mocked them at a distance, and at length proved only the illusion of the mirage; and now Aboukier was anew compelled to entreat his companion to impart him a portion of his store of water. The dread of perishing for want of water greatly aggravated his sense of thirst; but Abousier, though his supply was really abundant, still turned a deaf ear to his companion's entreaties. Again they journeyed onward for another day in the vague hope of meeting with a well in the desert, and again their hope was vain; Aboukier, had now been nearly two days without tasting a drop of water, and again he turned to his companion and besought him for a draught from his zem-zem-een, and now imagining that his necessities had raised in Abousier the desire to possess some of his treasures, he offered him in return for the water the choice of one of his most beautiful jewels. In truth he had read justly his companion's mind; treasure was the object Abousier desired. Still, however, his eye had a stony look for Aboukier, until the latter renewing his efforts, supplicated him with increased urgency to let him

have the water. "I will give it you," at length replied his companion; "but you have *two* jewels which you value above all others, and you must give me them." "I consent," cried Aboukier, "take the jewels, and let me have the water, or I shall die." "Kneel, then," rejoined his companion, "for I must have your eyes; those are the two jewels I demand." These words fell upon Aboukier like a palsy. He was stunned and astounded by them. His companion, he had thought, would demand the two diamonds of great price which he had acquired at Mecca. "Methinks," he said, "destiny is against me, it was written on my forehead that this trouble should befall me, how else could I have made so rash a promise as to give my eyesight." But, as it was either death or the loss of sight, Aboukier, after an intense struggle, knelt down, when his companion punctured both his eyes with a golden needle, and then taking from him all his treasures, including the two diamonds, immediately fled across the desert without giving him the water, and leaving Aboukier to perish with thirst, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Desolate and abandoned, Aboukier lifting up his heart in prayer, commended himself to the protection of heaven. "Death," he thought, "will shortly come to my relief;" and he prayed that his trust in Allah might not desert him in his last

emergency. Before his loss of sight, he had observed a cave in a neighbouring rock, and thither he now crawled to find shelter in its shade. Here he had lain only a few hours, uttering prayers that Heaven would grant patience and resignation, and vouchsafe him strength to support his agony. "Allah hears thy prayers," said a voice, addressing him in gentle accents. "It is well that thine agony finds utterance in prayer. Heaven sends me to thy relief; say what hath befallen thee, that I may, if possible, apply the remedy." With a parched tongue and a faltering voice, Aboukier related to the sympathizing stranger the story of his sufferings and their cause. "Thy thirst," said he, "I can at once relieve; take this water-skin and allay thy thirst, I have plentiful supplies, and know, moreover, every well in this desert." As soon as Aboukier had appeased his thirst, his benefactor examined the punctured eyeballs, sprinkled on them the powder of Euphrasy, and then bound them up carefully so as wholly to exclude both the light and the air, after which, he induced his patient to take a slight repast of bread and dates. For ten days they remained in the desert; and, at the end of that time, Aboukier's benefactor set him on his own beast, and, crossing the wide waste of land, they arrived after another ten days, at the city of Damietta. There, Aboukier's bandages being

removed, and his eyes examined, he found with infinite thankfulness and joy that, although the balls had been punctured, it had not destroyed the sight, and that, with the blessing of Allah, the means employed had proved effectual for its restoration. His benefactor, whom now for the first time he beheld, with his mortal eyes, was a grey-bearded, venerable Arab, yet hale, with an aspect of great benevolence. He made him acquainted with the means of his cure, imparted to him many valuable receipts for the cure of other diseases, and instructed him in the deepest secrets of the healing art, and then, as if afraid of receiving his thanks, hastily took his departure, and Aboukier saw him no more. In no long time, Aboukier's fame, as a hakim, or physician, of great skill, became known very extensively in that part of Egypt, and amongst the crowd of patients who repaired to the castle which he built at Aboukier, came the king of that country, to be cured of an infectious leprosy. The santon who had taught him his art, had not taught him in vain. His royal patient was cured, and in return, gave him in marriage the hand of his daughter, Zobeide, and the government of the province of Damietta as her dowry. The fame of Aboukier's justice and goodness in due time equalled the renown of his skill as a hakim, and his name was extolled every where. When

he had lived many years at Aboukier, there was brought to him one day, in the dress of a sailor, an offender charged with piracy. He had had his stronghold on the coast, from which he watched the vessels sailing by, and then, sallying out, he plundered their cargoes, and either murdered or made slaves of the crews. Aboukier, having patiently heard the case and its evidence, and having also heard the accused in his defence, found the charge too plainly proved to admit of doubt, and, accordingly, the offender was pronounced guilty, and, in retaliation for the many victims of his cruelty, was sentenced to be beheaded with a scymetar, and to forfeit his castle to the king. Punishment speedily followed the sentence, after which, the king gave the forfeited castle to Aboukier. This great offender whom his old companion had failed to recognise in his altered dress and circumstances, was Abousier. His stronghold was the now ruined castle of Abousier, and hence originated the two castles of Aboukier and Abousier.*

* Mr. Lane in his Arabian Nights, has another, and it need hardly be said, a better story under this title.

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

I HAD been waiting since my arrival at Alexandria, a week ago, for a steamer to convey me to Jaffa. Yesterday the French steamer, Scanderoon, arrived and having taken a passage in it, at four o'clock this afternoon, we steamed out of the harbour. When I went on board, the vessel was moored nearly opposite the new Pharos, the work of Mahomet Ali, which is at one extremity of the bay, and on our way out we sailed by long lines of palaces and other buildings, nearly to the further extremity of the bay, and then passing through a narrow channel with breakers on either hand, we returned very nearly opposite to the place from whence we had started before the ship was put fairly upon her course. If report be true, no ship can enter the harbour at night, and none can enter it even in the day time without a pilot. Mahomet, in his pretended insight into futurity, never saw such an instrument for making distant objects present as the telescope, which old Mustapha, our pilot, standing on the gallery, held in his hand to-day, and waved here and there like a field marshal's truncheon to direct the helmsman how to steer. Alexandria, which through her astronomical school, founded by Euclid, and

fostered by the first Ptolemy, maintained the highest reputation for many ages, and taught the world all the knowledge it had in that science, has now no school for that or any other science, and is indebted to Europe for even the commonest mathematical instruments. The modern Pharos does not occupy the site of its more famous predecessor, for that stood at the end of another bay, which is now the quarantine harbour. Amongst my fellow-passengers on board the steamer, were four Franciscans, all on their way to the Terra Santa, in long brown Capuchin cloaks and hoods, with rope-girdles, black scull caps, and sandals, one of whom, as he told me, was the Medico of the Latin Convent at Jerusalem—an Armenian priest, with a flowing beard, in a dark blue robe, and a felt cap—a venerable priest, from the Brazils, in a black cassock and bands, and with a three cornered hat, who had crossed the Atlantic and was now crossing the Mediterranean on a pilgrimage to the holy city, with whom I could only hold intercourse in Latin—one or two Turks, in robes and turbans of muslin, of patterns such as I have seen in Manchester, where these were probably manufactured—a dragoman in a showy dress, with a sword at his side and two pistols in his girdle—the same two Jews who had been my fellow-passengers in the Nubia—and a young Greek,

in the beautiful dress of his country, a scarlet vest and green scull cap, both richly embroidered with gold, wide petticoats of snowy whiteness, made like a kilt, and those embroidered cloth gaiters which have succeeded to and represent the greaves of a past age; and whose whole dress became his handsome person well. Besides these picturesque ecclesiastics and Asiatics, even the French officers in their uniforms, looked quiet, while the other passengers from the west, amongst whom was a native physician of Hayti, almost a negro, but a highly educated and most intelligent gentleman, who was travelling for improvement—a French gentleman and his wife going on a pilgrimage to the holy places—and two English clergymen—seemed absolutely sombre in the sober liveries of Europe.

Anticipating that I should find the heat very great in the desert, I left off my stockings, when dressing for my ride to Aboukier yesterday, and put on a pair of short socks which reached no higher than my boots. But I warn all future travellers not to follow my example, for the musquitoes, or the sand flies, for I hardly know which, having found me guilty of this indiscretion, were not long in punishing me for it, and this they did most effectually, by stinging a red ring, near an inch broad, round each leg, just above the ancle, These attacks had been so violent,

that when I arose this morning, I found my red anklets two very irritating fetters, and on the left one, there had arisen a blister larger than the end of my finger, which at first I feared might prove, not an ordinary blister, but an Aleppo button, one of those small tumours which very often appear on the persons, and often on the faces of residents, more especially of strangers in that city, and in some other parts of the East. Where there is a pretty female face to be spoiled, the button is sure to make its appearance there. It is said to be the result of some peculiarity in the water of Aleppo, and the other places where it is found.

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## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Having left Alexandria last night, and sailed by Rosetta, or as the Egyptians call it after its great native, El Raschid, or the Just, for the Caliph Haroun had that distinction like Aristides, we steered coastwise towards Damietta, famous for its two sieges by the crusaders in 1218 and 1248. In the first of which, under the Duke of Austria, Randle Blundeville, the great Earl of Chester from our neighbourhood, and the builder of Beeston Castle, took

part; and in the second of which, the good Saint Louis of France was the commander-in-chief. Damietta was famous also at an earlier period, in the pages of Herodotus and Lucan—

> "For that Serbonian bog
> Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk."
>
> *Par. Lost II.*, 592.

The waters of the Nile, here pouring with immense force from its Damietta mouth into the Mediterranean, made our vessel roll and pitch very much in the early part of the night, but when we had passed this cross current, the contest of opposing forces ceased, and the ship once more became steady. From Damietta our course lay diagonally across that wide bay, once swept by the fleets of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, of Cæsar and Pompey, which washes the two continents of Asia and Africa, in the direction of Ascalon, a city which is old, even where cities, as in Asia, reckon their age by millenniums—(Judges i. 18)—a city where Herod the Great was born, and where the Crusaders won some of their earliest and latest triumphs. It was here that in 1099 they won that sword of the Caliph which hung so long suspended over the altar of the Holy

Sepulchre at Jerusalem. We had had no land in sight during the whole day; but when day-light was gone, we made the coast of Syria by the light of the crescent moon. I was reminded by the mild lustre shed by her on sea and shore, that this was once the peculiar region of the worship of

> "Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
> Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns."

It was, perhaps, the singular beauty of her light in this country that first made her an object of worship in a benighted age.

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## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

Coming upon deck at six o'clock this morning I found that we were sailing along the coast of Syria, and at no great distance from the shore. As the day was fine and the sea calm, we might hope to anchor at Jaffa in the course of a very few hours. But while I thought thus, I perceived from a conversation between the captain and the pilot,

that, in the opinion of the latter, we had passed Jaffa during the night, and that the high headland before us, which we took for Jaffa, was in reality Mount Carmel, much higher up the coast. Neither the captain nor the pilot, as I gathered from their conversation, had ever been upon this coast before, and it seemed from their deference to the opinions which were so freely offered, that every passenger, poring upon his map or chart and comparing it with the coast, was as capable of giving an opinion upon our position as either of them. Opinions, however, were pretty equally divided as to our exact position, until an old Turk settled it as a fact that we had passed Jaffa, by swearing by his father's beard and his own, that a place opposite to us was Muk-a-lid, which he said he knew very well from having often been there. There was no resisting this native authority, so the ship was at once put about, and retracing our path, we began sailing southward in search of the lost port of Jaffa. The shores appeared flat and bare, with occasional ruins near, and the mountains of Judea beyond them, and we amused ourselves with assigning the different places on the shore to the names which appeared to belong to them on the map. After we had dealt thus with Appollonia, Muk-a-lid, the ancient Antipatris, and one or two other places, not at all to our own

satisfaction, and had been sailing southwards for some hours, we began to suspect that we were still upon a wrong tack; the ship's head was therefore once more put round, and again sailing towards the north, we arrived at six o'clock this evening opposite a high conical hill, with the houses and buildings of a walled town rising from the base to the summit in terraces, with green trees and gardens scattered over the remainder of the hill—the very same place that we had seen at the same hour this morning, and which now proved to be the very object of our search—that Jaffa which we had all along been seeking. There was now no time to be lost in entering the bay and coming to anchor before sun-down, for after that time the Turkish official would have refused us pratique until the next day, and we should have had to spend the night tossing about on the most exposed coast, where the bay of Jaffa affords little or no protection. As we cast anchor at a considerable distance from the shore, we had leisure to examine the harbour before the boats came alongside to land us. The inner harbour of Jaffa, only suited for small craft, is formed by a low ridge of rock, partly above and partly below the water, with an extremely narrow entrance, against whose portals, two masses of native rock, the sea was now beating with extreme violence, and coming back in great billows of

foam, because repulsed by the rock. By-and-bye a boat came alongside, in which we embarked, and were rowed by two men towards the narrow entrance, where a great eddy caused the boat to be anything but steady, We sat very still, however, and, after waiting a moment for a reflux wave, the boatmen put forth their whole strength, and dashing into the gap with a great shout, we were carried through it, and the next moment found ourselves in still water, while the waves, as if angry at our escape, broke with more violence and noise than ever upon the two rocks behind us. "Iope, of the Phœnicians, it is said was built before the deluge," are the words of Pliny in speaking of Jaffa. He must, I think, have meant by the deluge, the universal flood under Noah, of which he had probably received some account by tradition. Here, according to the same author, the beautiful Andromeda was rescued by Perseus from the sea-monster that was about to devour her. If she were exposed upon one of those angry rocks which we have just passed, her preserver deserved her hand, however fair. A strange looking rock, shaped like an animal, rising out of the waters of the bay, may seem to fancy's eye, to be the monster petrified, for was it not more natural that the hero should turn the head of Medusa upon the sea monster and change him into stone, rather than suffer him

to be taken to Rome, as Pliny says he was, to be shown and anatomized like a vulgar animal. But by-and-bye there will not be a single bit of romance left in the world, for it is denied already that Perseus before he cut off Medusa's head, first stole the only eye and tooth the three guardians of the Gorgons had amongst them ; nay it is even said that the rescuer was only a Captain Perseus, a favoured suitor who rescued the lady from Captain Smith, another and less favoured suitor. After we had passed the breakers all danger was over, and I soon reached the strand, and stepped for the first time upon the shores of Asia and the land of Palestine, that land—

> " Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
> Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nail'd,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross,"—

a reflection which is well calculated to sober and solemnize the mind.

Jaffa, where I have now landed, is one of the oldest cities in the world, and its looks are not at variance with its antiquity. Its steep, narrow streets, fantastic buildings, and crowded area, give you at once the idea that it must have sprung up at a very ancient date. The heathens

fable that it was built by Iope, a daughter of Æolus, and the wife of Cepheus, but Japhet the son of Noah, has a juster claim to have built and named the city, than any descendant of the fabled Æolus, however great his power as ruler of the winds, may be acknowledged to be upon this coast. Joppa is mentioned in many parts of the Scriptures, both of the old and New Testament. It was to Joppa that Soloman first, and Ezra afterwards, brought cedars from Lebanon, to be conveyed to Jerusalem for the building of the temple. At that time the natural reef of rocks, which form the bay, was probably ridged with an artificial coping, to render it more effective. It was from this place Jonah took shipping, and vainly sought to escape from God's presence. Here Judas Maccabæus burnt the Syrian fleet, and here the Romans, whilst they were engaged in besieging Jerusalem, overturned the city from its foundations. Peter was living at Joppa when Cornelius sent to fetch him, and hither he was fetched from Lydda, to restore Dorcas to life. Joppa is also mentioned by Pausanias Strabo, and Propertius. It was proved in the celebrated Scrope and Grosvenor trial, that the disputed arms were worn by Robert le Grosvenor at Joppa in 1191. Here, in later times, Napoleon had his plague hospital.

I found when I got ashore that I was not quite a free

man, for I was obliged to follow my small baggage to the custom-house, and to pay six piasters to the Turkish douanier, for opening it and leaving me the trouble of shutting it again. I would gladly have paid twice as much to have been saved the repacking of my baggage in the street. From the custom-house to the English consulate is but a short distance. As I walked thither, some men, in order to separate the narrow street from the beach, were building a sea wall, with stones brought from—where does the reader suppose? Why, most strangely from the ruins of Tyre, and carried to the builders' scaffolding upon the backs of camels. If the camel drivers where Tyrians they were unconsiously fulfilling for the second time the prophesy which says, "her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn." (Isaiah xxiii. 7.)

At the house of Dr. Kayat, the consul, where I spent the evening, a party of native merchants assembled to have him read their letters, received by the steamer, to discuss the news, and enjoy an hour's social intercourse. The conversation turned principally upon the best means of improving the commerce and agriculture of the neighbourhood, subjects in which the consul is much interested. They appealed to me as to the price in England of hydraulic presses for packing their cotton, and thrashing machines, for better thrashing out their grain.

Each person as he entered, left his slippers by the door, and after a deferential movement towards the host and me, seated himself with his legs under him upon the divan, which ran along three sides of the room, and forthwith silently and without noise, a servant who left his slippers at the door, placed before each guest a small earthenware tray, and then handed him a lighted pipe, or chibouque, which the guest then smoked as he talked. Towards the conclusion of the evening, coffee was handed round in small cups, of which each person took one, and placing it in a small metal holder, shaped like an egg cup, he sipped the coffee without feeling the heat of the cup. They retired one by one as they had entered, each person as before bending deferentially to the host and me as he went out.

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## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

The further east I come, the nearer I find myself to Shinar and its confusion of tongues. The learned have thought that the heathen were not without some knowledge of this confusion by tradition, and that it is indicated by the words "divided in tongue," applied to mankind by

Homer, and some of the other poets, and the learned Mede thought, from a comparison of the tenth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, that the number of original languages then introduced was not fewer than the sixteen nations, nor more than the seventy families. But how many soever the tongues might be at the confusion, they have greatly outgrown either of the above numbers since, each tongue having a most prolific tendency to increase its dialects. Still, the family affinities remain, and the languages of the east agree more with each other than they do with the languages of the west, and so it is *vice versa*. (See Wells's Geog. I. 119.) But the confusion of Babel is renewed every time a number of travellers from different countries congregate. Yesterday, two of my fellow-passengers, who knew eight languages between them, were unable to communicate for want of one language common to them both. I was awakened early to-day by the sounds of prayer and chanting in a neighbouring mosque, so I sat down at my window, and read the book of Jonah, with the bay, the scene of the Prophet's disobedience before me, and the sea angrily beating against its rocks with great noise and fury. As I walked this morning up the hilly streets of Jaffa, so narrow in many places, that a man and a camel cannot meet in them, two Sisters of Charity permitted me to look

into their school, where thirty native children were receiving instruction from the sisters, in a manner which was calculated to diffuse genial influences around and about them. From this school, through several streets, covered with the accumulated filth of ages, and whose last purification may have been the fire with which the Romans destroyed the city, for the streets seemed unacquainted with the purifying properties of water and the sweeper's brush, I passed to an old house, now in ruins, which is alleged to be the house of "one Simon, the tanner by the sea-side," where St. Peter was lodged when he was sent for by Cornelius. The site which answers well to the general description, has been marked out by long tradition. I was allowed to view it without any charge for admission, or any demand for showing it, and I see no improbability in this being the house referred to in the Scripture account. Jaffa is said to have a population of 12,000 persons. The few houses which I entered, except Mr. Kruse's, the venerable missionary, which was remarkably clean, corresponded with the streets in their dirty condition.

When I inquired from the consul after my son, his reply was anything but satisfactory, for he told me that he was gone for the vacation into the north of Syria, and would not return for three weeks or a month. "Here," thought, I

is comfortable news, and I shall have to wait idly at Jerusalem for three weeks expecting his return." These people, admirable preachers as well as practisers of patience, have a beautiful proverb which says that "the rose issues from thorns." But what rose this thorn was to produce, I did not exactly see: I determined, however, to await the arrival of the steamer from Beirut, which was expected to-day, and seeing it steaming into the bay, soon after noon, I walked down to the strand, when my patience was quickly rewarded by seeing my son step ashore among the first passengers who landed.

Our arrangements for leaving Jaffa, were now speedily made, and at three o'clock this afternoon, after thanking the consul for his hospitality, we rode through the portals of the only gate of Jaffa, and took the road to Disopolis, the Lydda of Scripture, and the Lod or Ludd of modern times. Just on the outskirts of Jaffa is one of those picturesque fountains which fill so large a place in our imaginations of the East. It was half temple and half fountain, and the female forms grouped around it this evening made it seem like a temple of the Graces. The road, if we may call by that name the heavy sand track which leads from Jaffa, lies for some distance between rich gardens, in which were growing oranges, lemons, dates, figs, and many other fruits, only separated from the road by hedges of that fantastic

plant the prickly pear, whose rugged and half-formed branches resemble a camel's limbs, while its fleshy, succulent leaves, all covered with sharp spines, remind you of nothing so much as of pincushions stuffed with needles and pins. When I have seen the camel munching these leaves from the stem, I have sometimes thought that, notwithstanding his quiet looks, he must be a ghoul, so they call a cannibal, for he eats his own species. In the course of about a mile, or rather more, we emerged upon the great plain of Sharon, which I should think is unequalled in the world for the depth and natural fertility of its soil. I saw one or two places where holes had been dug, which showed the soil to be several yards deep.

The village of Ya zur, through which our route led us, was probably that Saron once so commendably connected with Lydda (Acts ix, 35, 38), while the name of its neighbour, Beit-dejan, the house of Dagon, recalled to my mind that Philistine idol whose country we were now near—he

"Who mourn'd in earnest when the captive Ark,
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
In his own temple, on the grundsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man and downward fish."

But Dagon's house, like his worship, has fallen to ruin. A few mud huts, of a very humble character, are all that remain here to preserve his once great name.

The small village of Sarafend, formerly Sariphœa, was in appearance like that which I have just described. In this and one or two other villages, we excited the curiosity of the fellahs, and they came out to look at us as we rode past. On a piece of ground about ten yards in diameter, and which was beaten hard and set out as a threshing-floor in one part of the plain; I saw, this evening, the process of treading out the corn. The sheaves of barley were placed in layers on the floor, and over them, a fellah was driving a yoke of oxen in a circle, by which the grain was trodden out, and the straw reduced to such fragments as a straw-cutter produces in England, in which condition it is here used as fodder for cattle. Another fellah with a fork raised the trodden heap and tossed it in the air, so as to let the grain and the straw fall separately, each in a heap by itself. The oxen were unmuzzled at their labour, and seemed to understand instinctively their part of it as well as the driver.

At Lydda,* to which we were now approaching, St. Peter restored Æneas to sight, and we probably entered this large village, which has been more than once since, both a city and a bishop's see, over the same road by which the apostle

left it when summoned to Joppa to perform the still greater miracle of restoring Dorcas from the dead.

It was at Lydda that Pelagius appeared in 415, and was acquitted of holding the doctrines ascribed to him by a synod, which condemned the doctrines themselves. We carefully threaded its narrow streets (extreme narrowness characterises all the streets I have yet seen in Asia) to the remains of its beautiful church, which is built of stone almost as fine as marble. The masonry is excellent, and the architecture, which resembled early Roman work, and has semicircular arches, with regular pilasters and capitals, is very good. St. George the patron saint of England, who was born at Lydda, and suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia in the latter portion of the third century, was buried in his native place, and this church, built in his honour, over his remains, and dedicated to his name, was probably, the work of the Emperor Justinian. It is a fable to ascribe the building to Richard Cœur de Lion. The work is far too good for his age. If his name were ever rightfully attached to the building, it must have been as its second founder, after the great Saladin had reduced it to ruin upon hearing the news of Richard's approach in 1191, and this, perhaps, may account for the pointed arches contained in it, but, which I did not see.

From Lydda, whilst the sun hovered in the horizon, and his slant beams gilded the trunks of its palms and olives and fig-trees, and threw a purple glow over the mountains of Judea to the east, I set out towards Ramleh. An hour's ride over some sandy downs which resembled the sea coast, brought me to the place by moonlight, where threading my way very slowly and cautiously through narrow intricate streets now dark from the height of the houses on each side, we reached the gate of its Franciscan convent, which has succeeded to the hospice originally built here in 1420, for the reception of pilgrims by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. One of the brothers very kindly received us, and showed us to a clean but simply furnished apartment in an upper gallery, which looked out upon a quadrangle planted with fig and other fruit trees, and which by sunlight, as we subsequently saw it, had a cheering and refreshing effect. The convent, built upon the plan which prevails in similar buildings in Europe, occupies the four sides of a square, two of which were taken up by the cells and apartments of the religious and their guests, while the kitchen and offices occupied the remainder. On the spandrels of the cloister arches, a series of religious subjects were painted in distemper with tolerable skill, a rare

instance of the introduction of art to ornament the interior of an Eastern building.

On assembling for supper, there was a great commotion among the guests, one of whom had his horse at the gate, and was just about to mount, and set out to ride through the night to Jerusalem. On inquiry, it appeared, that Philippo, a native of Malta, whom another of the guests had engaged there as his dragoman, having ridden before his master, had told the friars that his master and several other guests were on their way to the convent to claim hospitality for the night. "Are they Catholics?" asked the friars, "Oh, yes, every one of them," answered Philippo, glibly, either not knowing or not caring what he said. Upon hearing of this conversation, one of the guests, the Protestant gentleman now departing so hastily, said, "he could not, under these circumstances, avail himself of the hospitality of the convent," and so immediately took horse and rode away. Travellers are sometimes accused of passing off fables, and travelling servants have not always the best reputation for adhering to truth. Do the masters catch the habit from their travelling servants, like Philippo, or do these catch it from their masters? I once heard a military acquaintance of mine at a dinner party relate a story which was so wonderful, that when he had finished, I asked him

very seriously to tell me whether it was true or not, upon which he burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming, "What is the use of living abroad for six or seven years, and burning your liver out in a hot climate if you are not allowed to tell a few marvels when you come home?" And the Arab servant of one of my friends here, when reproved by his master for telling untruths, admitted his fault, but said "it was excusable, for that every body told lies in the East, except the English." As Philippo was no servant of mine, and had no authority to speak for me, and as I did not know, until afterwards, what he had said, and, moreover, did not believe that the friars meant to confine their hospitality to their own faith, I did not think myself compromised by him, or obliged to follow our fellow-traveller's example, the more especially as I had been personally welcomed by one of the friars on my arrival, and had accepted the hospitality proffered by him. Our fellow-traveller who departed so abruptly, told me afterwards, that on leaving the convent, he joined an Arab cavass who was riding post to Jerusalem. As they rode along in the dark, they heard every where troops of jackals barking and yelling most fearfully around them. Now and then, when the animals seemed approaching too near and becoming too familiar, the cavass fired his pistol and at the

same time, not knowing that his companion spoke Arabic, alternately cursed the jackals and the infidel giaour, who he religiously thought was the occasion of their company, and thus did our fellow-traveller, a man whom any communion might be proud to own, find himself disowned alike by both the Mahometans and the Christians at Ramleh.

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## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

I SHALL begin to believe in ghouls, those wicked genii, who, according to the Mahomedan faith, appear in the form of animals and other monstrous shapes, and destroy human beings, sometimes by slow, and at other times by swift means. Some such malignant beings must animate the dogs of the East, for they seem to have come to the unanimous conclusion neither to sleep themselves nor to let others sleep, in those hours which nature and darkness destine for human repose. Quiet Ramleh, and its still quieter convent, one would have thought would be exempt from their disturbance; but this would have been a delusion, for whole packs of dogs began to bark and howl as soon as its other inhabitants went to bed, and continued

their noise until day-dawn frightened them into silence. Were these dogs in England, there would either be a great increase in the numbers of those who pay the dog-tax, or there would be some dogs wanting owners, or some owners wanting dogs. That other domestic animal, the cat, which, in an English house, sits on the opposite side of the hearth to the dog, and is often his rival in his mistress' affections, occasioned us no disturbance at Ramleh. The cat must be indigenous in Judea, and yet it is strange that no mention of it occurs in Holy Writ, and it is hardly less strange that it should be in favour with the Mussulman, while the dog is his abomination.*

A venerable friar, one of the five or six Spaniards who form the convent of Ramleh, and the same who welcomed us on our arrival last night, came forward to bid us good speed, as we rode from its portals at seven o'clock this morning. He was a portly man with a flowing beard, and looked very handsome as he stood under the convent gateway in his brown cloak and hood, rope girdle and sandals, to receive our parting adieu.

From the convent we directed our steps, first, to the

* Cats are mentioned once in the Apocrypha among the animals which defile the idols of Babylon. (Baruch vi. 22.)

"Tower of the Forty," which is so called, according to Christian authorities, after the forty martyrs who suffered death at Sebaste in Armenia; but which the Mahometan writers would more probably ascribe to those forty guardians mentioned in one of their prophet's beautiful fables. "God," said he, "has ever maintained guardians of his word in Syria, forty in number, and when one dies another is sent in his room, and through them the land is blessed." Neither Christian nor Mahometan need be ashamed to own the authorship of the beautiful tower of Ramleh. Its material is white stone as fine as marble, the masonry is excellent, and in its proportions, and in the buttresses which support it, the tower resembles the lightest and loftiest of our church steeples. Like many buildings erected for defence in the East, it is built solid from the bottom to the top, except the staircase, and as I climbed to its summit this morning, I counted more than 180 steps. There have been as many conjectures of its use as there have been claimants for its authorship; but if the inscription upon it, recording that it was commenced in the year of the Hegira, which corresponds with the year 1310 of the Christian era, be true; and if we believe the story which the Mahomedan historian, Mejr ed Din, tells that it was completed in 1318, for the purpose of a minaret,

there ought never to have been any attempt to rob its Mahometan builders of their praise, or to ascribe the building to a purpose which was foreign to it. The Norman windows and ornaments, intermixed with traces of Byzantine architecture, and the pointed arches of its tower, are compatible with this account. As I stood on its summit this morning, and saw on the west the flat plain extending to Jaffa, spread out at its feet, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, on the east the mountains of Judea, and on the other sides, views which commanded the approaches from thence, it was easy to see why a minaret, more lofty than usual, would be of especial value at the period, and in the place where and when this building was erected. Near one of the narrow streets of Ramleh, as I rode back to regain the road, I saw a building, now converted into a mosque, which had evidently once been a Christian church, and which still looked the counterpart of many a village church in England. The effigies of the cross-legged Crusaders, said to be formerly existing in Ramleh, were probably placed in this church. If so, all access to them is for the present denied to Christian eyes. For three miles after leaving Ramleh, our road lay across a portion of the great plain of Sharon, where I noticed growing wild our English sage,

and our English lavender, several kinds of thistle, and a yellow flower like a gum cistus, which I took to be the rose of Sharon. By the roadside there was an occasional tamarisk, or a myrtle. At the end of this plain commenced the first of those ranges of hills, which extend from hence to the holy city, and some of which form the hills to which the psalmist alludes as the mountains that stand around Jerusalem. On the summit of the first of these ranges of hills is the ruined village of Latrun, said to be so called after the thief who repented on the cross, and memorable as the place where Saladin stopped the further progress of Richard Cœur de Lion. A little beyond it is the village of Yalo; and near this last is the celebrated valley of Ajalon, where once, at Joshua's voice, the moon

"Curbed her pale car and checked her mazy round."

From this place to Jerusalem, a distance of twenty miles, the road is one continual ascent. At one place it reaches an elevation from which, on looking back, you can see that great sea, the Mediterranean.

Let me here give some account of my first impressions of Palestine, the country through which yesterday and

to-day I have been riding for many hours—impressions which I should have given sooner, had I not withheld them that they might have the benefit of my longer experience. To many who have never seen it, the land of promise appears in imagination covered with an emerald verdure, and a carpet of richer flowers and more golden grain than gladden our colder clime. Luxuriant hedges, interspersed with stately trees, made musical by the song-birds, divide the fields one from another, and these from the road; while forest-timber, or cedars and pines, in broad masses wave on the hill-tops, or clothe the mountain sides, or here and there opening out, disclose green glades, down which flow streams of verdure-giving water, which are a harmony to the ear that hears, as they are a delight to the eye that sees them. Here, perhaps, may be a lake, and there a river, while the road, almost the only highway between the great sea and the holy city, is a wide, well-paved, and well-kept cause-way; safe, not only for the traveller, his purse, and person, but for the tread of the animal he rides. Along this road, with the eye of fancy, he sees long files of camels bringing up from Joppa, whither they have been floated from Tyre, those cedars of Lebanon ready squared for the temple, when—

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprang."

or hears their neck-bells, on which are inscribed "Holiness unto the Lord," (Zech. xiv. 20.) tinkling in cadence to their solemn and measured stalk. Pity that truth should dispel so fair an illusion! After the in-gathering of the harvest, which is now over, the country has neither vesture nor verdure. Among the hills it is rock, with here and there a few scanty shrubs, while its vast plains are brown as umber and bare as a heath. This is not the exact season for flowers, and there is scarcely one to be seen; you see neither forest, nor hedge-row timber. No birds are carolling in the air, and no other birds are to be seen, besides the sparrow which is mentioned in Scripture, and the rook, that sociable bird which is not mentioned there, but which is found every where. There are neither brooks nor streams, neither a river nor a lake, and the road, nowhere anything more than a track, becomes less and less distinguishable after it enters the mountains, until at last the untrained eye can with difficulty distinguish it at all. Day by day is this road traversed by horses, camels, mules, asses, and their riders, but there has been, apparently, no care bestowed on it since the fall of the Latin kingdom. Upon some of the approaches to Jerusalem, there are places in the middle of the way, where the cover of a dry well has fallen in, and left deep

unprotected holes, which would be fatal to any unwary beast that stepped into them. I had a medical friend, who to bring relief to a sick missionary, with the self-sacrifice that distinguishes his profession, lately rode in the night along one of these roads where there are many such pitfalls, and whose escape over them, if not a miracle, was an instance of that protecting providence which watches over heroic duty. In everything but its natural fertility, which would be boundless in proper hands, Palestine has rapidly degenerated since our Lord hallowed it with his footsteps. Witness its agriculture, its faith, its institutions, and the character of its inhabitants, social, mental, moral, and intellectual. Witness also the strange fact, that a country so capable of yielding an immense revenue to the government, at present does not raise sufficient to defray the charges of the pashas who collect it. With these facts before us, may we not exclaim with the poet, who had never seen the country with his bodily eyes, and in imagination, only beheld its ruin:—

"Was it for this Judea stretch'd her reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this o'er many a land her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?

For this proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?
O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!"

But this country, by nature so rich and fertile, and from which the Canaanites were expelled for their wickedness, and the Jews dispersed for their rebellion, owes its present degradation to its rulers, whose misrule has discouraged industry, turned blessings into curses, perverted the gifts of heaven, and made life and property almost an empty name. Viewing the successive possession and expulsion of these various nations, we must admit that those Israelitish spies, who on their return from searching out the country, said of it, "it is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof," spoke in the prescience of the spirit of prophecy.—(Numbers xiii. 32.)

But to return to the road. Sometimes for a long distance it was a series of rude stone-steps, almost as steep, and far more slippery, than the stairs of a house, with this additional disadvantage, that the stones being often loose, the horses were obliged to test every tread to avoid following a rolling stone to the bottom. Then for miles the track would descend a similar precipitous stair

with even greater danger to the rider, who might here chance to outstrip his horse in the descent to the valley below. Now and then for a mile or two the horses had to pick their way over large boulders such as in England a mountain torrent rolls down. The very best part of the road was only a track over loose pebbles, which shifted with every tread, or else were so loose as to allow the foot to sink deeply into them. Only at Colonea, which will be afterwards mentioned, did I see the work of man's hands upon the road. If his fourteen hundred chariots were ever exercised by Solomon upon this road, it were a greater wonder even than his wisdom. And if his prayer to have his penance changed for a pilgrim's walk upon it had been heard, king Roderick would surely have repented when he saw and felt the sharpness of this flinty track.

"Oh point me thou,
Some humblest, painfullest, severest path,
Some new austerity unheard of yet,
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow,
With thorns, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,
Tracking the way with blood."

But all the difficulties of my journey upon this road fade into nothing before the dangers of the pilgrim Sæwulf upon it in 1102.

"We went up," he says, "from Joppa, to the city of Jerusalem, a journey of two days, by a mountainous road, very rough and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait in the caves of the mountains to surprise the Christians, watching both day and night to surprise those less capable of resisting by the smallness of their company, or the weary who may chance to lag behind their companions. At one moment you see them on every side; at another, they are altogether invisible, as may be witnessed by anybody travelling there. Numbers of human bodies lie scattered in the way, and by the way-side, torn to pieces by wild beasts. Some may perhaps wonder that the bodies of Christians are allowed to remain unburied, but it is not surprising when we consider that there is not much earth on the hard rock to dig a grave; and if earth were not wanting, who would be so simple as to leave his company, and go alone to dig a grave for a companion? Indeed, if he did so, he would rather be digging a grave for himself, than for the dead man; for on that road, not only the poor and weak, but the rich and strong, are surrounded with perils; many are cut off by the Saracens,

but more by heat and thirst; many perish by the want of drink, but more by too much drinking. We, however, with all our company, reached the end of our journey in safety. Blessed be the Lord, who did not turn away my prayer, and hath not turned his mercy from me. Amen."

At Abou Goch, one of the neatest of Syrian villages, we halted for a short time, and sought shelter from the heat of the sun under the arches of its ruined church, which, not only in its materials, but in its masonry and architecture, very much resembles the church of St. George at Lydda. It is built east and west, has a triple apse and a double nave, with a subterranean crypt, and an abundance of pointed arches, which I find it hard to reconcile with the age of Justinian, to whom I have ascribed the church at Lydda. I can hardly believe that a church, with so much about it that is Roman, was built by the Crusaders. A very little expence would suffice to restore this building to its former state. To-day its ruined walls afforded shelter to the village kine as well as to us, and they crowded into it to find a screen from the sun's scorching rays. In better days it had doubtless given rest and shelter of mind and body, to throngs of worshippers in its courts.

At this village we came upon the footsteps of our blessed Lord, for this is Emmaus, and from hence to Jerusalem,

our route was probably that same road where Jesus drew near and went with his two disciples, while their hearts burned within them as they walked and listened to the words of their divine but unknown master. Between the defiles, where it was encroached upon by the rocks on each side, the track was occasionally sheltered and rural, elsewhere it was open and exposed, without a feature to remind you of a village lane in England.

A little beyond Abou Goch, grouped round a fountain, which was sheltered by a spreading terebinth tree were a number of well-dressed natives, with their horses standing picketed near them. They accosted us and enquired eagerly whether there was any hakim or physician of our party who would come to the assistance of their sheik, whose horse had fallen and seriously injured him. We were fortunately able to direct them to Dr. Smith, the Haytian physician, who was behind, but who soon came up and most promptly rendered the necessary assistance, for which the whole party expressed themselves very grateful. When they offered, in their kindness, to take their benefactor back with them to their village, and show him hospitality as long as he liked to stay, I regretted for once that I was not myself a hakim, for a better

opportunity of seeing the people, and knowing their habits and lives at home, could hardly have occurred to any one.

At Colonea, whose name bespeaks its Roman origin, there are some Roman works, a bridge and piece of road both hastening to decay, and the walls of a large building. Here also by the way-side were a few straggling vineyards, where, for half a piaster, about a penny, I bought two or three bunches of grapes, which proved very refreshing after my long and toilsome and parching ride. And at Colonea I saw for the first time one of those towers in the vineyard which call up a crowd of associations from being made more than once the subject of allusion by our Saviour in the gospels. The Crusaders under Richard I. once advanced to Colonea, but were driven back with loss.

As we left Colonea, the sun was fast sinking in the west, and we therefore rode forward in haste, towards Jerusalem, for except the Jaffa gate, all its four gates are locked at sunset. The Jaffa gate, remains open for half an hour longer, when it is also locked; and all belated travellers who arrive afterwards, are then shut out for the night; and as there is no house to resort to outside the walls, the consequences of such an exclusion are serious.

From a rising ground nearly a mile from its walls, we

caught the first view of Jerusalem, that city which has been revered in all ages, to which pilgrims resort from every clime both of the old world and the new, and which is alike venerated by Jew, Christian, and Mussulman. Seen from this approach, the city is but little elevated, and though its battlemented walls and towers look picturesque, and though it answers the epithet of the comely city, applied to it by Solomon, there was nothing actually imposing in its appearance, as we saw it this evening. The sun had gone down when we reined up our horses in the portals of the Jaffa gate, and the guards jingling the rusty representatives of those silver keys which locked and unlocked the city, while the Latin kingdom stood, and which on its fall were carried away by the knights of St. John, and are now in their archives at Malta, were just preparing to shut out for the night all travellers who arrived later this evening than ourselves.

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## SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1.

On this sabbath morning the bell rang out its call to worship as in England and I attended the English Service

at Christ Church "on Mount Zion." Mr. Crawford preached from Hosea xiv. 1. 2. After giving out his text in English, he repeated it in Hebrew, and then delivered extempore a very eloquent sermon, on the nature and necessity of repentance. He had more especially in view some errors on the nature and need of repentance, which the Jews, who are now keeping in Jerusalem their great festival of the atonement, entertain, but there was much to be found in his forcible, charitable and judicious sermon, that was calculated to benefit all classes of his hearers. The sermon was followed by the communion service, in which the bishop, Dr. Gobat, and two of his clergy distributed the elements to the communicants, English, German, Arabic and Hebrew, each in his own tongue. The Hebrew woman in her veil and white cloak, and the Arab, in his robes and turban, kneeling side by side on Mount Zion, with their European brethren, call to mind the promise and the prophecy, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. After the prayer for the Queen to-day, there followed separate prayers for the king of Prussia, and the emperor of Turkey. There is a good organ and choir in the church, and the whole of this day's striking service must have impressed whoever witnessed it.

The church, which has little ornament, is a Gothic structure of white stone, in the decorated style of art, with the ten commandments in Hebrew and English at the east end. It is extremely neat, and so plainly fitted up that, a former Pasha of Jerusalem, entering it on one occasion with the consul, was struck with surprise, and exclaimed — "Why it is as plain as a Mosque, it has neither paintings nor carving, and I could almost worship here myself."

In the days of our Lord's ministry upon earth, we learn from Josephus that the city walls were four miles in extent, but the city has shrunk since that time, and now its dimensions do not exceed two miles and a half, or about three-quarters of a mile more than the walls of Chester, which these walls would very much resemble, if those, like these, were without surburbs. When Titus besieged the city, he found its walls strongly defended on three sides by the valley of Jehoshaphat, the bed of the brook Kedron, which now, and always, except in case of torrents, is dry, and the valley of Hinnom, two lines of natural defence, which point out the site of the original walls, and show how and where the city, which has now receded from them, has contracted her dimensions. Jerusalem which then numbered its population by hundreds of thousands, has not now more than 15,000 inhabitants. Only on the north

side, by reason of these two natural defences, was Titus able to bring his engines to bear against the walls.

I re-entered the city this evening from my afternoon stroll just as the voice of a muezzin from a neighbouring mosque, in tones the most melodious and sonorous I ever heard, was chanting a prolonged call to sun-set prayer. Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat the tattoo, strains of military music from a band of trumpets floated on the night air, the troops shouted, "Long live the Sultan Abdool Medjid," and quiet and stillness fell upon Jerusalem, the city of peace.

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## MONDAY, OCTOBER 2.

After taking a cursory view of the upper and lower pools of Gihon, situated in the valley of Hinnom, just outside the city walls, pools which though now dry, and like everything here, fast hastening to decay, have been famous since the time that Hezekiah "stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David,"* I entered the city by

* II. Chron. xxxii. 30.

the Jaffa gate, and set out to walk to Bethany "which is nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off," by the same road that the Saviour often visited that place during the days of his sojourn in the flesh. Descending into one of the steep narrow streets of the city, which was not more than four yards broad in its widest part, and so roughly paved, and slippery from the refuse thrown there, and the frequent traffic over it, that I had difficulty in keeping my feet, I passed under a Saracenic archway, where a great crowd of natives were waiting for a daily distribution of food which is made here from a charitable foundation originally Christian, but now Moslem, and which shows that under Moslem rule poverty is not minished out of the land. Nay, under such rule, poverty, I think, must be the law and competence the exception. Passing on, I came to the Gate of Judgment, a bold wide archway of Roman work, thought by some to have been on the line of the wall, and to have formed one of those entrances to the city, where, according to well-known Eastern usage, to which there are abundant allusions in Scripture, controversies were heard and decided, and much public business transacted in ancient times. From this gateway, a few steps further conducted me to the "Via Dolorosa," the street which is so called because along

it our Lord is said to have been led to crucifixion. It has been attempted to affix to particular spots in this street the different events of our Lord's passion, which are either mentioned in the Gospels, or have been added by tradition. A prostrate column at the corner of a street marks the place "where they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country," on whom "they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." In another place is shown the house of Veronica, a Christian lady who is said to have offered our Lord a napkin, which, from that time, took and retained the likeness of his countenance. This napkin, in after ages, was said to be preserved at Lucca, and, as even superstition has sometimes its use, so, this relic once had its effect for good, for that crafty personage, Louis XI., who never regarded his word, and seldom his oath, never dared to violate the latter, when he had sworn by the holy face of Lucca, or, as he called it, "the holy face of Luke." Then the wide and lofty semicircular arch of the "Ecce Homo" spans the street where Pilate brought out our Lord to the people, and bade them "behold the man." Formerly these words were painted in Latin on both sides of this arch, but no traces of the inscription now remain, nor, indeed, needs there any record in stone to perpetuate his infamy who, being a judge, could declare his

prisoner innocent, and yet deliver him up to be crucified. I offer no opinion upon the genuineness of these several places. Piety is oftener attended by zeal than discretion, but if she were so when these localities were assigned, let us remember that some, or all the events must have happened very near these places, while it is clear at the same time, that the belief in their reality has prevailed for many an age, and helped to raise the flame of devotion in thousands of hearts. No man is to be envied whose love to the Saviour does not glow with greater warmth as he treads in the very footsteps of his mortal agony. The tower of Fort Antonia, which adjoins the mosque of Omar, is the undoubted site of the Hall of Judgment, where the awful scene was enacted—the arraignment and condemnation of the Son of God. I climbed this morning to the summit of the tower, now standing upon its site, and looked down from it upon the site of Solomon's Temple, now the area of the great mosque of Omar, and the lesser mosque of El Acksa, the exterior of both which with their courts, areas, and attendant buildings, I shall have another opportunity of describing; a few Moslem worshippers were crossing and recrossing the place, which seems to occupy almost one quarter of the present city, but Christian travellers and Christian pilgrims, are debarred all entrance to it. No

suspected footstep may cross its threshold without its owner incurring the risk of being seriously maltreated by a Moslem crowd, or assassinated by some fanatic dervish, and out of the thousands of English travellers who at various periods have visited Jerusalem, not more than a dozen have ever entered the Haram, (so the Moslems call this holy place). It is, therefore, not a little singular that two natives of Warrington, should be among the excepted number of those who have braved the peril of entering the forbidden precincts. One of these has explored and given us an account of the vaults beneath its area, and the other, from whose diary I extract the following account, has examined, with as much care as circumstances allowed, the courts and buildings upon its surface.

"On returning to my lodgings," he says, "I found my dervish expecting me. He was to return at one to fetch me for the attempt to visit the mosque. Accordingly, a little after this hour, I issued out to him in Turkish costume. Taking my hand, he led me through some dark streets to the enclosure of the Haram. We passed unmolested through the sacred courts, and ascended the steps of the great platform. He pointed out to me a large cupola supported by columns, the traditional oratory of Abraham, Daniel, Solomon, and Jesus; and then, after

peeping inside, led me into the interior of the mosque of El Acksa. It was magnificently lighted, so that I lost nothing by the time at which I entered. There are six rows of massive columns of different orders of architecture, leading up to the saharah or sacred niche, which glows with red marble. I was placed behind a square pillar to make my devotions, and assuming the kneeling position which he dictated, I escaped the suspicion of the keeper of the mosque. In this position he left me for some time, but I patiently awaited his return, and then stood with him under the vast marble dome, and gazed with delight at the slabs of red marble covering the walls. Before leaving the mosque, I had to bestow a baksheish on the doorkeeper, and did not give enough at first. I therefore had to feel in my pocket for more piasters; but luckily I was not discovered in the attempt. We passed out of the mosque by a different door, and again passing hurriedly through the enclosure, reached the gate, at which the guards gave us the salam Allah koum. The dervish returned the salute; I prudently held my peace. We reached my lodgings in safety, and the dervish took my hand and put it to his heart, to let me feel its palpitation. As he had not showed me all he promised, we agreed to

deduct some of his fees; but still as his terror and danger were great, I gave him the larger part of the sum promised.

"I had afterwards another proposition from my quondam friend to repeat my visit to the Haram. He promised that I should now see all that had been omitted in my previous visit, for which he had made arrangements with the door-keeper. Accordingly I again assumed Turkish attire, and accompanied him. We visited, first the tomb of David, a cupola supported by circular colonnades, and shading a pavement of variegated marble. Entering into the great Mosque of Omar, we were admitted within the iron railings, and walked twice round the wooden palisades, which enclose the limestone rock of Mount Moriah, supposed formerly to have been the centre of the Holy of Holies. It is a rude unpolished mass, not peaked, occupying a space of about four hundred feet square. Below it is a chapel, or rather a cave, into which we descended by a flight of steps. This is the traditional praying place of Abraham, Dayid, Solomon, and Jesus; and an object of great veneration to the Mussulmen. In various points in the circuit of the Saharah are shown a niche with a tinfoiled head, and filled by a marble slab, on which are Arabic inscriptions—this is called the tomb of Issa (or

Jesus), a mark in the rock, worn smooth by kisses of pilgrims, said to be the indentation of the foot of the angel Gabriel, the prints of the five toes of Mahomet, carefully secured behind iron railings; the tomb of Solomon, a slab of green marble, and a certain hole into which my hand was inserted, but I know not its supposed virtue. The marble columns which encircle the Saharah are magnificent, and the effect of these huge masses of marble, when seen by daylight must be very gorgeous. The whole floor is likewise composed of marble. Of the dome I could not catch a sufficiently accurate view to enable me to describe it, as we had only a candle for our exploration; but I saw the supporting columns, mentioned by Catherwood. Leaving the great dome-covered Saharah, we visited, on our return, the Bir Arruah, a circular excavation extremely deep, according to my companion, but not closed by a stone, so far as I could see or feel. It is a circular orifice in a wall of marble. We then passed the olive under which Abraham is said to have offered his son; and I plucked a branch of it as a trophy, repassed the gate, and returned to my lodgings."

It has been said that the interdict against any but Moslems entering the sacred precincts, arises from their dread that a Christian prayer offered there would be fatal

to their possession of the place; but I suspect that it is of much earlier origin, and has descended to them with the place from the Jews, its former possessors, for we read that in Jewish times there was a balustrade, with columns near the entrance, upon which was an inscription denouncing death to any Gentile who should pass that boundary.

It was into Fort Antonia that the chief captain carried Paul, after he had rescued him from the people in the temple, and it was from its stair that the apostle, with the chief captain's permission, addressed to them that beautiful defence which their clamour would not hear to the end. It was probably the same stair that our Lord had ascended, and which was afterwards removed to Rome* and made a place of penance for pilgrims, and which possibly originated the chapels of the scala cæli, or ladder of heaven, which were so popular in England in the reign of Henry VIII., that Sir Thomas Boteler, the founder of the Warrington grammar school, by his will directed four trentals to be said for him in the chapel of that name at Westminster. From Fort Antonia, I passed between the so-called pool of Bethesda, and the Greek church of St. Anne. The latter, into which I looked from the top of its dome, whither I

* It is placed there near the church of St. John Lateran.

climbed over heaps of ruins and rubbish, was built by the Crusaders over the supposed birth-place of the Virgin. It has a plain interior which has been recently restored. The so-called pool of Bethesda, once filled with water, but now dry, is four hundred and sixty feet long by one hundred and thirty broad, and seventy-five deep. It was probably a moat to defend Fort Antonia. From St. Stephen's gate, by which I passed out of the city on its eastern side, I crossed the dry channel of the brook Kedron, in sight of the pool and village of Siloam, on opposite sides of the Kedron, and passed the monolith of Absalom, a singular but picturesque memorial, as large as an ordinary cottage, with Ionic ornaments, and a top shaped like the temple of the winds at Athens, except that this rises higher and is in a ruder style of art. Against this monument there lay a great heap of small stones, said to be thrown there by native children to guard them against the sin of disobedience to parents. I passed also the cave-sepulchres of the prophet Zechariah, and of St. James, the brother of our Lord, and the first bishop of Jerusalem, who suffered martyrdom in sight of this tomb in A. D. 62. There is nothing inconsistent with their supposed dates in the Doric ornaments on the exterior of these tombs. Passing onward by the tomb and chapel of the Virgin, which belong to the

Armenians and the Greeks, and by that scene of sublimest memories, the Garden of Gethsemane, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, I ascended to the mosque, on the summit of the Mount of Olives, erroneously said to mark the place of the Ascension, for the evangelist is express that our Lord led the disciples out "as far as to Bethany . . . . . and he was carried up into heaven." From the minaret of this mosque, which is accessible for a small backheish, the city lies like an open map on one side, while on the other the mountains of Moab at the distance of twenty miles or more, with the Dead Sea at their feet, raise themselves like a mighty wall. You are struck at once with their grand and prolonged outline, but neither pen nor pencil can do justice to the richness of their lights and shadows, nor to the brilliant rose colour of their steep sides. Their burnished hues so balanced with shade, make the mountains seem at once transparent and opaque, resembling more a creation from the Arabian Nights than of this earth. From the summit of the Mount of Olives, I took the ordinary track to Bethany, or as the Arabs now call it, the village of Lazarus, where I saw the house which is alleged to have been once the honoured abode of Martha and Mary and their brother. You would hardly find anywhere less intelligence than in Bethany, the place which

our Lord so frequently visited, which is one proof among a thousand of the degeneracy which has fallen upon the people here since our Lord dwelt in the flesh. This whole neighbourhood abounds with limestone caves, which are adapted for tombs; but the grave of Lazarus is not now one of these, if ever it was. It is a regular subterranean chapel of pointed gothic architecture, into which you descend by a flight of twenty-six steps. Besides the principal chamber, there is a small one, that reminded me of the small apartment in the crypt at Ripon, which is approached by threading St. Wilfrid's needle, and which, like this, was probably a confessional for penitents and pilgrims. If this be not the actual site of the mighty miracle of the raising of Lazarus, it cannot be far off. Some ruins near it are certainly the remains of the strong fort built by Queen Melisinda in 1132 to protect the nunnery founded by her near the tomb in honour of Martha and Mary. I returned to Jerusalem by the same road that our Lord, coming from Jericho, entered the holy city in triumph. We are told by St. Luke, xix. 37, that when "he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude began to rejoice;" and then, v.41, "when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." And the peculiarity of the road seems to afford a

commentary on the two verses. In the former verse the multitude saw the city plainly before them, but they afterwards lost sight of it, and again regained it in the other verse. The same thing occurred to me to-day. Soon after leaving Bethany, I saw the city quite plainly before me, but then the road passing down the inner bend of a mountain, I lost sight of it for some time, and it only reappeared when I had gained the other extremity of the bend, at which time I found myself close to Jerusalem, and saw before me the visible accomplishment of the prophecy with which our Lord closed his memorable discourse on the above occasion. The golden gate, or that which stands where it did, by which he entered the temple, is now walled up, and I entered the city by the Mogrebbin gate. In the Jewish quarter which we entered, that ancient people, now dwellers by sufferance in a city which was once their own, were keeping their great festival of the atonement. I entered several of their synagogues, both of the Sephardim and Ashkenaz, and found them crowded to excess both with men and women, and so oppressive that I could not remain there so long as I wished. Notwithstanding it was broad day, in all the synagogues multitudes of lamps were burning, the lights from which fell on some of the finest countenances I ever saw. Many of the men had velvet caps, edged with

a double row of fur; all of them had flowing robes and beards, and nothing could exceed the apparent earnestness with which they engaged in their devotions. The Old Testament and their service books were read aloud by the rabbi or cohen, and all the congregation joining in the chaunts, beat their breasts and wept aloud. In the course of his sermon at this festival one of the preachers told the following story:—

"An aged rabbi, venerable for his piety and good works, being sick and ready to die, his friends and followers came to comfort him, and to receive with his dying injunctions, his blessing and advice. 'My children', said he, when they were gathered about his couch, 'I shall shortly go the way of all flesh, and be gathered to my fathers. Already indeed, my feet begin to stumble on the dark mountains, and I see before me two roads, one of which leads to heaven and the other to hell. It troubles me that I do not know certainly which road is mine. If I were going to appear only before an earthly judge, I should not regard it, but the Lord's purity is infinite, and the years of my pilgrimage, though extending to seventy years, the allotted age of man, have been so few and evil, while my sinfulness has been so great, that I fear to fall into the hands of God, and I have no hope but in his unbounded mercy.'

"See," said the preacher, "that you imitate this holy man in his good works, and still more in his humility."

A Christian might have made a better improvement of the subject.

The preacher at another synagogue, commenting upon the story of Isaac blessing his two sons, said his distinguishing Jacob by his voice and Esau by his hands, signified that the one would have strength of understanding, and the other strength of body.

If it be true, which I hope it is not, that a Jew is obliged to read the Talmud oftener than his Bible, the old reproach of this people remains, that they make void the word by their traditions; which they certainly do by their practice of early marriages and divorce. They marry commonly at eight or ten; not to have divorced one wife is rather accounted a disgrace, and when their honest benefactor, Mr. Cohen, lately reproved them for these practices, they excommunicated him. From the Jewish quarter after passing the site of Solomon's palace, now a neglected space, thickly over-grown with the prickly pear, and so swarming with the cow-lady beetle that the soil seems actually alive with them, I found my way through some common but picturesque bazaars, to the tower of Hippicus, near the Jaffa gate. This tower, supposed to

be the same that is mentioned by Josephus under the same name, is now a portion of the citadel. It is a square building rising from the dry moat which surrounds the citadel; and its base, which is built solid, a characteristic feature in Jewish fortifications, is faced to the height of the moat with those great bevelled stones, which are also a peculiarity in Jewish architecture. But if it be the real Hippicus, it must have been much lowered since the time of Josephus.

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## TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

At the distance of a mile and a half from Jerusalem, but not visible from it, stands the convent of the Cross, which I visited to-day. We read that when Tartan and Rabsaris, and Rabshekah, the messengers of the king of Assyria, "were come up, they came and stood by the conduit of the upper-pool which is in the highway of the fuller's field," and there proclaimed to the ministers of king Hezekiah, the proud and arrogant message of their master, which ended so signally in his discomfiture and

death.* When I saw it to-day, this pool, which is a parallelogram, measuring one hundred yards, by thirty, was dry; but in winter, I understand, it is filled with water, which is still distributed through the same ancient conduit, by which the prophet stood, when he foretold the miraculous conception of our Lord.† I passed both the pool and the conduit on my way to the convent to-day.

The olive, not planted in clusters, but scattered singly up and down, on this side of Jerusalem, seems to signify that though Jerusalem means peace, and may, therefore, like Athens, claim the olive for her emblem, the visits of that white-robed daughter of heaven like her angel sisters', have lately been "few and far between." The missing trees whose place here "knows them no more" have been probably sacrificed to Bellona, the adversary of peace, for that merciful law given to the Israelites, that in besieging and making war against a city, they were not to "destroy the trees thereof (for the tree of the field is man's life,) to employ them in the siege,"‡ has not been acknowledged by those who have warred against Jerusalem, and when a tree has fallen there has unhappily been little encouragement to plant another

* II. Kings, c.c. xvii and xviii. † Isaiah c. vii.
‡ Deut. xx. 19.

in its place. The stems of the olive are fantastic to a degree. They are seldom or never solid or of one piece but are formed of an aggregate of many small stems, like roots, all twisted together to form the bole, which owing to this peculiarity in its formation, is full of perforations and interstices which resemble so many eyes. The old trees have so very venerable and time-worn an appearance, in consequence of this want of homogeneity in their stems, that you wonder to see them still bearing fruit, but in truth the oldest tree seems to bear the best. In shape the olive is very like the English sallow, and its foliage has the same grey look. There seem to be two kinds of olives here, the green and the purple, and this being the season of fruit gathering, the owners were to-day beating the trees with sticks to knock down the fruit. The old saying in England—

> "That a spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
> The more they be beaten the better they be,"

must be enlarged to include the olive tree here. *

* But the beating does not improve the tree, and it was on this account that the gleaners were not to beat, but to shake it. (Compare Deut. xxiv. 20., and Isaiah xvii. 6. and xxiv. 13).

In the koran the Creator is said to swear by "the fig and the olive," which Mahometan doctors explain to mean Damascus and Jerusalem. The former city preserves its old reputation for figs, but there are richer olives almost everywhere in Palestine than at Jerusalem. After leaving the olives I passed a Mahometan cemetery, which was neither enclosed nor planted with cypresses and had consequently a bare and naked appearance.

The Convent of the Cross is so embosomed among hills that I came upon it to-day, and stood before the fountain of sweet water which stands invitingly at its gate, almost before I was aware of my approach to it.

The convent, which is an ancient Georgian foundation, is now in the hands of the Greeks, who have lately taken down and rebuilt every part of it, except the church, upon a larger and much improved plan. The church, around which the new structure has been raised, is said to stand upon the very site where the wood grew which formed our Lord's cross, which circumstance gives the convent its name.

The venerable archimandrite, so they call an abbot in the Greek church, with grey beard, black robes, and black felt cap, received us very courteously at the gate. He could not speak Arabic, or any other language but the

Romaic or modern Greek, and this at first caused us some little difficulty in communicating with him, until I quoted to him the hexameter in ancient Greek, which is prefixed to our polyglot bibles, and which he recognised from its resemblance to the Romaic —

> "A thousand tongues to men on earth belong,
> In heaven but one employs the angels' song."

and until my son had improved this beginning by reminding him that he had seen him sustain the part of St. Paul in the miracle play which was acted in the court of the holy sepulchre at Easter. After this commencement we got on better in our intercourse. He very kindly conducted us over the church himself. Taking our shoes off at the gate we entered the spacious area, which has a domed roof, and a floor of mosaics, except in the chancel and near the altar, where the pavement was of costly marble. Pictures of St. George, and other Eastern saints, painted on the walls, nearly covered the sides, while the east end, and the pulpit near it, appeared one blaze of painting, gilding, and ornament. None of the paintings had any merit as works of art, but, as may be imagined, the appearance of the interior was at the first very showy. A great number of

lighted lamps hung suspended before the presbytery and the altar, and there was a screen before the latter similar to that what I had observed in the Coptic church at Alexandria. After shewing us over the church, our conductor led us into the crypt, to the exact spot under the altar where the tree at once accursed and blessed is said to have grown. Some coloured pictures which hung near, told how the tree had been planted by Abraham and watered by Lot —how angels had watched and tended it—how the wicked one had interrupted them and tried to hinder its growth, and, finally, how it was cut down and applied to its awful purpose. The tree in these pictures is represented as a cypress, which is at variance with other accounts, where it is represented as an aspen or an acacia and still more from Sir John Maundeville's, who, in a Latin hexameter, tells us that the cross consisted of several kinds of wood—

"Four diff'rent trees composed the holy rood,
Cypress and cedar, palm and olive wood."

And afterwards proceeds to give us at length the reasons of this variety. But although life entered the world by this deadly tree, and although it has been the glory of martyrs in all subsequent ages, and will eventually be the symbol of

universal victory, I see no object in bestowing personality upon it, nor in thus honourably distinguishing the place where it grew; still less can I approve of the puerilities which here surround its history. How far both may have had their use in a darker age it were hard to say, but I persuade myself, that now, neither the archimandrite who presides over the convent, nor the bulk of the laity who frequent its services, have any faith in the reality of these fables of the origin of the holy cross.

It was pleasant on emerging from the darkness of the crypt, and extinguishing our tapers, whose feeble and gloomy light suited the fables of a dark age, to ascend to the flat roof of the monastery, whither the archimandrite sent his lay-brother Esau to accompany us, his own age disinclining him from climbing so high. The convent, as enlarged, will hold a college of eighty boys besides the monks, and its roof makes a space as level and as large as a stadium. In the calm evenings of this delicious climate it must be a charming retreat, either for contemplation or a promenade, for no earthly object can here intrude unbidden. The swelling hills, which encircle it like a wall seem to shut out earth, and to confine the thoughts to the blue heavens above. We saw the apartments of the professors and

students, which were admirably adapted for study and repose—an Academus without its groves.

We returned from the convent through some large plantations or gardens, a square mile or more in extent, of vines and olives, mulberry and fig trees, which the monks, setting a laudable example to others, to their own great honour, and it is to be hoped profit also, have lately laid out and planted between their convent and Jerusalem. The trees, though still young, already begin to afford a grateful shade to the traveller who walks through their avenues, or rests beneath the small khans or alcoves placed here and there along them, in which there is often a fountain of cool water for anybody, generally coffee and chibouques for such as wish them, and always seats for everybody. Many of these seats were occupied to-day by well-dressed natives with their chibouques and narghilehs exhaling slender columns of smoke, as their owners with oriental listlessness, and forgetting earth and its cares, sat smoking the pipe of tranquillity. If it be asked how the monks have acquired their title to this land, I believe it has been purchased for money, and assured to them by a firman of the Sultan. The pashas assume the power to sell land for ever at a nominal rent, but here, where as

once in Imperial Rome, every thing is venal, one pasha might sell what another pasha had sold before, and the Greeks, whose place in the estimate of cleverness is thus assigned by the easterns—two Jews make one Greek, two Greeks one Armenian, would hardly have supported their reputation had they stopped short in going to the fountain-head to secure the possession of their land. Land, when it is not sold, in this country, is often rented upon the condition of paying a fifth part of the produce. This produce is collected by the sheik, who pays it to the pasha, and it may readily be imagined, that the sheik, in regulating the proportion, has abundant opportunity for injustice and extortion, to both which, he in his turn, is subjected by the pasha.

In my way home through the city, I passed by the ruins of—

> "That hospital which night and day,
> Received the pilgrims of the west."

These ruins of the once famous Hospital of St. John, bespeak their western origin in the fragments which remain of their architecture. The principal building is a handsome gateway with a pointed arch, the sculpture

and carving of which, and of a basket-boss, a double chevron moulding, and some capitals of columns, were very fine. There are other remains of this once celebrated place, but they are so surrounded and encumbered with rubbish and filth, that the courage of even an Oldbuck would be daunted if he should attempt to explore them. The hospitallers' banner of the lamb, which still remains carved upon the ruins, is found also upon another of their former houses nearer home, the Middle Temple in London, where mischievous people say it is now as inappropriate to the present possessors of that house, as the fabled horse of the Muses, Pegasus, and the former banner of the Knights Templars, is to the Inner Temple, whose portal it adorns—meekness, the ill-natured say, having as little to do as poetry with law and lawyers.

The illustrious order of the Knights of St. John, long rolled back the advancing surges of eastern barbarism, sustained the fortunes of Godfrey, and the glories of the Latin kingdom, and only retired from Asia when resistance was no longer possible. But their origin was not less strange than their career was illustrious, for the order sprang from a small hospice, originally founded by a merchant of the little city of Amalfi, in Italy, now itself so obscure as to be almost unknown. But great and small

are only comparative terms, for see whether this little city, by what she did, has not earned for herself the title to be called great. It is to Amalfi that we are indebted for the recovery of the laws which regulate the civil transactions of half Europe, the pandects of Justinian. She it was who framed the code which for ages governed the commerce of the sea; and last, and greatest of all, it is to her we owe that which has almost subjected the sea herself to laws, the discovery of the mariner's compass.

From buildings which have perished at Jerusalem, I turn to a work of real beneficence which still remains, and which, with the natural attribute of good works, shuns the light, and must be searched to be seen. Taking a lighted taper, I descended by a dark and broken stair-way of fifty-two steps to the edge of a vast cistern, under the Coptic Convent. The water, which supplies the cistern, is principally derived from the rain which falls on the surface, and which, percolating through the earth, and running into this cavern, is given back, as I had witness to-day, in delicious coolness and purity. As I stood by the side, it was evidently full to the brink, and I heard, before I could see, the incessant splash of water-skins descending to be replenished. After some time, my eye becoming more accustomed to the gloom, I was able to discern the entrance

and extent of the well, by the glimmer of the grey light which descended through the opening, and to comprehend how wide were its dimensions, and how great the proportionate obligations of the city to the memory of her who made this great storehouse of water, an English saintess, the Queen Helena, who in giving it, conferred a boon worthy of an empress.

Almost every house in Jerusalem is surmounted by one or more dome-shaped roofs, of which the object is two-fold, first, to save roofing timber, which is here scarce, and, secondly, to give the house coolness in hot weather, which is still scarcer. The house in which I have my abode has two such domes, with an intervening arch between them, over its principal saloon. These domes, are of stone and plaster, and by their solidity prevent the heat from penetrating the ceiling, make the room cooler by increasing its height, and add to the handsome appearance of the interior. You enter the enclosure of the house by a small gateway, which leads to a court where are the kitchen and offices. From this court, you ascend to the flat roof of the offices which forms a second court, and is an agreeable lounging place in the evening. From this second court, another stair leads to the terrace on the topmost roof, where the air is fresher, and the view more extensive. But your

Turkish neighbours, who are sometimes overlooked from these terraces, do not like you to frequent them, unless you have a high parapet or a barrier wall.

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## WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4.

JERUSALEM, which is the tomb of its former self, is a city surrounded by tombs of all ages, nations, and faiths. East, west, north, and south, there are one or more cinctures of cemeteries near to the city. On the steep side of a hill on the south, and just above the valley of Hinnom, in a place which would well suit the awful event recorded to have happened there to the traitor Judas, is the Aceldama, or Field of Blood.* A great number of tombs, generally with some ornament in front, are excavated in the rock of the hill side. Creeping upon my hands and knees through the half choked doorway of one of these, I found myself in a circular chamber, around which there were six other chambers of a square form, having on each side troughs or coffins cut out of the native rock, and filled with bones. From some of these chambers

* Acts i. 19.

there led other chambers similarly prepared, and similarly occupied. It might be such a chamber as this, newly made, and never before occupied, in which Joseph of Arimathea devoutly laid the body of our Lord, for nothing were easier than to have closed the entrance to this with a stone, in the manner described in the Scripture account. Another, and much more modern tomb, which I also entered, had its ceiling ornamented with paintings of Greek saints, in the style of the fourteenth century. Some of the tombs are marked with crosses, and have Christian inscriptions on the outside, and while this and other circumstances show that the place was the burial ground of strangers, and not of Jews, the tradition that it was Aceldama is very ancient, and under that name, it was mentioned so long back as the time of St. Jerome.* Strange to say, I found several bushes of English hawthorn growing in Aceldama. There are Mahometan burial grounds, where none but the followers of the prophet may be buried, by the side of almost every approach to Jerusalem, and which are necessarily large, as this people never bury in the same grave twice. In these, a flat stone, with an Arabic inscription of praise to Allah, and a head stone

* In one of the tombs Mr. Wild found skulls of all the three great families of the human race. *Thrupp's Jerusalem*, 240.

with a turban or some other figure denote the sex and sometimes the condition of the deceased. At Jerusalem, where they are neither enclosed nor planted, these grounds have for the most part a neglected look, although the Moslems manifest occasional jealousy, when a Christian examines them too narrowly. The Jews, whose great cemetery is on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives, are equally jealous of allowing any interments in their ground, except of their own people. They cover the graves with a flat stone, which has a Hebrew inscription upon it. But they do not confine the ground to the burial of their people only, for in some of their more honoured tombs, they bury their worn-out copies of the Scriptures and the Talmud; and at this moment, the Jews are in a state of great excitement at Jerusalem, because some skins of wrinkled vellum interred in one of their ancient tombs, have just been disturbed, either by an antiquary, for his own purposes, or by the boys of the Latin school, for mischief.

In the Greek cemetery you read inscriptions in every language; but these Christians imitate their Mahometan and Jewish neighbours in excluding from their burial ground all who are not of their own communion, and their refusal to allow the corpse of a child of one of the

missionaries, lately gave rise to the formation of the Protestant burial ground. How strange and how lamentable it seems that religious antipathies should outlive the grave!

The hill of Evil Counsel, so called because the Jews, it is said, here took council to put Jesus to death, lies beyond the valley of Hinnom, on the south side of Jerusalem, and opposite to that other hill called from Solomon's idolatry, the Hill of Offence.

Upon the former hill is an old house in ruins, called, by tradition, the house of Caiaphas; and near to it is a solitary terebinth tree, with leaves like an elm, and a bole like an ash. Lower down the hill is a vaulted building of undoubted age which is called the house of Annas.

I walked to-day to the hill of Evil Counsel, passing on my way the lower pool of Gihon, and the ruined aqueduct which Solomon, in ignorance of the modern principle by which water is made to flow up hill, constructed to convey water from it to the temple. But the temple has disappeared, and the aqueduct is a ruin, and so, indeed, is the road to it, although, neither acknowledges its condition nor takes any pains to amend it. Like most of the other roads near the city, it is steep, stony, and treacherous, and I would advise no one, either pedestrian or equestrian, to

travel it by night; for such a road is an excellent commentary on our Lord's advice, "walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you, for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." *

Returning from my walk and entering the city by that gate of holiest name, the gate of Zion, I reached home, having passed on my way the Armenian convent, in the best paved, cleanest and broadest street of Jerusalem, which I measured and found to be six yards wide.

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## THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 5.

THE trumpets and cymbals of the citadel sound the reveille every morning at sunrise, and I am pleasantly awaked at that hour by the sounds of their simple and melancholy music, very different indeed from those strains of triumph which the trumpets of Mount Zion, on which this citadel stands were once wont to sound in the ears of Jerusalem of old.

Setting out this morning on my way to the Damascus gate, I had proceeded but a very little way when I overtook

* John xii. 35.

a string of asses, laden on both sides with bundles of firewood. They went along in single file which was obviously necessary, for even so, each ass brushed both sides of the street, although it was one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Presently, however, a second street, down which a file of camels were wending, ran at a right angle into the first, when a complete lock took place between the asses and the camels, and gave rise to a very difficult question of precedence. The asses were the more lively, the camels the more burly animals—these looked the more ancient—those the more finished creation. It took a long time to settle which should give way, during which the traffic of both streets was stopped, to the infinite diversion as well of the bystanders as of the conductors of the two sets of animals. While it continued, the stoppage gave occasion to much good humoured banter, and to that abundance of talk which always occurs when a number of Arabs congregate.

But "by patience and perseverance the mulberry leaf becomes satin," and a shorter exercise of either than it takes to make satin, re-opened to me this morning the great thoroughfare of Jerusalem, and allowed me to reach the first object of my destination, the Damascus gate; not, however, without feeling much surprise at two circumstances;

the first was the ruinous condition of the pavement which, on the city side of the gate, was so foundrous and broken, that it might never have known repair since the days of the great Godfrey. Would it not astonish a stranger in York, Chester, or any other city, how inferior soever in celebrity to Jerusalem, to find on entering it, its pavements broken up as soon as he had crossed the threshold, yet such was actually the case near the Damascus gate, although it is one of the principal entrances of Jerusalem, and its only gateway towards the north. The second circumstance that caused my surprise was to find the Turkish soldiers who were guarding the gate dressed in uniforms which were even worse and more ruinous than the pavement. It would have been difficult to say when they were new. At present an almsman's gown or a patchwork quilt might have represented their variegated appearance. The government must manage ill thus to allow its poverty to appear through the holes of its servants' clothing. Just outside the gate and close to a large and favourite Mahometan cemetery is a subterranean cavern, the entrance to which is by a small opening in the rock below the city wall, through which there is no passing but by laying yourself flat with your face to the ground and gradually working yourself in. It was neither a cleanly nor a pleasant

operation this wriggling yourself backwards to get forwards, for while the dust half choked you, imagination suggested reptiles and other worse consequences.

But at length I found myself in the cave, and by the help of a taper, which I had brought with me, I explored its recesses. Notwithstanding its narrow entrance, the cave which becomes a lofty chamber when you have advanced into it a short distance, must have been originally produced by some natural throes in the limestone rock, but art, for what purpose, except for defence or concealment during a siege, I do not know, has since enlarged what nature began, and the cave now extends under a large portion of the city. After having sufficiently gratified my curiosity, I retraced my steps to the entrance by means of some small slips of white paper which I had dropped to mark the track by which I had penetrated the recesses of the cave. Without this, or some similar precaution, it might have been difficult to regain the entrance even with a light; without a light, or some such friendly clue as Ariadne furnished to Theseus to extricate him from the labyrinth, it might have been impossible, and I might have had a whole city, and that city Jerusalem, for my monument, without having attained the glories of martyrdom. As it was, leaving the cave to the moles and bats, its

natural inhabitants, I extinguished my taper, and emerged to fresh air and daylight, glad to have seen the cave, and still more glad to have done crawling on my belly, and eating, or if not eating, inhaling dust like a serpent.

Just beyond the Damascus Gate, in the way which leads from Jerusalem to the north, you enter a grove of olives, which extends for more than a mile. The trees, although standing nearer together than on the other sides of Jerusalem, are still too far apart, and three times the number would grow in the same space with profit and advantage. When a tree falls, another is seldom planted in its place. The ground beneath them was bare of everything but stones, of which the crop was plentiful, partly sown by nature, and partly by war and ruin, for here a considerable portion of the city stood in the time of its celebrated siege, and here, Titus made the first breach in its walls.

The sepulchres of the kings, lying just beyond the range of the original walls, in strictness ought to adopt another sex, and to be called the queen's sepulchres, for they were the work of Helena, not our British saintess, but the queen of Adiabene, who constructed them for herself and her son, king Isates, in the year 150 before Christ.*

* See a curious account of the manner in which the entrance to these tombs was closed. *Thrupp*, 252.

In front of the tombs a square court has been cut out of the solid rock, which is of marble, to the depth of fifteen feet, to form their vestibule. On the face of this rock, within the enclosure, there is a pediment with a carved cornice, tympanum, and architrave. Under the architrave, which appears to have been originally supported by three or more columns, you enter a square chamber, with other smaller chambers round it, which can only be entered through a low door-way. In these chambers are the stone shelves on which the bodies have been placed, and in one of them I saw the semi-cylindrical lid of a white marble sarcophagus with three roses carved on each side as an ornament.

From these tombs we visited the sepulchres of the Judges, which, if they received their present name because they are seventy, and because that number corresponds with the members of the highest court of the Jews, ought rather to be called the tombs of the Sanhedrim. These tombs, though less ornamented than those of the kings, repeat the arrangement there followed as to the chambers. But you cannot enter any of them without a light, nor without crawling through their low narrow entrances on your hands and knees. We were watched into them to-day by two or three Arabs, with bronzed skins, and clad in

white shirts, with leather girdles, turbans, and cloaks of woollen, in blue and white, or brown and white stripes. All of them had weapons, and one of them carried a gun. The efreets, who, according to Mahometan belief, frequent all such places, I knew would keep sentry at the door, and effectually prevent these men from entering after us, but there was nothing to prevent the man with the gun from stopping our egress until we had satisfied his demands for backsheish, which would in such case have been given, as Gil Blas gave his pistoles to the armed beggar on his way to Penaflor, not for alms, but for *arms*. Happily, however, we were not molested in our researches by any of these men. Like a number of others near them, these sepulchres stand but a very short distance from the road-side.

This afternoon I and my son went by invitation to spend the evening with a friend who resides in an old tower on the ascent of the Mount of Olives. Our way from the city led down one of its main streets, and as the sun shot his rays under one of its numerous archways, two Franciscans, in their brown robes and hoods, and with sandals and girdles of knotted rope, emerged into the light from the gloom of the other extremity of the archway. They looked like the beings of a past age, and their picturesque figures were in harmony with the ruins about them. Underneath

the archway lay one of the legion of public dogs, crunching a bone which he had picked up, and was devouring at leisure in the middle of the public thoroughfare. Emerging from the archway, we came upon an eastern story-teller, recounting some tale of the wild life of the desert to an attentive audience who listened as they smoked.

An hour before sun-set we had climbed up two-thirds of the steep ascent of the Mount of Olives, and stood on the summit of our host's tower, revelling in the wonders, the prospect from it displays. Before us was the city with its walls, and their gates, battlements, and embrasures, defended on this side by the Kedron and the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. Within the walls were the minarets, cupolas, churches, and monasteries of the city, and a thousand white domes rising over the houses of its inhabitants. *There* was the solid and lofty tower of the citadel, and *here* the broad vaulted roof and towers of the holy sepulchre, and the mosque and minarets adjoining it. In another direction was the square tower of the governor's house, where once stood Fort Antonia; and last, and greatest of all, directly opposite was the great enclosure of the haram, with the tomb of Omar, and his beautiful mosque, its courts, arches, and cypresses.

Every point in this view has its history—*there* within

the haram stood that wonderful temple so sublimely dedicated by Solomon; and *there* also stood its successor, the temple built by Ezra, whence, probably, issued that august procession which awed the mighty conqueror Alexander, and induced him to spare Jerusalem from the fate which had overtaken Tyre. Directly opposite to us is that gate of the city by which our Saviour once entered its walls in triumph, and there behind it is the tomb where his sacred body lay, until the victory accomplished by his death was consummated by the triumph of his resurrection. The great mosque of Omar, which stands near the centre of the haram, is an octagon in shape, measuring sixty feet on each side. It is built of white marble below, and covered with tiles inscribed with sentences from the koran above, while its lofty and well-proportioned dome rests, like a rich and beautiful crown, upon the whole. In this clear atmosphere every object is so distinct that I was able, by the aid of a telescope, to read the sentences inscribed on the walls of the mosque, and also to make out that the columns of the arcades, on the platform, were of verde antique porphyry and rich marbles, and that the surfaces of all of them had been injured by exposure and rough usage. But beautiful as is the mosque of Omar, its presence on this site is as Ichabod written upon the place where God was formerly manifest in

the Sheckinah. We stood gazing over the city, as it glowed in the ruddy beams of evening, until Scopus, the hill on the north, where Titus caught his first view of the city that was to be his prize; the pyramidal hill of the Frangi on the south, idly said to have been the last retreat of the Franks; Djebel Ephraim, rising to the height of 2,500 feet towards the west; and that Mount near the city where the destroying angel once brandished his sword over the Assyrian camp, and brandished it not in vain—alone retained for a time the last tinges of the setting sun, which then sank below the horizon. It was like looking upon a great diorama of nature to see how, one by one, the objects of the material scene changed their aspect, as the sun went down and the moon assumed his place.

In his abode on the Mount of Olives, our Scottish host had a select library of books, and when day-light was gone we summoned them to our company, and soon forgot in their society that we were in a strange land and in a solitary tower on the Mount of Olives. Where is the wishing cap of Fortunatus, or the telegraph of whatever kind that can transport you like books to the best company, or impart intelligence at will?

## FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6.

SEVERAL times in the course of the night, I opened the shutters of my windows, which had no glass in them, and put out my head, that I might enjoy a repetition of the prospect I had seen by day. Except the chirp of the grasshopper, which here is not unmusical, there was no sound to disturb the calm stillness of the scene, no cloud obscured the sky, and the moon, with a radiance milder but hardly less bright than the sun's, revealed in their distinctness the features of the wonderful panorama, which had so charmed me by day. Every dome, minaret and building, and every angle of the walls and towers was silvery bright, and the city looked like a carving in ivory or Parian. In the morning, before the moon went down the sun came up, and as he rose, first the hill tops, then the crescents of the minarets and domes, were gilded by his beams, after which he shot his rays up the valleys, and finally a flood of golden light was poured over the whole landscape.

Every visitor to Jerusalem has his own theory respecting its ancient topography, and in this respect my host of the

tower was no exception to the ordinary rule. After breakfast he took me to the north of the walls, and explained to me his views upon the subject, but to make these intelligible to others would require maps and diagrams, which I dare hardly use if I had them, for whoever advances a new opinion on the topography of this city, must consider himself a general challenger, and bound to do battle against all comers. My friend's arguments, however, were so interesting that they made us forget that to-day was the Mussulman's sabbath, and when we arrived at the Jaffa gate, at eleven o'clock, we found it shut against us, and were told that it would remain closed until the conclusion of the mid-day prayers at one o'clock. The heat was now scorching, and to gain such little shade as there was, I crept near to the gate, and there, for two long weary hours, watched successive groups of peasants and travellers arrive and encounter our disappointment. Bedouins came up from Hebron, leading camels with piles of grapes—donkeys arrived by the score laden with firewood, or with great burdens of the branches of the *pinus maritima*, whose bright lively green colour renders it an especial favourite with the Jews for making their arbours at the feast of tabernacles, which is now at hand. Troops of natives, men, women, and boys, in dresses of

every sort from rags to silk, and from the Arab's shirt of dirty white, to the gay brocaded robes of the Turk, came up to swell the throng. An European dragoman, with sword and pistols, two horses, and his master's baggage, arrived, and spite of his "bellyful of arms," and his masters' consequence, had to wait like ourselves. All these animals bibed and quadruped, seemed to acquiesce in their fate as if it was destiny—the asses and camels lay down in the sun and seemed to like it—the men smoked their pipes or drank coffee—while the boys poked sticks at the guards through some holes in the ricketty gates, and were poked at in return with some iron spikes, which had they reached their aim, would have made a clumsy wound, and have turned mirth into mourning. I observed one group of asses deliberately ascend a long flight of stone steps leading to the octroi, either as if they had taxes to pay, and were too honest to wish to withhold its dues from so *just* a government, or as if it did not satisfy them to survey the world from the same level as other asses, but they must see how it looked from a higher elevation.

A Turkish hour is often more than sixty minutes, and I thought my two hours' waiting to-day a great deal longer than any two hours elsewhere. At length, however, the gates slowly unclosed, and the two crowds, within and

without, rushing at once into the gate-way, a scene of confusion ensued, which may be more easily imagined than described. I was carried over the threshold without once feeling my legs, but after I had passed through the jaws of the gate-way, I was landed safely where the space was greater and the crowd less. There is a part of the original wall of Solomon's temple, to which on every Friday, the Jews resort to kiss its stones, bewail the departure of their city's glory, and lament over its present fallen condition. Two men and two women were at the wailing place when I visited it to-day, and on another occasion I saw eight men and two women at the place. The men had black gabardines and the usual velvet caps, edged with fur, they stood near the wall reading their bibles, and were evidently in a dejected and sorrowing frame of mind. The Jews, I believe, bewail here their private as well as their national griefs; and I have it from a truthful friend, that once at the wailing place, the father of an undutiful child was heard lamenting his misfortune in language very similar to that which was uttered by our Lord upon the cross, in the hour of his bitterest agony.

## SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

In most of his walks about Jerusalem the traveller has to make a steep descent in leaving the city, and an equally steep ascent in returning thither, and this over roads which are for the most part in the state in which nature left them. This morning, I went to visit a friend, Mr. Seddon, the landscape painter, who is at present living in a tent on the ascent above the valley of Hinnom, and just opposite the village of Siloam. The road, which is a steep descent, is covered everywhere, except where it is a deep track of dust, with a layer of sharp angular stones, on which you try in vain to set a firm tread, for the stones turn, your foot slips with every footfall, and only by the extremest caution can you avoid being thrown down. The pilgrim who walks this path thrice, has fairly earned his title to the palm and scallop, without having peas in his shoes to increase his difficulties. I found the artist at work, under an umbrella, with his picture, and the city which it represents both before him. The painting, which is large and in oils, is a view of Jerusalem from the south-east corner, in which the city walls and the buildings on that side, and more especially the mosques of Omar and El

Acksa are the most prominent objects, while the Mount of Olives and the village, pool and tombs of Siloam, with the picturesque fountain of En Rogel are included in the landscape. The artist has most judiciously taken advantage of the foliage of the trees scattered on the slopes of the Mount of Olives to diminish the effect of so large a space of bare ground destitute of verdure, and as I looked to-day at the reddish tints of the hill-side, partly the effect of the natural colour of the soil, and partly of the sun's light upon it—an effect which the artist has faithfully caught—I was both struck with the truthfulness of his picture, and, reconciled in part, to the tints which here supply the place of our English verdure, and which reminded me of the hues of a mountain-side in Wales when it is covered with red-heather in blossom. I shall cherish the hope of seeing this picture again in the Royal Academy Exhibition. As I was wending my steps back again to Jerusalem in the hot sunshine, and picking my way with caution over the treacherous road, a flock of sheep were driven rapidly past me, and the dust they raised, enveloped both them and me in a stifling cloud, while, almost at the same instant, a troop of donkeys with empty water-skins going to En Rogel to be filled, came galloping down the narrow path in an opposite direction, and between the narrowness of the path and the

cloud the sheep had raised, it was difficult to avoid the ignoble fate of being thrown down and galloped over by asses. I mention these circumstances to show some of the minor miseries which beset the pedestrian here.

Intending to proceed this evening to Bethlehem, I called to-day on the Abbé Tongre, the secretary of the Latin patriarch, to request from him a letter to the guardian of the Convent of the Nativity. I did not know that he was unwell, and as soon as I heard it, was about to retire, but the abbé would by no means hear of it, and, by his desire, I was shown into his room, where I found him stretched on a bed, and looking very pale, with his head bound up, and bleeding from the effect of some recent wounds. He was cheerful and agreeable as he always is, and, after giving orders that my request should be complied with, he told me the story of his wounds. The Latin school is under the abbé's charge, and to-day, as he was walking out as usual with the boys, a number of Moslem children, instigated by a fanatic Turk, pelted him with stones, some of which struck him on the head and wounded him severely. This is the second time the abbé has encountered this treatment at the hands of the Moslems here, but he seemed in no way disheartened by it, probably reflecting that what was a trial of Christian endurance in Jewish times, a Christian

ought now to receive with meekness at Moslem hands, since who knows that the grace which converted St. Paul, an abettor of the stoning of Stephen, into a follower of St. Stephen's faith, and who himself, afterwards, amongst other sufferings cheerfully once endured stoning for the same cause, may not work mightily by the example of meekness on some Moslem persecutor.*

Having to call upon a friend who was encamped outside the city, and at a short distance from it, my son and I did not take the direct road to Bethlehem this afternoon, but rode first to Lifta, where we found my friend's encampment in the middle of some olive grounds on one side of a basin-shaped valley, with swelling hills on every side, and where the contrast between the colours of his white tents and the green olives heightened and enlivened both, and had a very agreeable effect. We did not find my friend *at home*—if it is allowable to give this name to a tent, a home that becometh sojourners, yet a place where the *lares* are not stationary—but his Arab servant, with native politeness, offered us water to drink, which we were glad to accept, a cup of cold water being of more value in this thirsty land than it seems to us in England. The Bishop of Jerusalem

* II Cor. xi. 25.

who, like a true shepherd, was also living in a tent near my friend's encampment, sent to us whilst we were drinking the water to beg we would come and dine with him, but as we had to ride a long distance before sunset, we politely delined the invitation. At Lifta, we said to ourselves, like the peasants in Wordsworth's poem, "path, or no path, what care we," and so, forsaking the ordinary track, we rode a straight course across the country, with which our horses at least had no reason to be dissatisfied, for we found, or made for them, a better path than any road I have yet seen in this country, or than they had known for many a day. Crossing a tract of land belonging to the Convent of the Cross, which, after large quantities of stones had been gathered from it and laid in heaps on the sides, had been nicely ploughed and was now ready for the seed, we rode directly for the convent, which at least sets a good example of farming, and passed between its gateway and a vine-trellis which the monks have just planted on the opposite side of the road. From this convent we rode to the convent of Mar Elias, also belonging to the Greeks, which is said to derive its name from an incident in the life of the prophet Elijah. On the road-side there is a cavity in the rock, in shape and size just such as a man's figure would make in any soft material, and this, it is said, is an

impression made by the prophet's body in the rock where he lay down. I do not know to what period in the prophet's history this fable relates. It certainly could not be on the occasion when, in despondency, he lay down under the juniper, for the scene of that occurrence must have been in the wilderness, only one day's journey from Beersheba, from which this must be much more distant.* As I passed the place to-day, a friar, counting his beads, was kneeling near it, while several Arabs were quenching their thirst at the convent fountain, which the monks have charitably supplied with a bowl, from which all may drink who come. These Arabs, although they refuse to allow the Christian to repose near them in death, do not refuse the water which Christian charity provides.

From Mar Elias, both Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the beginning and the end of Christ's career on earth, are in sight, and the view of these two famous cities, irrespective of their associations, is striking and solemn.

A little further is the valley of Rephaim, where the Philistines came up and spread themselves against David.† Upon it there are some remains of a portion of a Roman road, and near it the fragments of two aqueducts, in one of

* I. Kings xix. 4. † II Sam. v. 18.

which, ascribed to Solomon, the water seemed to flow in pierced stone pipes up hill, and in the other, which is called the Sultan's, it flowed upon the level. Both these aqueducts, it is said, led to the Temple. At no great distance from them is the tomb of Rachel, in a situation which accords with the description of the place where Jacob set up a pillar to her memory.* The Mahometans who now have possession of the tomb have converted it into a wely, or holy place.

After riding a few miles further, with the mountains of Judea on our right, and the mountains of Moab on our left, both now robed in the mellow and softened lights of evening, and having passed that "well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," now dry and in ruin, the water of which David once refused to drink, after he had longed for it, because it had been fetched, at the peril of their lives, by his too forward servants,† we entered the city of Bethlehem, which, more than any other, deserves its name of the House of Bread, for here was born, not David only, but he who, though descended from David after the flesh, was more than David's lord. The population of the city is now wholly Christian, and, as we rode to the convent this evening, we received, from every child we saw, a welcome in good Italian.

* Gen. xxxv. 20. † II. Sam. xxiii. 16.

## SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8.

THIS morning, my son having promised to read prayers in the house of a family at Urtas, about half an hour's walk from Bethlehem, we set out thither together. Urtas, where Solomon had once a garden, derives its name from the Latin word which signifies a garden. After a walk of half an hour over a mountain we came to the valley in which the garden was situated, and which, under its present skilful management, gives proofs of its abundant fertility. A spring issues from a rock near the head of the valley with a copiousness that reminded me of St. Winifred's spring at Holywell. More than thirty women and children were employed this morning drawing water from the spring and carrying it off, either in water skins slung on the back, or in classic-shaped jars poised upon the head. All of them were Christians, and such of them as were married were distinguished by a round cap, flattened on the top, with coins placed scale-wise along the lower edge. These coins, which were for the most part silver, but which in one case were of gold and worth at least twenty pounds, were the wife's dowry, which she thus carries about with her as an ornament of her head. The

skins and jars were first filled at the fountain-head, and the remainder of the water then flowed into a receptacle where a number of other women were washing clothes. These either stood in the water or sat by its edge with their feet and legs in it, busily engaged at their work, in the course of which, having first soaked the various articles in water, they then soaped them well, and afterwards beat them vigorously with a mallet or a stone. Soap is one of the few manufactures of Jerusalem, but the quality is not so good as to drive out the English manufacture of that article, for I saw plenty there with the name of a Liverpool maker upon it. The women, who were remarkably fair and well formed, wore blue camises, whence the French word for shirts, which as well as their head dresses became their handsome persons well. The whole group looked very Arcadian in this secluded valley, which was shut in by mountains, without a house or a dwelling in sight, and with the fruit trees of the neighbouring garden giving signs of fertility and abundance. From the washing pool, the water —none the worse for the service it had rendered, and the hard usage it had been subjected to there—flowed away down the valley along the sides of a series of square enclosures gradually descending one below the other, and into which the water is admitted in a regular succession.

The ground of each enclosure is divided into squares of about two yards in diameter by forming shallow dams of earth round them, so that each part of the surface of each enclosure may receive its proper share and no more than its proper share of water. Into any of these squares the water may be let in or shut off with the foot as was the case in old time in Egypt.* It is very easy by this mode of cultivation, in this climate, to get three or more crops from the same ground in one year. There were growing in the enclosures, to-day, Indian corn, tomatoes, the produce of which, from a plot containing about four hundred and twenty square yards, has, this year realised fifteen pounds; the sweet potatoe, a productive and nutritious root, twice the size of our English esculent and with a point like a turnip, beding-jeans, large pumpkins shaped like an hour-glass, barmeas, cauliflowers, mangel-wurzel, the castor-oil plant, with large handsome leaves of a crimson colour, and many other roots and plants, while on the brook side or on the mountains near, there were fig trees which bear fruit for more than four months in the year, sweet-lemon trees loaded with golden fruit, aromatic in odour and sweet to the taste, pomegranates beautiful both in their fruit and their

* Deut. xi., 10.

blossom, and which in Deuteronomy are coupled with oil-olive and honey, as emblems of the fertility of this land, peaches, whose produce is most abundant, apricots, and other fruits. Who can doubt that this land once answered the description given of it in Holy Writ as "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey?"* But see how man has here done his best to counteract the bounty of Heaven! Nominally all this land belongs to the sultan of Turkey, but each village has its customs, which it can better assert than the sultan his rights, and the bold man who has undertaken to cultivate land in this valley is obliged to pay to the village of Urtas five pounds for each half acre of his enclosures, besides his taxes, to the Sultan before he can live in peace. No wonder that only a small part of the valley is cultivated and that the rest lies waste. But if the Sultan cannot insure to the cultivator quiet possession of his land, so neither will the laws afford him protection or redress if he is robbed of his cattle. But a good wit will turn disadvantages to a commodity. The cadi's law is dear, and must be paid for in

* Deut. viii., 7 and 8.

advance, and even after you have paid for it you are only sure of a fair hearing when you have not been out-bought by your adversary. What then is the farmer's plan at Urtas? "If an ox or other animal, or any of my property is stolen," he said to me, "I ascertain, if I can, to which tribe of my neighbour Arabs the missing animal is gone, and I then muster a dozen friends and proceed with them on horseback to the sheik of the suspected tribe, and announce to him that I have business to transact with him. No Arab will enter upon business with a stranger at his own home without showing him the customary hospitality, nor until you have been a night under his roof, and accordingly I and my friends remain all night with the sheik. After breakfast the next day, and not before, he says to me "well Effendi, you have business with me, pray inform me what it is," upon which I tell him that I have lost an ox worth two hundred piasters, and that I suspect one of his tribe to have taken it (now and then the sheik himself is not above such a suspicion). If he really knows the offender he will often make restitution at once. If not he will affect astonishment, and deny the imputation, but I repeat the charge more strongly and tell him that I am able to prove it, that "truth is the image of friendship," and that I shall come again with the same friends or more,

if the animal or its price is not forthcoming. On hearing this the sheik begins to fear that we shall eat him up, and I often return home with the price of my ox, which the sheik has paid from a fear of worse consequences to ensue. Nor is the sheik a loser by it, for if his party or tribe were not the actual thief, he probably knows who the offender was, and from him or his tribe he may reimburse himself in a similar manner."

Urtas is only eight miles from Jerusalem, and I should think this state of things must make it anything but a pleasant neighbourhood. When it was said of Solomon that he reigned over all the kings, from the river [Euphrates] even unto the land of the Philistines, and to the borders of Egypt,* many of the kingdoms here said to be subject to him were small, but none of them, however large, was strong enough to resist the payment of tribute, for he ruled over them with power and a strong hand, but the sultan, with nominally the same extent of dominion, is only nominally its ruler. He possesses but a shadow of power, and cannot even enforce his tribute when it is withheld by a petty sheik. Outside the walls of Jerusalem the law and the pasha are little more than a name. Can you

* II Chron. ix. 26.

wonder, under these circumstances, that every man goes about armed? It is rare to meet any man without either a match-lock, a spear, a sword, or a pair of pistols, and sometimes one man will have all these. The Bedouins of the desert are strong enough to beard the sultan's officer, seated on the divan; and not long ago, on the appointment of a new pasha, a large party of their sheiks in state dresses, with tufted spears, and mounted on their Arab horses, went up in a body to Jerusalem to offer the customary salutations on the occasion. They were received in state at the palace and entertained with the usual hospitalities. When they were seated on the divan, over coffee and pipes, one of the party inquired the pasha's name, and wished him health, happiness, and all other good wishes, after which, the pasha approaching the subject with all delicacy, alluded to an arrear of 100,000 piasters, which was owing to his master for tribute from these people, and inquired when it would be paid. "Money is sweet balm," said the Bedouin, "but it does not grow in the desert." "Shall I have it next month or next year?" inquired the pasha. "Oh heaven will provide," again rejoined the Bedouin spokesman, and there the conversation ended, and the piasters remain unpaid. These people deal in apologues, as all their eastern ancestors have done since Jotham, on Mount Gerizim, told

to the men of Shechem the first recorded fable. But they do not always practise, any more than their brethren of the west, the moral which their fables convey. I heard to-day one of these fables which was new to me. Two Arabs, preparing some fig grounds on the mountain side, were over-heard, at their work, discussing the comparative advantages of industry and indolence. "What better am I who work all the day for two piasters," said Selim, who was one of them, to Hassan, his fellow-labourer, "than Abdallah of Tekoa, who never works at all, but gets food as well as I, and can amuse himself whenever he likes," "True," said his companion, "but remember your hire is sure when the sun sets, which his is not, and 'a sparrow in the fist is worth a thousand cranes in the air.'" "Yes," rejoined Selim, "but then I remember another proverb which says, 'the lazy have no legs,' which I am sure is not true of Abdallah, for he walks about and uses his legs more for his own pleasure than I can." "Well, for my part," said Hassan, "I think food and rest both sweeter for labour, and I shall go on working for my daily bread, by which I shall escape both envy and the evil eye, and be in no danger of being bastinadoed to extort treasure, which I do not possess." "And I, for my part," said Selim, "shall do like Abdallah, leave off working and trust to Providence."

"Oh, oh," said a fox, who was passing within earshot of this dialogue, "if Providence will feed Selim without working, why should I run myself into danger. It was only last night that I was nearly shot in the sheik's enclosure, where I was prowling for a fat pullet or a fine goose. I will try Selim's plan, live an honester life, and wait for the food to come to me. No doubt the silly partridges who breed on this hill side will come to me, and I shall neither starve, nor be snared, nor be shot as a poacher or a robber." Acting on this resolve, he sought a retired part of the mountain, and there sat down a waiter upon Providence, but the partridges, simple and silly birds, kept out of his way, and all that day, neither they nor any other prey came near. The next day, gnawed by the pains of hunger, and faint for want of food, he fell down, and stretching himself at full length on the ground, lay between asleep and awake, until some foam which had collected on his mouth was blown off and lay at a little distance from it, when some partridges, seeing it, came near to pick it up. And now, thought reynard, my new career of honesty and reliance upon Providence is opening and will have its reward, so lying quite still and looking through the corner of his half-closed eye, he waited anxiously with his mouth open like a trap for the birds to fall into it. But after

waiting sometime in this expectation without seeing the birds come any nearer, he sprang to his feet, made a jump and caught a partridge in his mouth. "Aye, aye, I see how it is," he cried, "Providence really does bring me food, but then I shall never get to it unless I jump for it."

The list of wild animals at Urtas is large, and comprises, amongst others, hyænas, wolves, jackals, racoons, foxes, not the animals which Sampson let loose with the fire-brands, for these were the shual or jackal, a gregarious animal, which the fox is not,* pole-cats, porcupines, hedgehogs, badgers, and damans or ouebers. These last resemble the guinea pig, as much as the rabbit, have round ears and very tender feet, but no tails, and are of the colour of the hare. They are the conies of Scripture (our rabbit is unknown in Judea), and the *hyrax Syriacus* of naturalists.

I saw here some of the peculiar sheep of this country, which had remarkably silky wool, and great apron-shaped tails, weighing at least four or five pounds each.

The partridge of Scripture, which bears some resemblance to a pigeon, also abounds here on the mountains.† It is more elegant in shape and has a handsomer plumage

* Judges xv. 4. † I. Sam. xxvi. 20.

than ours; but while it has the stripes and bars, which are the family arms upon its sides, the costume of its extremities quite follows the fashion of this country, where as red is the universal livery of tarbouches and slippers, so the bird has a red bill, red wattles, red legs, and red feet.

In my walk to Urtas I saw a strange worm, called from the number of its feet, the millipede. It is five or six inches long, and wears scale armour, resembling in hue and colour the dark iron suit which gave name to our black prince.

The fruitfulness of the place makes flies abound at Urtas. Ekron, the name of the capital of Baal Zebub, the god of flies, which is at no great distance from this neighbourhood, means barrenness, for these small insects sometimes change fertility into its opposite; and it was the fear of this consequence that found this idol his worshippers in ancient times.

Very few of the Mahometans in this neighbourhood can pray, and fewer still can read; but they are not beyond the influence of superstition, for one of them recently complaining of the failure of his crops, ascribed it to his having omitted to propitiate the wely by an offering at his tomb. Some of the men had coats of sheep's-skin, with

the wool outside, and the remainder had cloaks of camels' or goats' hair, with a leathern girdle about the loins. Very few have more wives than one, but this it merely because they are too poor to have many.

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## MONDAY, OCTOBER 9.

In the year 1834, Bethlehem fell under the heavy displeasure of Ibrahim Pasha, and it was upon this occasion that Mr. Nicolayson saw the inhabitants come out in a body and strew their garments in the way, before the English consul Mr. Farran, and implore him to intercede for them, in averting the wrath of the pasha. Either this intercession or a fear of the European powers availed to some extent, for while the pasha destroyed the mussulman quarter of the city and exterminated its inhabitants, he wholly spared the Christians, and they have since been its only inhabitants.

I slept last night in the convent of Bethlehem, the guest of the Latin monks, whom once or oftener during the night, I heard chaunting the office. The convent covers the cave which is the supposed place of our Lord's

nativity, and, this morning, under the conduct of one of the monks, a grave man, with a mortified air, as who could be otherwise, on the site where mysteries higher than earth have been enacted? I went on pilgrimage to the place where, in his infinite condescension to man, God first manifested himself in the flesh. The cave, which is approached through the beautiful church built here by Helena, with its wide nave, four aisles, and more than forty marble columns, is a small chamber in the natural rock, not more than six yards square, now fitted up as a chapel, where numbers of silver lamps suspended from the roof, make a dim, religious light. It has two altars, one over the scene of the nativity, the other, over the place where the infant Redeemer lay in the manger, and, over each altar is a good picture in a silver frame. Under the altar of the manger, is a rayed silver star let into the floor, which the pilgrims kneel down, and devoutly kiss. In the chapel, I met a missionary from Bengal, and a Scotch missionary from Damascus, both of whom I knew, but the place seemed too solemn for speech; not a word was spoken, and no useless doubt crossed our thoughts whether this was the real scene of the incarnation, but we gave ourselves up to the associations of the place, and came away solemnized and impressed with the affecting

memories which hang around it. The other objects which the pilgrim visits at Bethlehem sink into insignificance after the cave of the nativity. There are the chapels of the holy innocents, of the magi, and of the shepherds, the chapel and tomb of St. Jerome, who became a monk of this convent towards the end of the fourth century, where he made the vulgate translation of the Bible, and the chapel and tomb of Paula, a Roman lady, and the founder of several nunneries at Bethlehem. In the chapels of the magi and the shepherds there are pictures representing the adoration of the Saviour, and in the chapel of St. Jerome, there is a picture representing the saint on his death-bed, the closing scene of his thirty-six years' residence in this convent. Besides the church of the Latins there are near the cave of the nativity, handsome churches of the Greeks and Armenians. In the Armenian Church, service was going on as I passed, and a number of priests in robes, and choristers in albs with lighted tapers, were chanting the litany in the Armenian language before the altar, which was decorated with gilding and painting, but it seemed a vicarious service, for none of the laity were present. The Greek church, which adjoins the Armenian, and which was not divided from it by the smallest partition, was one glare of gilding, painting and glitter. No service was

going on in it, and one of the priests showing us the church, took us behind its screen to show us the altar. In the Latin church, from which we saw the congregation retiring, a number of natives were amongst the worshippers.

This neighbourhood was the scene of the beautiful story told us in the book of Ruth, and now, as then, the owner here sleeps upon his heap of corn on the threshing-floor, until the corn is all winnowed, and fit to be carried home.

At eight o'clock this morning we mounted our horses to ride to Hebron. Let no one suppose, however, that a ride in this country implies a gallop such as he might enjoy at Melton, or on our own Delamere. Upon roads such as these, and over stones which are often sharp and dangerous, and generally loose, and up or down the hill-sides, sometimes of bare rock, but always steep and slippery, even an Arab courser learns caution and is compelled to observe a foot's pace. In half-an-hour, we saw the village of Beit Jala, pleasantly seated on a hill and embosomed in olives. The Latin patriarch a short time ago selected this village, for building a new residence; he had no sooner begun to build, however, than the people stirred up by the "unbelieving Greeks"—unbelieving that is in the Latin Church, and jealous of its growing power—filled up the foundations, and forcibly interrupted the work. But the

patriarch, a man of energy, and not easily to be diverted from his purpose, went to Constantinople, where he brought the matter before the porte, and, in the end, the Turkish effendis at Jerusalem, who, in the Greek interest, and for Greek money, had winked at the violence of the Beit Jala rioters, were summoned to Constantinople and punished, and the patriarch, returning back to his see, was conducted into Jerusalem with triumph, and has since encountered no further opposition in the building of his house. In half-an-hour more, we saw El Khudr, or St. George, another village, with some olives and an appearance of cultivation, which flourishes under the name of the patron saint of England, whose popularity seems widely spread here; and very soon afterwards, we came to a large square building of Saracenic architecture, now a khan, but formerly a castle, erected to protect the pools of Solomon which are near. These pools, three in number, the upper, the middle, and the lower, formed to husband that element which is all precious in this country, are a striking proof of the justice of that great king's character for wisdom.

In our Lord's first miracle, water changed to wine at his word in the marriage feast at Cana—here, by a divine command, uttered without voice, but enduring ever, it changes to fruit, olives, corn, wine and bread, everything,

in short, that man needs, if he only perform his part of the duty, and turn it to proper account in these valleys. The pools, which descend one below another in a series towards the valley, are sunk in the native rock, their lower end being formed in steps like buttresses, to give greater power of resistance at the bottom; all of them are lined and cemented, and the lowest and largest of the three, which is five hundred feet long by two hundred broad, and forty deep, has a strong maintaining wall on its lower side towards the valley. I entered a chamber under this pool, which is contrived so as to catch all the water that escapes by percolation, or otherwise, from the bottom of the pools, and to turn it into a channel which runs down the valley where it may be of use. From the lowest pool, by two aqueducts, in one of which, lined with pipes, called Solomon's, the water flows on the true hydraulic principle, and in the other, which is called Suleiman's, as if the original name could not be forgotten, it flows in an open channel. Were these aqueducts in repair, Bethlehem and Jerusalem might be abundantly supplied by them. A really useful work the repair of these pools, perhaps the only work of peace for public purposes now in progress in this country, was proceeding when we were there to-day, and more than two hundred Arab fellahs

were engaged upon it. Such of them as were employed in taking out the dirt and rubbish, reared ladders from the bottom against the side of the middle pool, which was nearly empty, and on these some men stood one above the other, while another party of men on the floor of the pool, lifted the earth into bass baskets, and handed them to the men on the lowest stages, by whom they were handed to those next above them, and so passed up to the top. Not long before I left home, I had seen some men employed in removing earth from a deep cavity very similar to this pool, and I could not but be struck with the difference. The English labourers made an inclined plane of boards, up which they wheeled the earth in barrows, and, as the angle was rather a steep one, a horse was attached to the barrow by a rope, and made to pull as the man ascended with his load.

The upper pool was filled with water, but the lowest was quite empty to-day. In the middle one, a great number of men and boys, some of them supported on inflated goat skins, not placed under them, as in the Nineveh marbles, but fastened on their shoulders, were bathing and swimming about. An accident like that which Cardinal Wolsey describes as having befallen himself, in a metaphor, happened, a few days ago, to a young

man who was bathing in one of these pools. Unable to swim, he was floating about on one of these skins, which burst, when he sank to the bottom and was drowned. A large number of his friends followed his body to the grave, and afterwards assembled to commemorate the event on a neighbouring thrashing-floor, where the women alternately wailed, danced, and sung, until a late hour of the night. But a far more fatal event occurred on the margin of these pools, in 1834, when a battle took place between Ibrahim Pasha and the fellahs of Hebron, which stained their waters with blood.

The fountains which supply these pools are seated in the hill-side above them. Into one of them, called the sealed fountain, and supposed to be the same that is called by that name in Scripture, as the gardens alluded to in the same place, may be the gardens of Urtas* I descended by a narrow hole, three or four yards deep, to an underground chamber, where the water wells from the earth in a copious stream, and is conducted thence in a wide stone sluice below the ground into the upper pool. After drinking of its water, which was very delicious, I climbed back again to daylight, and was not sorry to find my

* Canticles iv. 12. 15.

upper clothes safe on the hill-side, where I had left them on going down to the spring. One may imagine such a fountain as this to be that which Aristæus, in the Georgics, addressed so passionately as his mother.—

> Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
> Is in the depths of this immortal flood.

On leaving the pools of Solomon, we began to ascend a hill by a track over the bare rock, which, after the sun has been scorching it for months without rain, and after iron hoofs have trodden it all that time, has become very polished and slippery. The same rocky tract continued for several miles after we had surmounted the ascent, and it proved very treacherous for our horses' feet. The well of El Hadji Ramadan, with its ruined cupola, standing on a projecting shoulder of a rocky hill, and looking over a beautiful and extensive vale, tempted us by the picturesqueness of its situation to make a short halt beside it.

Mounting our horses we again passed the ruined village of Walla, where, though we saw no houses, we saw a sight which is always distressing in this country, a reservoir in ruins.

Shortly afterwards we saw on our left Kurbet el Nusarah,

another village in ruins, where the Moslems have exterminated the inhabitants, because, as its name shows, the village was Nazarene, or Christian." The village church which once distributed the water of life to its inhabitants, now stands upon the hill above it, a picturesque beacon in ruins.

At some distance on the left is Neby Yuneh, the supposed grave and place of death of the prophet Jonah. The Moslems have erected a wely or praying place over it, and the place possesses a respectable tradition in favour of its genuineness.

At El Hulhil are some gardens and the village betrays the presence of water by its unusual verdure. I saw the cattle approach a watering trough, and a cow, which was among them, instinctively kneel down to reach the water.

We had ridden from Solomon's pools to this place, for the most part over swelling hills covered with dwarf plants and brushwood. Amongst them were oaks of a kind not bigger than a gooseberry bush, with leaves like a holly, and small but elegantly formed acorns, a sort of wood thyme, with a smell and a flower like ours, which no doubt helps to make the honey for which Hebron and its neighbourhood is and has long been famous, a small flowering shrub, with a pink blossom like heath, and the beautiful

styrax with red succulent stems, and a leaf like the Portugal laurel but smaller. This is the plant, on whose medical properties Pliny so much enlarges, and whose odours he says the Arabs use to disguise their own. Where these shrubs grew there was evidently soil enough to grow figs and other fruit with profit. Though this was not the season for flowers, I noticed to-day, a wild sage, a golden rod, and two species of the autumnal crocus, a white and a lilac, these sprang from the bare earth without a green leaf or a blade of grass near them, and it was not until I had dismounted to examine them, that I assured myself they were not small hanks of floss silk which some one had scattered in the way. Of plants to be eaten by cattle, I saw none but the netsch,* a sort of small withered thistle, so uninviting and innutritious, that no successor of those spirited English herds, which as we are told by Peter Pindar, petitioned George III., against being fed with horse chestnuts in the husk, would have deigned to bestow on it a single look.

The valleys between these hills were without enclosures of any kind, but in many places, and more especially as you approach Hebron, they appear to have been ploughed and prepared for wheat, barley, and other grain.

* The Jews call this plant naatzutz, which is the origin of the present Arabic name.

During our six hours' ride to-day we met no persons who were not armed. Some had spears and swords, some fire-arms, and some had both spears and fire-arms. One mounted horseman who rode beside us for miles, wore a caphia, a sort of shawl which covers the head and a good part of the face, and is fastened round the head with a double coil of rope, such probably as Benhadad and his servants wore when they approached the king of Israel as suppliants,* and the origin probably, in later times, of the herald's torse. He had a dress of silk, of a pattern which resembled link mail, a carbine slung at his back, two pistols in his girdle, and a mace shaped like a hammer, the veritable martel which gave the first Charles of France his name. His Arab horse had bells on its neck, ornamented trappings on its head, and four large tassels, swinging with every motion, under its flanks and belly, to frighten and disturb the flies. The horseman, if we substitute for his fire-arms a lance and a sword, might have passed for an impersonation of one of those warriors who fought hand to hand with Cœur de Lion, one of the Paladins of Saladin.

Throughout all this country the Arabs are at constant

* I Kings xx. 31.

feud amongst themselves, and their quarrels often assume the shape of petty wars. To-day, as we heard in our way, the Muteselim of Hebron is endeavouring by the strong arm to bring the men of Beit Jebrin to submission. In these quarrels the Arab horse, which here supplies the place of the dog, as the faithful friend and companion of man, often performs a conspicuous and memorable part. An Arab, who had deadly enemies, who he knew had been long watching for him, but whom he had hitherto succeeded in avoiding was so overcome with fear, when turning the corner of a hill he suddenly found himself confronted with them, that he fainted and fell from his saddle, but his faithful steed, seizing him by the vest, caught him up and galloping with him to his tent, deposited him there in safety. Another Arab, seeing his enemy preparing to fire his carbine at him, bent down his head nearly to the saddlebow, when the horse received the shot intended for his master. The steed trembled for an instant, and then as if prompted by a consciousness of his master's danger, set off at full gallop with him to his encampment, and there fell down and expired.

We were now approaching Hebron, and shortly entered upon a road enclosed between the stone walls, of the vineyards of the city. The road between these walls, hitherto

a hardly discernible track, become now a highway paved with square blocks of stone, the work of some remote period, but age and neglect and the constant tread of iron feet, had made its regular pavement so very irregular, that I longed to have back the country track which we had followed so long. An ancient chariot, had no springs, but fifty yards of travelling over such a pavement in its present condition would have been fatal to the best carriage springs in Europe.

We may infer from the name of Hebron, which means society, that its age goes back to that remote period when it was a novelty for men to be gathered into communities in towns. The city existed in very early times under its original name of Kirjath Arba. Here Sarah died, and here Joshua established one of the cities of the Levites and made it a city of refuge.* Here David reigned seven years as king of Judah, before he reigned in Jerusalem as king over all Israel, and here he penned some of the most beautiful of his psalms. Hebron having been mentioned in Genesis, the first book of the Bible, is mentioned also in Maccabees, the last book of the apocrypha.†

It was from this neighbourhood that the spies brought the famous grapes of Eshcol, and the fame of the country for that fruit continues still.

* Gen. xxiii. 2. Josh. xx. 7. † I. Macc. v. 65.

The tombs of the patriarchs, and of all their wives, except Rachael, (whose tomb has been mentioned before), are within the haram at Hebron. The Mussulmen guard this place with as much jealousy as the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem; but as I had no winged steed to carry me into the enclosure of this, as Mahomet fabled that he was carried by El Borak into that of Omar, and as I knew that I should never see it without taking more trouble than wishing for it, I walked towards it this evening with my son and easily found the place. It is a large building, in the form of a parallelogram, two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifteen broad, not placed east and west, but enclosed with a wall fifty feet in height. The stones, which are very large, are rusticated, and bevelled in the ancient Jewish manner. Its masonry is excellent, and the structure, which has a look of great antiquity, doubtless encloses the patriarchs' tombs. I expected as usual, to find a guard of Turkish soldiers keeping sentry over the haram, but seeing no uniforms near the gate, I was about to mount the covered stone stairway which leads up to the entrance, when three or four men in ragged robes and turbans, and armed with swords at their sides and pistols in their girdles, rushed from a neighbouring archway, and abruptly stopped my further progress. Our European, perhaps our

English appearance, procured us some little respect and civility, for on inquiring who they were, and what right thy had to stop us, they explained that all the Turkish soldiers had been sent to the war, and that, for the time, the keeping of the haram was entrusted to them, a party of bashi-bazouks, soldiers whose only pay was a license to plunder. Such soldiers can scarcely said to be more than licensed robbers, and such, I believe, is the condition of the bashi-bazouk irregulars. But as if to aggravate our prejudices against them, these men had the most forbidding countenances I ever saw. Were Salvator Rosa again alive to paint bandits from the lowest rank of society, as he once painted them from the highest, the political outcasts among the Italian nobles, he might find hardihood and villany in these guards of the haram ready made to his pencil. The one, who was their chief speaker, and who, I think, if he had been alone, would have let us in for a backsheish, was deeply pitted with the small-pox, had a broken nose, a complexion like brass, and a most horrible squint. After a little parley with these men, and after taking off our shoes at their desire, we began to ascend the steps, and I thought that the English alliance was about to vanquish Moslem prejudice if not Russian arms. But after going up ten or twelve steps, we were again stopped and told to look

though a hole. A miller's practised eye can see nothing through a millstone unless he looks in the proper place, and I could see nothing whatever in this opening, which either it did not extend through the wall, or was now closed at the other end. It showed us nothing but disappointment, and so we descended the steps, put on our shoes, and came away. These Turks are too grave for a joke, or I should have expected to see my own face reflected from a mirror in the opening, to shew how they had fooled me.

At the pool in Hebron, which is called the sultan's, and which is a well-cemented reservoir, one hundred and thirty three feet square, and nearly twenty-two feet deep, David hanged up the assassins of Ishbosheth. Another and a smaller pool in another part of the city, has handsome porches, and is altogether more picturesque. Hebron has surely something Irish about it, for when I inquired of the quarantine officer what the scattered buildings opposite were, he said—"Oh, those are the *five quarters* of the city."

Although one of the oldest cities in the world, there is neither an inn, nor a khan, nor a convent, in Hebron, and the traveller who does not come provided with his own tent, may have a canopy to his chamber more spacious, and

infinitely more magnificent, than a monarch's, but at the same time not so safe. But there is a health establishment at Hebron, where travellers entering Palestine by the long desert are compelled to undergo quarantine. The quarantine establishment, a square building, enclosing a court in the middle, stands pleasantly on a hill-side opposite the city. It is new and clean, and a prisoner committed on suspicion of disease could hardly have pleasanter quarters than its four walls. The doctor and chief health officer, at Hebron, was known to us, and he took us in for the night. He is a German, speaks many languages, Turkish amongst them, but, except at the beginning of the year, when travellers arrive from Egpyt and Sinai, by the long desert, he rarely sees a visitant; and as he cannot speak Arabic, almost the only language in use at Hebron, and has no converse but with his books, his state of solitariness and isolation from his fellow-men, are producing their ordinary results and filling his mind with a large harvest of doubts. We combated some of his unhappy opinions, and I hope did him good; but it is not good for man to be alone. He entertained us to the best of his ability at dinner, which was served with knives and forks, but no plates, except flat cakes of bread which we ate after we

had used them as platters, just as the heroes in Virgil's story, when they so unwittingly fulfilled that prophecy of the harpies pronounced by Celæno—

> "Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
> Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed."

And of which the solution came, when—

> "Ascanius this observed and smiling said—
> See we devour the plates on which we fed."

We had at dinner, quinces dressed as apple sauce, the inside of the pomegranate fruit, some fruit which resembled the Siberian crab, but that it had a stone, and our host called it melfish. We had Hebron grapes, and dibs, a sweet syrup made from them of the colour and consistence of treacle, and a racy luscious red wine made by the Jews, for the Mussulmen make no wine either here or elsewhere, which was worthy of the grapes of Hebron and their fame. Except the health officer, there is not a single Christian in Hebron.

## TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10.

On rising this morning from the doctor's divan, where, in spite of *musquitoes* coming in, and *muskets* going off, as they did, from some unexplained cause the whole night, probably, the Beit Jebrin war, we slept with our windows wide open, and rose refreshed. For the first time since my landing in the east, there were this morning clouds in the sky, with a delicious moderation in the temperature of the air, the harbinger, it is said, of a break in the weather, and of the approach of winter. From the terrace in front of the quarantine establishment, the five quarters of Hebron, each with its mosques and minarets, stood out with very imposing effect upon the opposite hill, whilst both on hill and valley, the shadows of the flying clouds gave a new aspect and new features to the prospect.

My stock of writing paper being exhausted, my diary came to a sudden pause this morning. It did not seem likely that in the dark bazaars of Hebron, I should be able to procure a fresh supply, but, as there was no other alternative, I went thither to see, and great were my surprise and pleasure, when I not only found a paper merchant, but was able to procure for half a piaster, about

a penny, four sheets of good paper, better than I could have purchased for the same money at Warrington. After this timely supply, I was able to resume my journal. The streets in Hebron, and of course, its bazaars, are arched over head; and are, in consequence, more dark, gloomy, and confined, than even in the other cities of Palestine, where for health and comfort, it is the habit to exclude superfluous light. Hebron probably owes its arches, and the excessive gloom and narrowness of its streets, to its being a frontier town, and in close neighbourhood to the Bedouins.

At Hebron, I saw whole acres of goat skins, tanned with the hair on, for zem zemeens, or water vessels, and, no doubt, it is the great place where that article is manufactured and supplied by wholesale. Here also, I saw seven men at work in the same building, weaving that blue linen cloth, which is in universal use for the camises of the humbler classes. The warp, which was about a foot wide, was drawn over a beam under the roof, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the weaver cast the shuttle with his hands each time that it passed and repassed the warp. The cloth, as the weaving proceeded, was wound above the workman's knees, who sat in a hollow sunk in the floor, and worked the traddles with his feet. One of them civilly invited me to try my hand at throwing his shuttle.

Glass making, it is said, was first accidentally discovered by the Phœnicians, on the banks of the river Belus, not very distant from this country, and here, where the art had its cradle, it is in its infancy still, for though they make glass here, it cannot vie with our own. I visited the manufactory at Hebron, where they make glass beads and armlets, as well as lamps for the Egyptian market; and I bought there a pair of amber-coloured decanters for sixpence, so that if the article be inferior to ours, so also is the price. The form of my decanters seems copied from the water-bottles common in Egypt, and they have wide funnel-shaped mouths, which unfit them for holding wine, and make them more suited for flowers. Sand of a fine quality, and suitable for glass-making, is abundant in this neighbourhood, and so is also the soda plant from which they get their kelp. When I was at the works, I saw a heap of metal mixed on the floor, which a man was sieving, to take out the coarser particles. Pots of clay, with several orifices for gathering the glass, were used to fuse the materials, and for that purpose, flues were carried round the pots.

The inhabitants of Hebron seem to have no idea how time-honoured their city is, nor to what a period it goes back. They tell you, it was, originally, a Christian city

and called Hebron, until the Moslems took it, and gave it its present name of El Khalil.

It is now the season of the vintage, which happens later at Hebron than in any other parts of Palestine, and the vineyards, in consequence, are now swarming with people, who are living there either in tents or in permanent towers. Walking through the vineyards this morning, with the sound of merry voices ringing in our ears, towards the "Baluta," or tree of Abraham, we met in a narrow lane, near the so-called ruins of ancient Hebron, and the alleged tomb of Jesse, a party of vintagers, who were good humouredly clamorous for backsheish, upon the plea that it was harvest home, whereupon, I gave them my pocket knife, and they went off more merry and noisy than before. The celebrated tree which we had come to see, and which was the first large tree I had seen in Palestine, is really a noble object. It is twenty-three feet in the bole, and its branches cover a circle of ninety feet in diameter. It does not, in strictness, stand in a plain, but upon a slight elevation in the valley, and it is surrounded on all sides by vineyards and cultivated lands. It cannot be pretended that this is the tree under which Abraham received the angels, but it may occupy its site, as it certainly occupies the site of that later tree, under which

Hadrian established a mart for the sale into slavery of the Jews captured at Bettir. We had bought for a halfpenny from the proprietor of the vineyard where the oak stands, about two pounds of grapes, and, as we stood admiring the rich prospect to be seen from Baluta, we offered part of them to some children whom curiosity had drawn to the spot. For some reason they declined the grapes, but, as they seemed willing to converse, I asked the boys whether they could read and write, and the girls whether they could sew. Two of the boys I found were able both to read and write, though one of them, who could not be less than ten or eleven years old, was unable to tell his own age. They were very curious to have my name in Arabic, so it was written and given to them, and, at the same time, I gave each of the boys a couple of needles for his mother, and each of the girls three needles for herself, with which they seemed greatly pleased.

Mounting our horses we now set out to return to Jerusalem. At El Hulhil about an hour's ride from Hebron, we halted to examine a ruined building, whose age and object have hitherto baffled enquiry and proved an antiquarian and archæological puzzle. The ruin forms a parallelogram measuring seventy yards by fifty, but not placed east and west. It is now eight feet high, and I

think has never been higher. Very many of its stones are sixteen feet long by four wide and as many deep. They are square, rusticated and bevelled, like the early Jewish work, and their masonry is excellent. There is no gate-way but on the north-west side, and in that corner there is a well which has been arched over, but the arch has fallen in. The place must have been made as a temporary retreat for the inhabitants and their flocks in case of any sudden attack, a sort of camp, where they might defend themselves until help arrived.

All this neighbourhood seems composed of limestone, which has been much disturbed by some convulsion of nature.

From the summit of a hill, not far from this ruin, I caught sight, for a few minutes, of the Mediterranean Sea, and as the sun was setting, Jerusalem, with its walls, and domes, and minarets, gilded by his evening beams, burst on our view like—

> "Some city far renowned,
> With glittering spires and pinnacles adorned."

Here and there, between Mar Elias and Jerusalem, there are traces of an ancient paved road, now sadly out

of repair. For a few hundred yards the road over the plain of Rephaim is level and good, but its goodness is, like Ephraim's, for, as "a morning cloud and as the early dew, it goeth away." But our new acquaintance of to-day, the clouds above our heads, accompanied us to the end of our ride.

After dismounting, at the end of our nine hours' ride to-day, I had the curiosity to examine my horse's feet, when I found to my surprise, that he was only shod on his two forefeet, and that his hind feet were without any artificial protection. But notwithstanding our rough and stony journey, his feet were wholly uninjured. The shoes on his two forefeet were not mere crescents like ours, but iron disks, nailed to the feet round the front and side edges. Had I been told that horses would be sent out to encounter such roads as these either wholly or partially unshod, I should have said "it was like taking away the sandal from the sorefooted."

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## WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11.

THIS morning I made a pilgrimage to the church of the

Holy Sepulchre, whose handsome dome and mediæval tower are always visible from my windows. The front of the church, with its double storey of pointed windows, has more of a Saracenic than an ecclesiastical look. Before it is a square court, the pavement of which has borne the tread of unnumbered pilgrims, and not being formed of adamant or the everlasting flint, it is marked and channelled with their footsteps. Entering the church, whose floor is of black and reddish coloured marble in patterns, you find yourself immediately under a wide and handsome dome and within a spacious circular enclosure, where both the light and the atmosphere breathe solemnity and devotion. Just under the dome stands a chapel, with a cupola built of white marble, and of light and elegant proportions, a combination of the Greek, Roman, and Romanesque architecture, the whole effect of which is very agreeable. This building covers the place in which the Lord's body lay between his crucifixion and his resurrection—that short interval when death having obtained a seeming victory, filled the hearts of our Lord's afflicted followers with consternation and dismay. At one end of the chapel the Copts have an altar for worship—at the other is the entrance which does not lead at once into the sepulchre, but into a vestibule, which is a very small chamber said to

contain a piece of the stone with which the tomb was closed, and to be the place where the angel sat at that solemn moment when Mary Magdalen and the other Mary came early to see the sepulchre. The dim and sombre light which is shed by the lamps hanging from the roof of this chamber, well befits both the vestibule of a tomb, and the gloom and doubt which filled the minds of those faithful women when they heard the mysterious announcement that the Lord was risen. From the vestibule, by a low doorway, humble as he should be who passes through it, I entered the chamber itself. The twenty-eight silver lamps perpetually burning in this chamber, showed obscurely the features of the place—but did not suffice to dispel its gloom. In the chamber there was a small marble altar with a profusion of aromatic and beautiful flowers upon it, while other flowers hung in numerous festoons before it and on the walls above it. The altar covers the place where the body of our Lord lay, and as I stood by it to-day in silent reverence, several pilgrims approached and taking off their shoes, knelt down and kissed the place with an appearance of deep devotion. These pilgrims were but the followers of a succession of holy men of every age, clime, and country, who for fifteen hundred years and more have paid the same reverence in the same place, and in

grateful memory of the same adorable mystery. From the tomb where the Saviour was buried, I ascended to Golgotha where he was crucified, which is reached by a short walk within the church, and an ascent of fifty-two steps cut in the native rock. In this place the site of the cross is marked in the rock, and near it is a deep fissure which may have been caused, as it is alleged, by that earthquake which happened at the crucifixion, but which is most evidently the result of that or some other convulsion of nature. Round these sacred places are grouped the churches of the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Syrians, the Abyssinians, and the Copts, an array of Christians sufficient to protect the Holy Sepulchre from all enemies but themselves. I do not stay to describe either these or the place where Helena is said to have discovered the true cross, nor the tomb of the great Godfrey, the first Latin king of Jerusalem, nor the pillar which, with the vanity that makes all nations consider their own country more important than every other, the Jews affirm to be the centre of the world; nor the chapels erected to commemorate the various incidents in our Lord's life; nor the gorgeousness of the Greek church, with its painting and gilding, and its numbers of coloured lamps; nor the stone of anointing; nor the church of the Abyssinians dedicated

to Saint Melchisedec; nor the Norman architecture of the columns and capitals of one of the chapels. These and a multitude of other objects only serve to disturb the mind in its contemplation of the scenes of our Lord's death, burial, and resurrection, and I therefore omit them. No great event has ever happened the scene of which has not been disputed; and it has been doubted whether our Lord's death, burial, and rusurrection, events which infinitely transcend all others in the world's history, actually occurred within the site included in the present church of the Holy Sepulchre. But I do not stop to discuss this question. It suffices for me, that for generations mankind have believed in their genuineness, and reality have wept over them penitential tears, and have here heightened and purified the flame of their devotion.

As I walked through the bazaars this morning, they and the streets near them seemed to have undergone some sudden purification. Both the bazaars and the merchants appeared much cleaner than I ever saw them before. How comprehensive is this word merchant. Without turning to an English jury list, where merchants are now made for a purpose, the term includes many degrees besides the positive, the comparative, and the superlative, for while the princes of Tyre, we are told, were merchants, a French

dressmaker calls herself a merchant, and every one of the little traders, who sat cross-legged in his stall to-day, assumed to himself the same title, however small his stock in trade. One had a basket of zarûr, a fruit with stones in it, which looks like a Siberian crab, but which, I believe, is a hawthorn; a third, had a heap of the fruit of the Semmak (or Shumac) which resembles clusters of very small grapes, and has the smell of raisins, the wood of which is used in dyeing; a fourth was selling henné, a plant with which the women stain their palms and the tips of the joints of their fingers of a crimson colour; the hands of all the women whom I saw in the washing pool at Urtas were stained in this way. Another offerd for sale the kohl, with which, the eyelids and eyelashes of the women are stained of a dark blue colour, to give them greater expression. "Were it not for the black of the eye, where would be its beauty," say the Arabs. In the stall of another there was a heap of carob pods, so called from their resemblance to a bent thorn, which are the fruit of the locust tree *(ceritonia siliqua)*, and are used with other ingredients to make sherbet, as its pulp is also used for food. But from its being long called St. John's bread, under an idea which then prevailed, but which is now exploded, that it, and not the insect locust was the food

which the Baptist ate, and also, from its refuse being really the husks which the prodigal, in our Lord's parable, shared with the swine—the carob has its own interest in the eyes of the biblical student; and a few eggs and a few seeds constituted the whole stock of many others of these bazaar merchants.

The feast of tabernacles, instituted to commemorate the ingathering of the harvest, and as a season of thankfulness to its Almighty giver, has now commenced here, and I saw numbers of the Jews in the streets enjoying their holiday to-day. The tabernacles, which are booths, set up with poles and canvas in the courts, or on the tops of their houses, and covered with green branches, look very cool and pleasant. Few of them are large enough to live in, but the owners and their families, sit either in them or about them, and contrive to take at least some of their meals in them.

When a Mahometan judge is unbiassed and unbribed, which unfortunately but seldom happens, especially in the towns, his decisions are often marked by good common sense, of which this story, somewhere told by Sir William Jones, may serve as an illustration. A poor woman brought an action against a person of the same village, for the loss of her husband, who had died, as she alleged,

from being unskilfully treated by the defendant in his sickness. "You see, effendi," she said, "my husband was sick, and he sent to the defendant to give his advice, and prescribe for him. Upon which the defendant visited him, and gave him medicines which proved so strong that, instead of curing, they killed my husband." "The defendant then, I suppose," said the cadi, "practised physic and was a licensed doctor." "Oh yes," answered the widow, "he was a horse doctor." "Oh, if that be the case," replied the cadi, "I cannot help you, for if your husband had not been an *ass*, he had not gone to a *horse* doctor to cure him in his sickness."

Take also as an illustration the following story, which I heard at Jerusalem:—"Moorad of El Khudr, who sued Abdool of Tamarah, for the value of a camel which had broken its leg, by falling through the roof of Abdool's house, thus stated his case to the cadi—'One night in the dark I was riding my camel from my own village to Tamarah, when all at once we fell down a steep place, and the camel broke its leg. Upon recovering myself I found that we had fallen into Abdool's house, close by where he was sleeping, and he is surely answerable for my beast for not keeping his roof in better order.' 'Well, Abdool,' said the judge, 'What have you to say to this charge.'

'I am only a poor fellah,' began Abdool, 'but if the effendi will hear me, I will speak the truth, for *a lie has no legs.* El Khudr and Tamarah had been at war, and mine being the nearest house to El Khudr, and the most exposed to attack, I left it and went upon the mountain side where there was no road, and there finding an old stone quarry, I roofed part of it as well as I could, and was living there with my children, when Moorad and his camel fell through the roof. They fell very near me, and if they had fallen on me they would have killed me.' 'Oh, said the cadi to Moorad, 'your claim rather seems to be against your own village, who drove him from home, than against the defendant, but if you prefer it you may sleep where he slept when your camel broke its leg, and let Abdool, on some dark night of which you have no notice beforehand, ride his camel over the roof and see if he can just avoid you as you did him.'

Sometimes also the judges will be unusually accommodating and complying to a traveller, as one of my countrymen, Mr. Ross, lately experienced when, as he was travelling in Egypt, he took the refractory rais of his boat before one of them on the Nile. The cadi, having heard the complaint and convicted the rais, ordered him forty stripes of the koorbagg, a whip made of the hide

of the hippopotamus, which the cavass immediately proceeded to inflict. After the first few strokes, however, Mr. Ross asked the officer how many he had then inflicted, and being told ten, he appealed to the cadi to stay the further execution of the sentence at present, and to give him an order, on any other cadi along the Nile, to administer the remaining stripes in case they should be necessary. To this very novel request, the cadi at once acceded, and Mr. Ross left the court with the rais, and taking an order in his pocket for the remaining thirty stripes to be administered by some other cadi *on demand.*

These traits in the administration of Mahometan law made me desire to see it in actual operation, and before returning home this morning I found my way into the Makhamé, the supreme court of justice in Jerusalem, where the cadi sits.

The court itself, a building of Saracenic architecture, quite characteristic of the place, and in a good style of art, is admirably adapted to this climate. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and is spacious and lofty, with a groined roof, and a lanthorn-like opening in the centre for the admission of light and air. On the floor, in the centre, there was a fountain of water falling into an octagonal cistern. One of its doorways which looked towards the

mosque of Omar, was peculiar from the singular form of its columns. For about two thirds of their height these were Corinthian in their proportions, but each column then branched into two smaller twisted columns with fantastic but not unpleasing capitals.

In the court I saw a marble sarcophagus precisely the same as that of which I had seen the lid in the tombs of the kings. Unfortunately for this country, Turkish pashas, cadis, and other rulers, seldom speak the Arabic language, while the people speak no other. This in itself indisposes the people from resorting to the cadi for justice, whilst the throwing of the costs upon the victor, is a wholesale, perhaps a wholesome, discouragement from going to law. Turkish law prefers oral evidence to written, a practice which experience has proved to be a great inducement to perjury. No Turkish cadi or other official either is or affects to be superior to bribes and backsheish. The present cadi, when he remarked on hearing from the consul, the amount of an English judge's salary, that if he had such a salary he would never take a bribe again, at once admitted the practice and his own consciousness that it was wrong. Whence, I sometimes ask myself, is the regeneration of this country to proceed?—not from itself, for from the crown to the foot every part is corrupt.

The cadi did not come into court to-day, and I therefore lost the opportunity of seeing how justice was administered at Jerusalem.

As we were looking into the mosque through the doorway before mentioned, one of its jealous guardians came up and rudely desired us to desist. But after we had pointed out to him that we were neither intruding nor intending to intrude upon the mosque, his fierceness moderated, and *he* desisted from his scolding, but not we from our survey.

On our way home we looked into the Greek church of St. John Prodromos, which, by the accumulation of ruins and rubbish about it, is become dilapidated and almost subterranean. It has a crypt and pointed arches, and must have been built, I think, during the Latin kingdom.

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## THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

THESE oriental people seem to make but little account of time, noting its flight not by hours, but, in the daytime, by the less frequent intervals of the muezzin's call to prayer, and at dawn and at bed-time, by the martial sounds of the drums and trumpets of the citadel.

They measure it, indeed, by long measure. The muezzin, whom I hear and see every evening on the minaret of the mosque which adjoins, and, as it were, jostles the church of the holy sepulchre, has a voice so rich and full that it can be heard over a great portion of the city, and in the evening when the air is calm, its music, as he chaunts the call to prayer, seems to hush all other sounds to silence—

"Even as nature
Breathed silence over all in earth and heaven,
Vocal alone with grateful man's thanksgiving."

Before coming to Jerusalem, I had pictured to myself the inhabitants, and more especially those of the wealthier classes, as living in spacious houses built round a court, with chambers on every side, a fountain playing in the midst, and perhaps vines and fig trees overshadowing it. But, except the convents, the houses of the inhabitants here, although convenient, are neither large nor spacious. They are floored, for the most part, with a cement of lime mixed with small stones, and beaten hard, which makes a solid, lasting, and even floor. For a great part of the year the inmates fear and feel heat more than cold, and they make more provision for air and ventilation than for

excluding cold. There are three windows and two doors in my bedroom. One of the windows is glazed, but the other two have only shutters, and yet I am often obliged to leave both the doors open at night to moderate the heat.* The Greek convent has the appearance of a great many separate establishments grouped together in the same enclosure. It resembles more than anything else a large straggling village, enclosed within a high wall, and, like a village, it contains in itself many of the callings which are necessary for its support. One man is the zographos or painter, another the printer, and another the book-binder, while there are bakers, butchers, and other traders exercising their respective callings within the house; some of the latter callings are, of course, carried on not by the monks, but by servants and lay brothers of the house, and on the doors of many of the cells you read, in modern Greek, the callings of their inmates. The high wall which shuts in the convent does not very securely shut in its inmates, for you meet these so-called prisoners of the cloister abroad in every part of the city, in their

* Upon the whole, however, the climate is delicious, except when the sirocco blows, when the thermometer sometimes stands at 112 in the shade. I felt its dry scorching blast once, and only once, during my stay.

dark cloth robes, and round felt caps flattened on the top; but the wall may be of use for defence, and still more for show. The monks take no vows of poverty, and some of them are rich. As I have before expressed my opinion, that the government here fails to protect the people, and as taxation and protection ought to be co-relatives, are there, it may be asked, any taxes levied in this country: and the following list furnishes the reply:—For every ewe and she-goat one piaster is paid—for every ass ten piasters—for every horse and mule twenty piasters—for every camel thirty piasters—for every ox seventy-five piasters—for every olive tree one piaster, and for every feddân (about an acre and a tenth) of figs or vineyards thirty-five piasters—Besides these, they have also a kind of property-tax, and a tax called a capitation tax, which is in reality like our land tax, a sum fixed upon each village, and raised by the inhabitants at so much per head.

When the pasha and the sheik are strong enough to enforce payment, these taxes are collected with a large amount of oppression and abuse, the sure result of the custom of letting out the pashalics to farm under a government so feeble as this, and in a country where corruption is universal. But how ancient the practice is, and how

inveterate abuses are in this country, we may learn from a modern writer on Jerusalem:—

"The fiscal management of Judea during this period," (under the Egyptian rule,) he says, "is well illustrated, by a narrative introduced by the Jewish historian, which belongs to the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes. (B. C. 247—222). And it is a curious fact, that the system of finance, perhaps introduced by the Persians, continued under the Egyptian and Syrian kings, and perpetuated by the Romans, is identically the same that is now dissipating the resources of the government, and impoverishing the subjects in that part of the Turkish empire.

"Onias, the son of Simon the Just, who had succeeded his uncle Manasseh in the high priesthood, was a person of a sordid disposition, whose love of money induced him to withhold the tax of twenty talents of silver, which it had been customary for his predecessors to pay to the royal treasury. Evergetes sent to demand payment, with a threat that, if it were refused he would seize the land and colonize it with soldiers. The Jews were much alarmed, but Onias was as little disposed as ever to satisfy the demand. At this conjuncture appeared a spirited young man, named Joseph, maternal nephew of the high priest. Having reproved his uncle for his reckless selfishness, he

offered to go as ambassador to Egypt to pacify the resentment of the indignant monarch. Onias accepted the proposal with indifference, the people with the liveliest gratitude; and the youthful diplomatist set forth on his mission (cir B. C. 226.)

"It was the practice of the government to farm out the revenues by the year, to the principal inhabitants of the various cities of Syria and Palestine, and Joseph travelled to Egypt in the company of some of the public farmers, on their way to the annual auction at Alexandria.

"The scanty retinue of the young Jew, and his mean appearance, were a subject of merriment to these haughty rulers, who having no cause to fear him as a competitor, probably spoke of their affairs more freely than was prudent in his hearing. If these public farmers were not more honest than those who at present administer the revenues of Palestine, it may be safely concluded, that scarcely a tithe of the revenues collected by them found its way into the royal treasury; and there was a mutual understanding among them to screen one another in this iniquitous traffic.

"On the day appointed for the sale, the highest sum bid for the taxes of Cœlesyria, Phœnicia, Samaria and Judea, was eight talents. Joseph, having made the best use of his time in Egypt, in ingratiating himself with the

king and queen, through the mediation of their favourite minister, Athenion, whom he had entertained at Jerusalem, had already averted the royal resentment from his countrymen, and he now availed himself of his position to confer on them another benefit. He accused the public farmers of conspiring to defraud the treasury by depreciating the revenue, and himself offered double the sum at which it then stood. Being asked for his securities, he named the king and his royal consort. His pleasantry suiting the king's humour, he was actually confirmed in the appointment, and provided with a military force to aid him in the collection of the taxes, which he administered for two-and-twenty years, in his own and the neighbouring countries, to the entire satisfaction of his employers, and to the great relief of the Jews, no less than to his own aggrandizement."*

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## FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13.

On the south side of Jerusalem, there is now a considerable space between its walls and its more remarkable natural

* Williams's Holy City, I. 31.

defences, the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. That the walls must originally have taken in this space is evident from many circumstances, and is to be inferred from the popular tradition that the Moslem architect of the present walls in 1542, was put to death by his employers, because he had neglected to make them coincide in this portion of their circuit with the natural course of the valleys. In ancient times, the walls must have had this boundary. In the open space now intervening, and not far from the Zion Gate, are the bishop's schools and the English burial ground, two objects that may well be united, since that is a good school that teaches a man to live well, and in the end, fits him for the grave. A bright sun, a clear sky, and a glorious prospect, give a serene, if not a smiling appearance even to a cemetery. These influences are all found in the grave yard on Mount Zion, and are in harmony with the place and its name. At present there are few graves and fewer inscriptions in the English cemetery on Mount Zion, and reading within it to-day one of these few, the epitaph on Mr. Bateson, an English member of parliament, which ascribes to him more virtues than belong to any but *dead* men, I could not help thinking there was at least one epitaph too many. In the bishop's schools, it is intended

to lodge and educate fifty children at the expense of the mission. The schools, although not quite finished, are already occupied, but, this being the vacation, the children were not in them to-day. The intelligent native architect, whom I found at the schools showed me over the building, which seemed convenient and well-adapted for its purpose. Seated on a hill on the side of Mount Zion, with pure air, a pleasant prospect, a bright sky, and room for exercise, study must be pursued with advantage in these schools, and doubtless, in their future career, many of the pupils here educated, will look back with fondness to the place and its associations, and in thought at least, turn their faces Zionwards. Before building these schools, it was necessary to remove a large heap of rubbish which had accumulated upon the hill-side, and, in the course of this removal and the subsequent excavation for the foundations, the workmen came upon large stones bevelled and rusticated in the ancient manner, stairs, terraces, wells, tesselated pavements and other artificial works, indicating that the site had been occupied by the buildings of more than one former age, and clearly showing that it must have been within the city walls in the time of our Saviour. The architect said it was his opinion after seeing these remains, that here, in old times, were those stairs that went down to the city of

David, and, from the way in which these stairs were connected with the sepulchre of David, the pool, and the king's gardens, which are all near, I think the conjecture is at least a probable one.* I picked up and brought away some black and red tesseræ, parts of a tesselated pavement, still remaining in its original site, as the floor of a Jewish or Roman mansion, but most probably the former, because no Roman would be likely to have built here before the siege of Titus, while the destruction of the city followed that event too speedily to allow of any such building after it. The invention and use of floors paved with tesseræ is ascribed by Dr. Clarke to the Persians. It is certain, that at an early period, the practice prevailed in Ionia and many parts of the east, and it was from thence, probably, and not from Rome, that it was introduced among the Jews. I also found and brought away, a curious egg-shaped earthenware vessel, which may once have had a foot to it, and, if so, it was probably an ampulla.

From the schools, I passed through the Zion Gate into the city, and there climbing to the parapet of the city wall, and walking along it until I came to one of the

* Neh. iii. 15. 16.

towers, I sat down upon it to rest and enjoy the scene. Directly opposite, and in a deep bottom at the point where the two valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat join, I saw En Rogel, with the arcade of its picturesque, and, in part, ruinous fountain, where the boundaries of Judah and Benjamin met, and where David's son Adonijah raised the standard of rebellion against his father, and heard his misguided followers cry, "God save King Adonijah.* At a nearer distance, but on this side the valley of Jehoshaphat, in a place which was once within the walls, I beheld—

"———Siloa's brook that flows,
Fast by the oracle of God."†

And that pool of waters which at once supplied the brook, and gave fertility to the king's gardens, which are near it. I looked down into the deep valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, once so important a natural defence of

* The well is here more than one hundred and twenty feet deep.

† Isaiah calls this brook Shiloah, in the viii. chapter, and speaks of "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."

the city, and cast my eyes again towards those mysterious hills of Moab, which looked glorious in the morning sun. From the city wall, through some gardens of prickly pear, the plant that, without a voice, cries very plainly "touch me not," and the least prick from whose unnumbered spines rankles in the flesh, I crossed to that part of the western wall of the temple, where in late years, a ruined arch has been discovered. I measured some of the stones in this portion of the wall, and found them thirty feet six inches long, by three feet six inches deep. How wide they were on their bed I was unable to ascertain. These stones are beautifully bevelled and rusticated, and their masonry is excellent. I think that they are some of those stones which were laid in silence and without the sound of hammers or tools, and that they are now in the place where Solomon placed them. The arch to which I have alluded, must formerly have been a road to the temple. It is two stones in width, and each stone is six feet thick. The span of the arch, which must, I think, have been erected since Solomon's time, I calculated must have been fifty feet four inches. In the Jews' wailing place, where there is, I think, another portion of Solomon's wall, I again measured some of the large stones, and found them fourteen feet

long, by three feet deep, and six feet wide on the bed. These are beautifully rusticated and bevelled and well laid like the others.

Before I returned home, I visited, near to the bazaars, an eastern khan, which was, at least, as old as the crusades. It occupies the four sides of a square, and has a gallery at the height of the first floor, resting upon a handsome and elaborate cornice, and going round the whole building. There are gates to close the entrance at night for the protection of its inmates, but it is free to all comers, who are received in it without any fee beyond a small charge to the keeper. To-day, it was partially filled with groups of Bedouins and other Arabs, with their camels and cattle, whom their occasions had brought up to Jerusalem.

Dr. Barclay, the American missionary, has built a house upon a rock beside the Tyropeon, and I ascended to its roof to take a view of that celebrated valley which is so often mentioned by Josephus.

## SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

It was fixed by previous arrangement that my son, myself, and two other friends should accompany the consul this morning to Bettir, distant about seven miles from Jerusalem, and at half-past seven I rode by the conduit of the upper pool to the consul's camp at Tarabœa, the appointed place of rendezvous. The consul was expecting us, and after we had waited some time for the rest of the party, who were to arrive from the other side of the city, we concluded that some accident must have occurred, and at length, preceded by the consul's cavass, in his cumbrous white trousers, shawl turban, scarlet embroidered vest, and armed with his sword, set off without them. Our route lay past the convent of the cross, along the foot of some hills, the soil from which washed down by the winter rains had gone to enrich the valleys, and had left the hill sides strewn over with great stones. Under and between these stones, however, there is still soil enough to grow figs and other fruits with advantage, if only pains were taken to cultivate them. There were light clouds in the sky again this morning casting their shadows from time to time on the hill sides, and adding variety to the scenery. At the

convent we were joined by one of our missing friends, who it appeared had met with an accident from his horse falling as he was riding too fast down hill; our other friend, it appeared, was detained by an engagement. Our cavalcade, now consisting of four persons, followed the cavass in single file through a ravine which was covered with loose stones, and resembled the bed of a winter torrent. The horses' feet either sank among the stones where they were small, or slipped upon them where they were large, and it is hardly possible to conceive a road more treacherous or disagreeable. All this while the cavass's scarlet uniform, which came out strongly in contrast with the dark hill sides, was a good beacon to those who, like me, from my habit of stopping to examine different objects, were generally in the rear of the cavalcade. In half-an-hour we passed a tomb excavated in the hill side, once evidently a Christian place of repose, for carved over its doorway, there was a cross standing upon a circle, an emblem of the victory that overcometh the world. Proceeding on a little further, there was a fountain gushing from the hill-side, beneath a handsome alcove, supported by pilasters with Corinthian capitals. In the arch of the alcove was a niche—

The Christian hand,
Whose general charity for man and beast
Built it in better times, had with a cross
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious work.
Which now the misbelievers had cast down.
And broken in the dust it lay defiled.

We were now going southward "unto the way which goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza," the very same way by which the angel commanded Philip to proceed; and this by unvarying tradition is St. Philip's fountain, where he baptised the eunuch. The water, after it leaves the hill side, was at this season only a small streamlet insufficient for complete immersion; but I am inclined to think that even in its natural features this country has undergone great changes since our Lord's time. The Kedron was not then a brook merely in name. But in the winter, considerable streams of water still pour both down this valley and the Kedron. We encountered a party of Arabs loitering near the fountain during our short halt beside it to-day. They had all swords and muskets, but except their arms, there was nothing fierce about them, and they entered freely into good humoured conversation,

helped us to water our horses, and offered us any assistance in their power. They were, as we learned, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, whose houses the pasha had pulled down last year, induced by the persuasions and perhaps the golden arguments of a rival village, with which they were at feud. They still, however, linger about the spot, cultivate their old grounds in the hope that another turn of Fortune's wheel will restore them to their own, and in the meantime they live and sleep in the caves of these hills. That blood will be shed before the breach is healed seems inevitable, but whether it be so or not, the existence of such a state of things presents a sad picture of the government which permits it. "Mount not the horse of outrage, for it will not save thee from the messengers of death," is an Arab proverb, which it were well that both pasha and people should remember. The people, as I am well informed, do not know the name of the reigning sultan; they *do* know the name of the sheik and the pasha, because it is to them that they pay their taxes. But when they ask protection, they are left, as in the dark ages, to make war upon one another. Our Saxon ancestors, in unsettled times and before their government had acquired strength, entered into *sodalitia*— a kind of bargains by which men bound themselves to

stand by and defend each other—and in this country compacts of this kind are now entered into between the inhabitants of different villages for just the same purpose. But the difference is great between the two cases, for our ancestors, were struggling up to freedom, while these people are sinking to decay.

In Roman times this highway to Gaza had probably a regular pavement. Here and there we saw traces of it still remaining, and we passed a Roman milestone lying prostrate by the roadside, about five miles from Jerusalem. Its face being towards the ground and the stone too heavy for us to move, we could not read its inscription; but the consul promised to have it raised and copied in the winter. After another hour's ride we began the ascent of the high hill on which Bettir stands, and after a toilsome climb we arrived at the village which, like most villages here, is a collection of mud or stone cabins of very humble character. I saw cut on the native rock above the well in passing into the village, a Greek inscription which was legible, and another, which for some reason, had been defaced.

But "as alps on alps arise," so we had not done climbing when we reached the village, but had another steep ascent to surmount before we attained the summit of the hill, on which are the old entrenchments and

fortifications of the Jewish fortress of Bether. These consist of a bold deep fosse, with a wall of large stones above it on its inner side and running round the whole summit of the hill.* On the circuit of this wall there are one or two strong towers, now in ruins, and one of these at the corner is defended by a separate fosse like the donjon of a Norman fortress. But what, it may be asked were these old fortifications?—by whom were they built, and by whom and when were they dismantled and destroyed? The story of course has been long known, but it remained for Mr. Williams in modern times to appropriate it to Bettir. The emperor Hadrian having visited Judea in the thirteenth year of his reign, about A. D. 130, formed the design of rebuilding Jerusalem, of establishing a colony there, and calling it after his own name Ælia Capitolina. The Jews, already smarting under his prohibition of some essential rites of their religion, at once saw that this would involve the setting up within the holy precints, an altar to the emperor, "the abomination of desolation," and taking alarm at this intended profanation of the temple area, they immediately rose throughout Judea to oppose it. One of their countrymen, Bar Cochebas, a

* The mountains of Bether are alluded to in Solomon's song. c. ii. v. 17.

man who without knowing it, fulfilled our Lord's prophecy, that there should be false prophets in after times, assumed to be the Messias, and put himself at the head of the insurrection, having a rabbi called Akiba for his counsellor and adviser. For three years the Jews maintained the war with the most determined and desperate fury, as a national struggle, and Bar Cochebas defied the whole power of the empire. At the end of that time however he died, and the emperor having sent against the city his greatest general Julius Severus, the governor of Britain, and the flower of his troops from all parts of the world, and amongst them probably some British auxiliaries, Jerusalem was taken and the Jews in some measure subdued. The death of Bar Cochebas and the taking of Jerusalem, however did not wholly put an end to the war; for his son Rufus, and his grandson Romulus, retiring to Bettir, and being there joined by great numbers of their countrymen, strongly fortified the place, and were able successfully to defy the power of the Roman arms. But at the end of three years, famine, the ally of the Romans, proved stronger than their arms, and Romulus and Rufus having both fallen in the siege, the garrison to the number of several thousand, were compelled to submit, and were then sold into slavery under the oak in

Hebron, which from that circumstance has been sometimes called the mart of Hadrian. The country at the end of this war, was nearly reduced to a wilderness. The Jews were not allowed to live either in Jerusalem or its neighbourhood, and from this time they were dispersed through the world. The place where the Jews maintained this last struggle for freedom, and manifested such resolution and heroism, is worthy to be had in remembrance.

The consul told me that when he was last at Bettir, there was war between this village and the village of El Khudr on the opposite hill. All the men in both villages were either under arms or on the watch, and as he stood on the old fortress he could see hostile heads from time to time peeping above the opposite hill. It would require some practice to reconcile one to a life at Bettir, or indeed in any of these quarrelsome villages.

Turning our backs on the village, some of the villagers, perhaps because a quarrel is necessary exercise to them, or perhaps merely for mischief, threw stones at the cavass who was riding in the rear. On hearing of it the consul turned back to the village, when, as usual, there was a great bandying of words, during which the offending parties contrived to escape and hide themselves.

But a misadventure, which threatened worse consequences happened to me, as we descended the hill from Bettir. As the hill was very steep, and, I was in the rear of the party, as usual, I dismounted, and throwing the bridle on his neck, made my horse trot down the hill before me at a quicker pace than it would have been safe to ride him. I had done the same thing with other horses before, and had always found them follow their leader, and in doing what I did to-day I meant no unkindness to my animal, but he was either incapable of appreciating the saying, that "what is well meant should be well taken," or cared not to practise it, for, on approaching the bottom of the hill where the road branched off in two directions, I saw by his throwing back his ears, that he intended mischief, and immediately afterwards he set off at a very smart pace along the road which it was *not* intended he should take, leaving me separated from the rest of the party, and at a long distance behind them. As I neither knew the road, nor had any means of finding it, the prospect looked disheartening, for I was eight miles from Jerusalem, and the road, which I *did* not know, lay between wild valleys and over still wilder hills. I tried to circumvent my run-away steed by keeping upon the hill-side, but just as I was coming abreast of him, he spied me

and again set off at a gallop. I could not follow him at this pace, after the exercise I had already gone through, and I therefore paused to ask myself what I should do, but before I had time to answer my own question, the consul's cavass, who had seen my animal bolt, and whose business it is to keep things and horses in their course, came up the valley at full speed, and with his assistance, and that of a stray Arab, I recovered the run-agate, and determined to trust him no more to his own devices.

Having rejoined the party, I now climbed over the shoulder of a mountain, where my unpractised eye could hardly see the path, and gained the road to Beit Jala, whence the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean may be seen at the same moment. Beit Jala, like many of these towns, looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. A ride through its dirty, unpaved, and unsewered streets, and under its dark archways, where its inhabitants were reclining in filth and vermin, dissipated any illusion which its appearance at a distance had produced. How the Latin patriarch will be able to dwell at his ease amidst so much squalor and filth as I saw in it to-day, I cannot very well see, and he will be an abler man than even I believe him to be, if he remove it. In the valley below Beit Jala, I saw an immense stone which had rolled down from one of

the hill tops, in which some one had scooped out a chamber large enough for a man to lie in, and with an entrance to it eighteen inches square. This must have resembled one of those caves in another place which a modern writer has described *more suo*. "The caves," he says, "were very numerous, and doubtless many of them were occupied by the hermits who once possessed these wilds. One *lisne* was pointed out to us as the little world in which a monk is said to have lived or languished, the cravings of whose castigated and delumbated body, and probably soul also, were satisfied with a couple of brace of dried grapes a day."*

From Beit Jala the holy city lay before us, and a ride of about an hour, past the tomb of Rachel, brought us to the convent of Mar Elias, where I had the pleasure to be introduced to the Greek monk, Papa Joel, who justly enjoys a high reputation for learning and piety. His reading has extended far beyond the ordinary bounds of professional routine, and he is intimately acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated among our western divines. I have a friend who calling upon him in his sickness, found him diligently reading, and greatly pleased with, a Greek edition of Butler's Analogy. The piety and learning of

* Wilson's Lands of the Bible.

this benevolent and venerable looking old man, have made him rather an object of jealousy to his brother monks, who have therefore sent him into a sort of banishment at this secluded place.

We soon afterwards reached the Jaffa gate, and I dismounted, after having been nearly ten hours on horseback. Passing into the house, I saw two fellah women in blue dresses, and with hoods over their heads, and bangles upon their arms, crouched on the floor, before two metal trays covered with wheat, from which they were engaged in picking out the earth and soil collected by it, on the thrashing floor. Without this process, which is common in every house, the beautiful wheat of the country, as fine as any in the world, could not be used until some better mode of thrashing and winnowing it is introduced. Is this the sifting of the wheat which is alluded to in the gospel ?*

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## SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15.

I ATTENDED divine service this morning in the English church at Jerusalem, when the prayers were read by

* Luke xxii. 31.

Mr. Crawford, assisted by the bishop. The contrast between the gorgeous ceremonial of the other Christian bodies in this place, which addresses and allures the senses, and our beautiful liturgy whose simplicity is its power, was very striking, and I never felt it more strongly than I did to-day on Mount Zion. Mr. Nicolayson preached from the 23rd and 24th verses of the 13th chapter of St. Luke, and showed from his text, that if men do not find the strait path there mentioned, they miss it only because they do not seek it in sincerity and truth.

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## MONDAY, OCTOBER 16.

YESTERDAY was the king of Prussia's birthday, but the day being Sunday, it was kept to-day; and this morning I accompanied the English consul to the Prussian consulate, to offer our congratulations upon it. See how an ancient name can influence a modern office! A Roman consul commanded fleets and armies, and, therefore, a modern consul, though an officer of peace, wears the arms and dress of war; but as commerce relates more to the sea than the land, his uniform is naval rather than military. This

morning our excellent consul, Mr. Finn, had on a blue naval uniform, richly embroidered with silver lace, a cocked hat and a sword. His cavass in scarlet vest, and his dragoman in Turkish costume preceded him; and as we passed along the narrow streets to the Prussian consul's, the people all made way for us. We found Dr. Rosen, the Prussian consul habited like his English brother, in a naval uniform, with epaulets, which as well as the embroidery of his dress were of gold, while the cross of some order of merit shone on his breast. Madame Rosen, who was at his side on the divan, rose as he did, when we entered, and, after we had offered our felicitations on the occasion, we took our seats near them. It was evident, from the taste everywhere visible, that there was a *consuless* as well as a consul at the Prussian consulate, and that order and elegance had obeyed her call. Madame Rosen, a pleasing lady-like person, is the daughter of Mendelssohn the composer, and is herself an accomplished vocalist and pianist. Dr. Rosen, who is a man of talent and learning, is well known for his great acquaintance with the Caucasian and other kindred languages. The consul and his lady set everyone at ease in a moment, by their true natural politeness. Their reception room, on one side of a court, where there were ornamental trees and flowers, in agreeable

contrast to the glowing sun overhead, was approached through a trellis of vines. One side of the room opened to this court by an alcove, beneath which, and within a shallow marble basin, of an octagon shape, which to-day was decorated with flowers, a small fountain was playing, and, in a cage above it, festooned with flowers and evergreens, a happy song-bird was trilling his lay. Over the consul's seat hung the King of Prussia's portrait, which was gaily adorned with flowers for the day. In compliment to us, Dr. Rosen spoke English, but every now and then, when he could not readily recal the proper word, he gave his lady the word in German, and she translated it into English. Water in cut glass goblets, with comfits, conserves, and confections, were now handed round upon a tray, and each guest took a spoonful of the conserves, and drank the water, or helped himself to the comfits and confections as he pleased. Then chibouques and sheshahs were introduced, and some of the visitors smoked. One of them after taking a few whiffs from a sheshah, with a handsome flexible tube, and a beautiful amber mouth-piece, handed it to his wife, who forthwith followed her husband's example, smoked it for a few moments, and then handed it back to him. By this time, the reception room was nearly filled, and there were in it Dr. Gobat, the bishop,

and his lady; the Armenian Patriarch, with several officials in attendance upon him; the missionary, Mr. Nicolayson; the pastor, Dr. Valentiner, and his lady; the Scottish missionary, Mr. Porter, of Damascus; and our lay missionary, Dr. Sandretzky. There was no lack of talkers in this company, and the conversation, which turned principally upon the war, and the death of St. Arnaud, of which the consul had just received intelligence, never flagged for an instant. The Armenian patriarch was the only person there, I think, who spoke no language but his own, which necessarily obliged him to use an interpreter, and somewhat limited his share of the conversation. He wore a splendid diamond ring, the symbol of his episcopal office, and of his marriage to the church. He had other splendid ornaments about his breast, which I daresay the ladies thought, as I am sure I did, would have been more becoming on Madame Rosen or themselves. Coffee was next handed round in very small cups, with little silver holders, shaped like egg cups, which, though they enable you to drink the coffee without burning your fingers, prevent you setting it down. After coffee, we rose and took leave to make way for a new succession of visitors. Two things occurred to me as striking in this visit. I saw the Presbyterian missionary charitably seated between

the Armenian patriarch and the English bishop, both of them an abhorrence to John Knox, and the dragomen seated indifferently among the guests without any distinction of rank. In consequence of there being no hereditary distinctions in this country, there seems a greater equality of ranks here than in England. I came away from the consul's much pleased with my visit, and ready to wish, not only the King, their master, but Dr. and Madame Rosen long life and happiness.

In the afternoon, accompanied by my son and Mr. Porter, I called on the Armenian patriarch, in his new palace, which is by far the best residence in Jerusalem. Over the archway of its principal entrance, probably on account of its newness and excellence, and to avert from it the evil eye, I saw a camel's head suspended. This dread of the evil eye, which seems universal in this country, is doubtless of very ancient origin. Solomon's advice, "not to eat the bread of him that hath an evil eye," is I think, the only allusion to be found in scripture, to the superstition in its eastern sense. Did the Armenian builder of this palace hang up this charm from having faith in it, or only to comply with Mahometan usage? The patriarch, a hale and venerable old man of seventy, with dark eyes, which give great expression to his face, a forked

grey beard, an erect, unbending figure, and altogether a look of much energy, received us in a large saloon, which had a divan at its upper end, with a floor paved with red and black marble, and a coved and slightly coloured roof. He wore a mitre of blue velvet, which on high occasions, is no doubt exchanged for one of silver or gold. He had a tunic of dark cloth, and above it a robe trimmed with fur. Our conversation was necessarily carried on through his dragoman and interpreter. After we had announced to him that we had called as travellers to pay him our respects, in consequence of the polite wish he had expressed this morning at the consul's, he said he was much pleased to see us, bade us very heartily welcome, and invited us to take seats near him on the divan. Having spoken in terms of just commendation of his eminence's new palace, and expressed our wish that he might long live in health and happiness to enjoy it, he assured us that he was always most pleased when it could be of use to strangers, and that he considered it a caravansary built not for himself but for others. He asked us our country, and when we told him England, I saw the good man, with a significant twinkle of his eye, give some directions to an attendant, who forthwith disappeared, and shortly afterwards re-appeared bringing in something flat like a tray

covered with a silk wrapper, which he gave into the patriarch's hands, who, respectfully removing the damask covering, and giving the object to the attendant, desired him to show it to us, which he did, when it proved to be a good coloured portrait of the Queen of England. It was impossible not to be pleased with this delicate piece of surprize, so flattering to our national feelings, and the patriarch, who watched the effect of it, was evidently pleased with its success. The portrait which the patriarch seemed himself to admire, gave rise to some conversation, and the patriarch inquired how old the Queen was, what family she had, where she resided, whether she was beloved by her subjects, and many other questions about her Majesty, and about England. Some sweetmeats and some of that pomegranate jam, from Damascus, so well known to the readers of the Arabian Nights, were handed to us upon a tray with spoons, by a servant who put off his slippers at the door, while another servant, equally slipperless, handed to us a fringed towel, on which we wiped our hands. Coffee was then brought in, and we afterwards took our leave, the patriarch having given the dragoman, who, although a monk, never sat down in his presence, especial directions to show us over the monastery. The dragoman, like the rest of the Armenian monks, wore a multangular

cap, pointed on the top, with a cowl or hood drawn over it, which hid the cap, and, in part, the face also. The Armenian monk, like the Greek, I believe takes no vow of perpetual poverty.

Under the guidance of the dragoman we now ascended to the flat roof of the monastery, which not only disclosed to us the great extent of the convent buildings, but afforded us a fine panoramic view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. Some idea of the extent of the monastery may be formed from the fact that, of the two thousand Armenian pilgrims who visit Jerusalem every year at Easter, the greater part are entertained within these walls. In the convent there is a printing press, and a book-binding establishment, but the press seemed languid, though it must be greatly needed since the old Armenian, the language of the church service, has ceased to be understood by the people, for the latest book issued from their press, expressly, and for the above reason, explains, in modern Armenian, the meaning of their church prayers. Having taken off our shoes at the door, we next entered the church, whither the worshippers are summoned to service, not by a bell, but by the striking together of two flat boards. The early Mahometans objected alike to bells as to the cross, and probably for the same reason

that they were both in use by Christians; and this summons of the Armenians to worship, by clappers, which were invented as a substitute for bells when the latter were forbidden, still marks the subjugation of the people. Their church, dedicated to St. James, whether to him who was the brother of John, or to the other who was the brother of our Lord, or to both, is perhaps uncertain, is a spacious, well lighted structure, covered in almost every part with paintings of celebrated Armenian saints, amongst whom those forty martyrs of Sebaste, to whom, falsely as I think, the Ramleh tower is ascribed, appear in several pictures. Wherever the walls are not covered with paintings, they are lined with blue and white Damascus tiles in figured patterns. The floor is beautifully paved with marbles and stones of various colours, arranged in mathematical figures, the disks being generally of porphyry and verde antique. The pictures over the altar made it one blaze of gilding and colour, while the screen standing before it, as in all the Eastern churches, was rich with inlaid work of ivory and mother-of-pearl, and up and down the church, for use, I suppose, in cold weather, lay rich mats and richer carpets in abundance. A disk of porphyry under one of the altars marks the burial place of that James, the brother of John, whom Herod killed with the sword.* And under the

* Acts xii. 2.

great altar rests, as it is alleged, the body of that other James, the Lord's brother, who at the age of 120, being then bishop of Jerusalem, was martyred for the faith. It may be true that he was buried first in the tomb below on Mount of Olives which I have before described, and that his body was afterwards removed for more honourable interment here.

The refectory where the patriarch and his household forty monks, with their attendant domestics, dine together every day, is a long chamber, with a table running down its whole length, and a seat for the patriarch at its head. Opposite to each seat was set a pitcher of water and a drinking cup, both of earthenware. The upper end of the table was of marble, but all the rest was of wood, and this was the only distinction there was between those who sat above and those who sat below the salt. This custom of seating the lord and all his household at the same board prevailed among our ancestors in feudal times, and I am not sure that it did not keep up a feeling of kindness in the master, and of affection and loyalty in his retainers.

The convent seemed remarkably clean both within and without, and the five millions of Armenians who are scattered over the world have no reason to be ashamed of their great establishment at Jerusalem. Of all the foreign

Christian bodies at Jerusalem, the Armenians make the nearest approach to Protestantism. In late years they have abjured all participation in the fraud of the Greek fire at Easter, they do not hold the doctrine of purgatory, and they give the cup to the laity. A church so hopeful, will it is to be hoped, shortly see the way to reform itself.

In the monastery a large troop of cats is maintained, and, as I saw the cook feeding them to-day, they exhibited the benefits of education in a remarkable manner. These animals, everywhere half wild and only half domesticated anywhere, stood round expecting their turn to be served, and no hungry grimalkin ventured to leave her place until it came to her turn to be fed.

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